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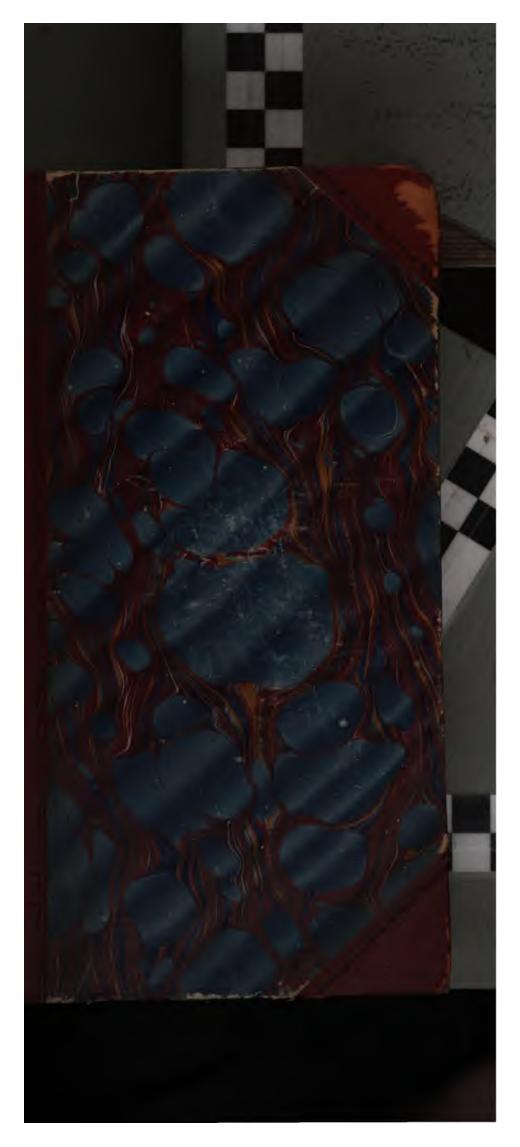
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# Gentleman's Magazine

Volume CCLVII.

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Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, Gentleman

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### THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

July 1884.

## PHILISTIA.

By CECIL POWER.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

A QUIET WEDDING.

ATE was adverse for the moment to Arthur Berkeley's wellmeant designs for shuffling off the traminels of his ecclesiastical habit. He was destined to appear in public at least once more, not only in the black coat and white tie of his everyday professional costume, but even in the flowing snowy surplice of a solemn and decorous spiritual function. The very next morning's post brought him a little note from Ernest Le Breton specially begging him, in his own name and Edie's, to come down to Calcombe Pomeroy and officiate as parson at their approaching wedding. The note had cost Ernest a conscientious struggle, for he would have personally preferred to be married at a Registry Office, as being more in accordance with the duties of a good citizen, and savouring less of effete ecclesiastical superstition; but he felt he couldn't even propose such a step to Edie; she wouldn't have considered herself married at all, unless she were married quite regularly by a duly qualified clerk in holy orders of the Church of England as by law established. Already, indeed, Ernest was beginning to recognise with a sigh that if he was going to live in the world at all he must do so by making at least a partial sacrifice of political consistency. You may step out of your own century, if you choose, yourself, but you can't get all the men and women with whom you come in contact to step out of it also in unison just to please you.

So Ernest had sat down reluctantly to his desk, and consented to ask Arthur Berkeley to assist at the important ceremony in his professional clerical capacity. If he was going to have a medicine vol. cclvil. No. 1843.

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man or a priest at all to marry him to the girl of his choicea barbaric survival, at the best, he thought it-he would, at any rate, prefer having his friend Arthur-a good man and true-to having the fat, easy-going, purse-proud rector of the parish; the younger son of a wealthy family who had gone into the Church for the sake of the living, and who rolled sumptuously down the long hilly High Street every day in his comfortable carriage, leaning back with his fat hands folded complacently over his ample knees, and gazing abstractedly, with his little pigs'-eyes half buried in his cheek, at the beautiful prospect afforded him by the broad livery-covered backs of his coachman and his footman. Ernest could never have consented to let that lazy, overfed, useless encumbrance on a longsuffering commonwealth, that idle gorger of dainty meats and choice wines from the tithes of the toiling, suffering people, bear any part in what was after all the most solemn and serious contract of his whole lifetime. And, to say the truth, Edie quite agreed with him on that point too. Though her moral indignation against poor, useless, empty-headed old Mr. Walters didn't burn quite so fierce or so clear as Ernest's-she regarded the fat old parson, indeed, rather from the social point of view, as a ludicrously self-satisfied specimen of the lower stages of humanity, than from the political point of view, as a greedy swallower of large revenues for small work inefficiently performed-she would still have felt that his presence at her wedding jarred and grated on all the finer sensibilities of her nature, as out of accord with the solemn and tender associations of that supreme moment. To have been married by prosy old Mr. Walters, to have taken the final benediction on the greatest act of her life from those big white fat fingers, would have spoilt the reminiscence of the wedding day for her as long as she lived. But when Ernest suggested Arthur Berkeley's name to her, she acquiesced with all her heart in the happy selection. She liked Berkeley better than anybody else she had ever met, except Ernest; and she knew that his presence would rather add one more bright association to the day than detract from it in the coming years. Her poor little wedding would want all the additions that friends could make to its cheerfulness, to get over the lasting gloom and blank of dear Harry's absence.

"You will come and help us, I know, Berkeley," Ernest wrote to Arthur in his serious fashion. "We feel there is nobody else we should so like to have present at our wedding as yourself. Come soon, too, for there are lots of things I want to talk over with you. It's a very solemn responsibility, getting married; you have to take

upon yourself the duty of raising up future citizens for the state; and with our present knowledge of how nature works through the laws of heredity, you have to think whether you two who contemplate marriage are well fitted to act as parents to the generations that are to be. When I remember that all my own faults and failings may be handed on relentlessly to those that come after us—built up in the very fibre of their being—I am half appalled at my own temerity. Then, again, there is the inexorable question of money; is it prudent or is it wrong of us to marry on such an uncertainty? I'm afraid that Schurz and Malthus would tell us—very wrong. I have turned over these things by myself till I'm tired of arguing them out in my own head, and I want you to come down beforehand, so as to cheer me up a bit with your lighter and brighter philosophy. On the very eve of my marriage, I'm somehow getting dreadfully pessimistic."

Arthur read the letter through impatiently and crumpled it up in his hands with a gesture of despondency. "Poor little Miss Butterfly," he said to himself, pityingly, " was there ever such an abstraction of an ethical unit as this good, solemn, self-torturing Ernest! will she ever live with him? How will he ever live with her? little soul! Harry is gone like the sunshine out of her life; and now this well-meaning, gloomy, conscientious cloud comes caressingly to overspread her with the shadowing pall of its endless serious doubts and flesitations. Fancy a man who has won little Miss Butterfly's heart-dear little Miss Butterfly's gay, laughing, tender little heartwriting such a letter as that to the friend who's going to marry them! Upon my word, I've half a mind to go into the conscientious scruples business on my own account! Have I any right to be a party to fettering poor airy fairy little Miss Butterfly, with a heavy iron chain for life and always, to this great lumbering elephantine moral Ernest? Am I justified in tying the cable round her dainty little neck with a silken thread, and then fastening it round his big leg with rivets of hardened steel on the patent Bessemer process? If a couple of persons, duly called by banns in their own respective parishes, or furnished with the right reverend's perquisite, a licence, come to me, a clerk in holy orders, and ask me to marry them, I've a vague idea that unless I comply I lay myself open to the penalties of præmunire, or something else equally awful and mysterious. But if the couple write and ask me to come down into Devonshire and marry them, that's quite another matter. I can lawfully answer, 'Non possumus.' There's a fine ecclesiastical ring, by the way, about answering 'Non possumus;' it sums up the entire position of the Church in a nutshell! Well, I doubt whether I ought to go; but as a matter of

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friendship, I'll throw overboard my poor conscience. It's used to the process by this time, no doubt, like eels to skinning; and as Hudibras says,

However tender it may be, 'Tis passing blind where 'twill not see.

If she'd only have taken me, now, who knows but I might in time have risen to be a Prebendary or even a Dean? 'They that have used the office of a deacon well, purchase to themselves a good degree,' Paul wrote to Timothy once; but it's not so now, it's not so now; preferment goes by favour, and the deacon must e'en shift as best he can on his own account." So, in the end, Arthur packed up his surplice in his little handbag, and took his way peacefully down to Calcombe Pomeroy.

It was a very quiet, almost a sombre wedding, for the poor Oswalds were still enveloped in the lasting gloom of their great loss, and not much outward show or preparation, such as the female heart naturally delights in, could possibly be made under these painful circumstances. Still, all the world of Calcombe came to see little Miss Oswald married to the grave gentleman from Oxford; and most of them gave her their hearty good wishes, for Edie was a general favourite with gentle and simple throughout the whole borough. Herbert was there, like a decorous gentleman, to represent the bridegroom's family, and so was Ronald, who had slipped away from London without telling Lady Le Breton, for fear of another distressful scene at the last moment. Arthur Berkeley read the service in his beautiful impressive manner, and looked his part well in his flowing white surplice. But as he uttered the solemn words, "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," the musical ring of his own voice sounded to his heart like the knell of his own one love—the funeral service over the only romance he could ever mix in throughout his whole lifetime. Poor fellow, he had taken the duty upon him with all friendly heartiness; but he felt an awful and lonely feeling steal over him when it was all finished, and when he knew that his little Miss Butterfly was now Ernest Le Breton's lawful wife for ever and ever.

In the vestry, after signing the books, Herbert and Ronald and some of the others insisted on their ancient right of kissing the bride in good old English fashion. But Arthur did not. It would not have been loyal. He felt in his heart that he had loved little Miss Butterfly too deeply himself for that; to claim a kiss would be abusing the formal dues of his momentary position. Henceforth he would not even think of her to himself in that little pet name of his

brief Oxford dream: he would call her nothing in his own mind but Mrs. Le Breton.

Edie's simple little presents were all arranged in the tiny parlour behind the shop. Most of them were from her own personal friends: a few were from the gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood: but there were two handsomer than the rest: they came from outside the narrow little circle of Calcombe Pomeroy society. One was a plain gold bracelet from Arthur Berkeley; and on the gold of the inner face, though neither Edie nor Ernest noticed it, he had lightly cut with his knife on the soft metal the one word, "Frustra." The other was a dressing-case, with a little card inside, "Miss Oswald, from Lady Hilda Tregellis." Hilda had heard of Ernest's approaching wedding from Herbert (who took an early opportunity of casually lunching at Dunbude, in order to show that he mustn't be identified with his socialistic brother); and the news had strangely proved a slight salve to poor Hilda's wounded vanity-or, perhaps it would be fairer to say, to her slighted higher instincts. "A country grocer's daughter!" she said to herself: "the sister of a great mathematical scholar! How very original of him to think of marrying a grocer's daughter! Why, of course, he must have been engaged to her all along before he came here! And even if he hadn't been, one might have known at once that such a man as he is would never go and marry a girl whose name's in the pecrage, when he could strike out a line for himself by marrying a grocer's daughter. I really like him better than ever for it. I must positively send her a little present. They'll be as poor as church mice, I've no doubt. I ought to send her something that 'll be practically useful." And by way of sending something practically useful, Lady Hilda chose at last a handsome silver-topped Russia leather dressing-case.

It was not such a wedding as Edie had pictured to herself in her first sweet maidenly fancies; but still, when they drove away alone in the landau from the side-door of the Red Lion to Calcombe Road Station, she felt a quiet pride and security in her heart from the fact that she was now the wedded wife of a man she loved so dearly as Ernest Le Breton. And even Ernest so far conquered his social scruples that he took first-class tickets, for the first time in his life, to Ilfracombe, where they were to spend their brief and hasty fragment of a poor little honeymoon. It's so extremely hard to be a consistent socialist where women are concerned especially on the very day of your own wedding!

## CHAPTER XIX.

#### INTO THE FIRE.

"LET me see, Le Breton," Dr. Greatrex observed to the new master, "you've taken rooms for yourself in West Street for the present—you'll take a house on the Parade by and by, no doubt. Now, which church do you mean to go to?"

"Well, really," Ernest answered, taken a little aback at the suddenness of the question, "I haven't had time to think about it

yet."

The doctor frowned slightly. "Not had time to think about it," he repeated, rather severely. "Not had time to think about such a serious question as your particular place of worship! You quite surprise me. Well, if you'll allow me to make a suggestion in the matter, it would be that you and Mrs. Le Breton should take seats, for the present at least, at St. Martha's. The parish church is high, decidedly high, and I wouldn't recommend you to go there: most of our parents don't approve of it. You're an Oxford man, I know, and so I suppose you're rather high yourself; but in this particular matter I would strongly advise you to subordinate your own personal feelings to the parents' wishes. Then there's St. Jude's: St. Jude's is distinctly low-quite Evangelical in fact: indeed, I may say, scarcely what I should consider sound church principles at all in any way; and I think you ought most certainly to avoid it sedulously. Evangelicism is on the decline at present in Pilbury Regis. As to St. Barnabas-Barabbas they call it generally, a most irreverent joke, but, of course, inevitable-Barabbas is absolutely Ritualistic. Many of our parents object to it most strongly. But St. Martha's is a quiet, moderate, inoffensive church in every respect-sound and sensible, and free from all extremes. You can give no umbrage to anybody, even the most cantankerous, by going to St. Martha's. The High Church people fraternize with it on the one hand, and the moderate church people fraternize with it on the other, while as to the Evangelicals and the dissenters, they hardly contribute any boys to the school, or if they do, they don't object to unobtrusive church principles. Indeed, my experience has been, Le Breton, that even the most rabid dissenters prefer to have their sons educated by a sound, moderate, high-principled, and, if I may say so, neutral-tinted church clergyman." And the doctor complacently pulled his white tie straight before the big gilt-framed drawing-room mirror.

"Then, again," the doctor went on placidly in a bland tone of mild persuasion, "there's the question of politics. Politics are a very ticklish matter, I can assure you, in Pilbury Regis. Have you any fixed political opinions of your own, Le Breton, or are you waiting to form them till you've had some little experience in your profession?"

"My opinions," Ernest answered timidly, "so far as they can be classed under any of the existing political formulas at all, are

decidedly Liberal-I may even say Radical."

The doctor bit his lip and frowned severely. "Radical," he said. slowly, with a certain delicate tinge of acerbity in his tone. "That's bad. If you will allow me to interpose in the matter, I should strongly advise you, for your own sake, to change them at once and entirely I don't object to moderate Liberalism-perhaps as many as onethird of our parents are moderate Liberals; but decidedly the most desirable form of political belief for a successful schoolmaster is a quiet and gentlemanly, but unswerving Conservatism. I don't say you ought to be an uncompromising old-fashioned Tory-far from it: that alienates not only the dissenters, but even the respectable middle-class Liberals. What is above all things expected in a schoolmaster is a central position in politics, so to speak-a careful avoidance of all extremes-a readiness to welcome all reasonable progress, while opposing in a conciliatory spirit all revolutionary or excessive changes-in short, an attitude of studied moderation. That, if you will allow me to advise you, Le Breton, is the sort of thing, you may depend upon it, that most usually meets the wishes of the largest possible number of pupils' parents."

"I'm afraid," Ernest answered, as respectfully as possible, "my political convictions are too deeply seated to be subordinated to my

professional interests."

"Eh! What!" the doctor cried sharply. "Subordinate your principles to your personal interests! Oh, pray don't mistake me so utterly as that! Not at all, not at all, my dear Le Breton. I don't mean that for the shadow of a second. What I mean is rather this," and here the doctor cleared his throat and pulled round his white tie a second time, "that a schoolmaster, considering attentively what is best for his pupils, mark you—we all exist for our pupils, you know, my dear fellow, don't we?—a schoolmaster should avoid such action as may give any unnecessary scandal, you see, or seem to clash with the ordinary opinion of the pupils' parents. Of course, if your views are fully formed, and are of a mildly Liberal complexion (put it so, I beg of you, and don't use that distressful word Radical), I wouldn't for the world have you act contrary to them. But I wouldn't have

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you obtrude them too ostentatiously—for your own sake, Le Breton, for your own sake, I assure you. Remember, you're a very young man yet: you have plenty of time before you to modify your opinions in: as you go on, you'll modify them—moderate them—bring them into harmony with the average opinions of ordinary parents. Don't commit yourself at present—that's all I would say to you—don't commit yourself at present. When you're as old as I am, my dear fellow, you'll see through all these youthful extravagances."

"And as to the church, Mr. Le Breton," said Mrs. Greatrex, with bland suggestiveness from the ottoman, "of course, we regard the present very unsatisfactory arrangement as only temporary. The doctor hopes in time to get a chapel built, which is much nicer for the boys, and also more convenient for the masters and their families -they all have seats, o course, in the chancel. At Charlton College, where the doctor was an assistant for some years, before we came to Pilbury, there was one of the under-masters, a young man of very good family, who took such an interest in the place that he not only contributed a hundred pounds out of his own pocket towards building a chapel, but also got ever so many of his wealthy friends elsewhere to subscribe, first to that, and then to the organ and stained-glass window. We've got up a small building fund here ourselves already, of which the doctor's treasurer, and we hope before many years to have a really nice chapel, with good music and service well done—the kind of thing that'll be of use to the school, and have an excellent moral effect upon the boys in the way of religious training."

"No doubt," Ernest answered evasively, "you'll soon manage to raise the money in such a place as Pilbury."

"No doubt," the doctor replied, looking at him with a searching glance, and evidently harbouring an uncomfortable suspicion, already, that this young man had not got the moral and religious welfare of the boys quite so deeply at heart as was desirable in a model junior assistant master. "Well, well, we shall see you at school to-morrow morning, Le Breton: till then I hope you'll find yourselves quite comfortable in your new lodgings."

Ernest went back from this visit of ceremony with a doubtful heart, and left Dr. and Mrs. Greatrex alone to discuss their new acquisition.

"Well, Maria," said the doctor, in a dubious tone of voice, as soon as Ernest was fairly out of hearing, "what do you think of him?"

"Think!" answered Mrs. Greatrex, energetically. "Why, I don't think at all. I feel sure he'll never, never, never make a choolmaster!"

"I'm afraid not," the doctor responded, pensively. "I'm afraid not, Maria. He's got ideas of his own, I regret to say; and, what's worse, they're not the right ones."

"Oh, he'll never do," Mrs. Greatrex continued, scornfully. "Nothing at all professional about him in any way. No interest or enthusiasm in the matter of the chapel; not a spark of responsiveness even about the stained-glass window; hardly a trace of moral or religious earnestness, of care for the welfare and happiness of the dear boys. He wouldn't in the least impress intending parents—or, rather, I feel sure he'd impress them most unfavourably. The best thing we can do, now we've got him, is to play off his name on relations in society, but to keep the young man himself as far as possible in the background. I confess he's a disappointment—a very great and distressing disappointment."

"He is, he is certainly," the doctor acquiesced, with a sigh of regretfulness. "I'm afraid we shall never be able to make much of him. But we must do our best—for his own sake, and the sake of the boys and parents, it's our duty, Maria, to do our best with him."

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Greatrex replied, languidly: "but I'm bound to say, I'm sure it 'ill prove a very thankless piece of duty. Young men of his sort have never any proper sense of gratitude."

Meanwhile, Edie, in the little lodgings in a side street near the school-house, had run out quickly to open the door for Ernest, and waited anxiously to hear his report upon their new employers.

"Well, Ernest, dear," she asked, with something of the old childish brightness in her eager manner, "and what do you think of them?"

"Why, Edie," Ernest answered, kissing her white forehead gently, "I don't want to judge them too hastily, but I'm inclined to fancy, on first sight, that both the doctor and his wife are most egregious and unmitigated humbugs."

"Humbugs, Ernest! Why, how do you mean?"

"Well, Edie, they've got the moral and religious welfare of the boys at their very finger ends; and, do you know—I don't want to be uncharitable—but I somehow imagine they haven't got it at heart as well. However, we must do our best, and try to fall in with them."

And for a whole year Ernest and Edie did try to fall in with them to the best of their ability. It was hard work, for though the doctor himself was really at bottom a kind-hearted man, with a mere thick veneer of professional humbug inseparable from calling, Mrs. Greatrex was a veritable thorn in

natural honest-hearted Edie, When sh

didn't mean to take a house, on the Parade or elsewhere, but were to live ingloriously in wee side-street lodgings, her disappointment was severe and extreme; but when she incidentally discovered that Mrs. Le Breton was positively a grocer's daughter from a small country town, her moral indignation against the baseness of mankind rose almost to white heat. To think that young Le Breton should have insinuated himself into the position of third master under false pretences-should have held out as qualifications for the post his respectable connections, when he knew perfectly well all the time that he was going to marry somebody who was not in Society-it was really quite too awfully wicked and deceptive and unprincipled of him! A very bad, dishonest young man, she was very much afraid: a young man with no sense of truth or honour about him, though, of course, she wouldn't say so for the world before any of the parents, or do anything to injure the poor young fellow's future prospects if she could possibly help it. But Mrs. Greatrex felt sure that Ernest had come to Pilbury of malice prepense, as part of a deep-laid scheme to injure and ruin the doctor by his horrid revolutionary notions. "He does it on purpose," she used to say; "he talks in that way because he knows it positively shocks and annoys us. He pretends to be very innocent all the time; but at heart he's a malignant, jealous, uncharitable creature. I'm sure I wish he had never come to Pilbury Regis! And to go quarrelling with his own mother, too-the unnatural man! The only respectable relation he had, and the only one at all likely to produce any good or salutary effect upon intending parents!"

"My dear," the doctor would answer apologetically, "you're really quite too hard upon young Le Breton. As far as school-work goes, he's a capital master, I assure you—so conscientious, and hardworking, and systematic. He does his very best with the boys, even with that stupid lout, Blenkinsopp major; and he has managed to din something into them in mathematics somehow, so that I'm sure the fifth form will pass a better examination this term than any term since we first came here. Now, that, you know, is really a great thing, even if he doesn't quite fall in with our preconceived social requirements."

"I'm sure I don't know about the mathematics or the fifth form, Joseph," Mrs. Greatrex used to reply, with great dignity. "That sort of thing falls under your department, I'm aware, not under mine. But I'm sure that for all social purposes, Mr. Le Breton is really a great deal worse than useless. A more unchristian, disagreeable, self-opinionated, wrong-headed, objectionable young man I never came teross in the whole course of my experience. However, you wouldn't

listen to my advice upon the subject, so it's no use talking any longer about it. I always advised you not to take him without further enquiry into his antecedents; and you overbore me: you said he was so well-connected, and so forth, and would hear nothing against him; so I wish you joy now of your precious bargain. The only thing left for us is to find some good opportunity of getting rid of him."

"I like the young man, as far as he goes," Dr. Greatrex replied once, with unwonted spirit, "and I won't get rid of him at all, my dear, unless he obliges me to. He's really well meaning, in spite of all his absurdities, and upon my word, Maria, I believe he's thoroughly honest in his opinions."

Mrs. Greatrex only met this flat rebellion by an indirect remark to the effect that some people seemed absolutely destitute of the very faintest glimmering power of judging human character.

## CHAPTER XX.

## LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

"THE Primate of Fiji" was duly accepted and put into rehearsal by the astute and enterprising manager of the Ambiguities Theatre. "It's a risk," he said candidly, when he read the manuscript over, "a decided risk, Mr. Berkeley; I acknowledge the riskiness, but I don't mind trying it for all that. You see, you've staked everything upon the doubtful supposition that the Public possesses a certain amount of elementary intelligence, and a certain appreciation of genuine original wit and humour. Your play's literature, good literature; and that's rather a speculative element to introduce into the regular theatre now-a-days. Illegitimate, I should call it; decidedly illegitimate—but still, perhaps, worth trying. Do you know the story about old Simon Burbury, the horse-dealer? Young Simon says to him one morning, 'Father, don't you think we might manage to conduct this business of ours without always telling quite so many downright lies about it?' The old man looks back at him reproachfully, and says with a solemn shake of the head, 'Ah, Simon, Simon, little did I ever think I should live to see a son of mine go in for speculation!' Well, my dear sir, that's pretty much how a modern manager feels about the literary element in the drama. The Public isn't accustomed to it, and there's no knowing how they may take it. Shakespeare, now, they stand he's an old-established and perfectly

Sheridan, too, of course, and one play of Goldsmith's, and a trifle or so of George Colman—all recognised and all tolerated because of their old prescriptive respectability. But for a new author to aim at being literary 's rather presumptuous; now tell me yourself, isn't it? Seems as if he was setting himself up for a heaven-sent genius, and trying to sit upon the older dramatists of the present generation. Melodrama, sensation, burlesque—that's all right enough—perfectly legitimate; but a real literary comic opera, with good words and good music—it is a little strong, for a beginner, Mr. Berkeley, you will acknowledge."

"But don't you think," Arthur answered, smiling good-humouredly at his cynical frankness, "an educated and cultured Public is beginning to grow up that may, perhaps, really prefer a little literature, provided it's made light enough and attractive enough for their rapid digestion? Don't you think intelligent people are beginning to get just a trifle sick of burlesque, and spectacle, and sensation, and melodrama?"

"Why, my dear sir," the manager answered, promptly, "that's the exact chance on which I'm calculating when I venture to accept your comic opera from an unknown beginner. It's clever, there's no denying that, and I hope the fact won't be allowed to tell against it: but the music's bright and lively; the songs are quaint and catching; the dialogue's brisk and not too witty; and there's plenty of business—plenty of business in it. I incline to think we can get together a house at the Ambiguities that'll enter into the humour of the thing, and see what your play's driving at. How did you learn all about stage requirements, though? I never saw a beginner's play with so little in it that was absolutely impossible."

"I was a Shooting Star at Oxford," Berkeley answered simply, "so that I know something—like a despised amateur—about stage necessities; and I've written one or two little pieces before for private acting. Besides, Watkiss has helped me with all the technical arrangements of the little opera."

"It'll do," the manager answered, more confidently; "I won't predict a success, because you know a manager should never prophesy unless he knows; but I think there's a Public in London that'll take it in, just as they took in 'Caste' and 'Society,' twenty years back, at the Prince of Wales's. Anyhow, I'm quite prepared to give it a fair trial."

On the first night, Arthur Berkeley and the Progenitor went down in fear and trembling to the stage door of the Ambiguities. There was a full house, and the critics were all present, in some surprise at the temerity of this new man; for it was noised abroad already by those who had seen the rehearsals that "The Primate of Fiji" was a fresh departure, after its own fashion, in the matter of English comic The curtain rose upon the chorus of mermaids, and the first song was a decided hit. Still the Public, as becomes a first night, maintained a dignified and critical reserve. When the President of the Board of Trade, in full court costume, appeared upon the scene, in the midst of the very realistic long-haired sea-ladies, the audience was half shocked for a moment by the utter incongruity of the situation; but after a while they began to discover that the incongruity was part of the joke, and they laughed quietly a sedate and moderate laugh of suspended judgment. As the Progenitor had predicted, the gods were the first to enter into the spirit of the fun, and to give a hand to the Primate's first sermon. The scientific professors on the "Challenger" expedition took the fancy of the house a little more decidedly; and even the stalls thawed visibly when the professor of biology delivered his famous exposition of the evolution hypothesis to the assembled chiefs of Raratonga. But it was the one feeble second-hand old joke of the piece that really brought pit and boxes down together in a sudden fit of inextinguishable laughter. The professor of political economy enquired diligently, with notebook in hand, of the Princess of Fiji, whether she thought the influence of the missionaries beneficial or otherwise; whether she considered these preachers of a new religion really good or not; to which the unsophisticated child of nature responded naïvely, "Good, very good-roasted; but not quite so good boiled," and the professor gravely entered the answer in his philosophic notebook. very ancient jest indeed, but it tickled the ribs of the house mightily, as ancient jests usually do, and they burst forthwith into a hearty roar of genuine approval. Then Arthur began to breathe more freely. After that the house toned down again quietly, and gave no decided token of approbation till the end of the piece. When the curtain dropped there was a lull of hushed expectation for poor Arthur Berkeley; and at its close the house broke out into a storm of applause, and "The Primate of Fiji" had firmly secured its position as the one great theatrical success of the present generation.

There was a loud cry of "Author! Author!" and Arthur Berkeley, hardly knowing how he got there, or what he was standing on, found himself pushed from behind by friendly hands, on to the narrow space between the curtain and the footlights. He became aware that a very hot and red body, presure mechanically to a seething and cl

over the whole theatre. Backing out again, in the same semiconscious fashion, with the universe generally reeling on more than one distinct axis all around him, he was seized and hand-shaken violently, first by the Progenitor, then by the manager, and then by half a dozen other miscellaneous and unknown persons. At last, after a lot more revolutions of the universe, he found himself comfortably pitched into a convenient hansom, with the Progenitor by his side, and hardly knew anything further till he discovered his own quiet supper table at the Chelsea lodgings, and saw his father mixing a strong glass of brandy and seltzer for him, to counteract the strength of the excitement.

Next morning Arthur Berkeley "awoke, and found himself famous." "The Primate of Fiji" was the rage of the moment. Everybody went to hear it-everybody played its tunes at their own pianos -everybody quoted it, and adapted it, and used its clever catchwords as the pet fashionable slang expressions of the next three seasons. Arthur Berkeley was the lion of the hour; and the mantelpiece of the quiet little Chelsea study was ranged three rows deep with cards of invitation from people whose very names Arthur had never heard of six months before, and whom the Progenitor declared it was a sin and shame for any respectable young man of sound economical education even to countenance. There were countesses, and marchionesses, too, among the senders of those coronetted parallelograms of waste pasteboard, as the Progenitor called themnay, there was even one invitation on the mantelpiece that bore the three strawberry leaves and other insignia of Her Grace the Duchess of Leicestershire.

"Can't you give us just one evening, Mr. Berkeley," said Lady Hilda Tregellis, as she sat on the centre ottoman in Mrs. Campbell Moncrieff's drawing-room, with Arthur Berkeley talking lightly to her about the nothings which constitute polite conversation in the nineteenth century. "Just one evening, any day after the next fortnight? We should be so delighted if you could manage to favour us."

"No, I'm afraid I can't, Lady Hilda," Arthur answered. "My evenings are so dreadfully full just now; and besides, you know, I'm not accustomed to so much society, and it unsettles me for my daily work. After all, you see, I'm a journeyman playwright now, and I have to labour at my unholy calling just like the theatrical carpenter."

"How delightfully frank," thought Lady Hilda. "Really I like him quite immensely.—Not even the afternoon on Wednesday fortnight?" she went on aloud. "You might come to our garden party on Wednesday fortnight."

"Quite impossible," Arthur Berkeley answered. "That's my regular day at Pilbury Regis."

"Pilbury Regis!" cried Lady Hilda, starting a little. "You don't mean to say you have engagements, and in the thick of the season, too, at Pilbury Regis?"

"Yes, I have, every Wednesday fortnight," Berkeley answered, with a smile. "I go there regularly. You see, Lady Hilda, Wednesday's a half-holiday at Pilbury Grammar School; so every second week I run down for the day to visit an old friend of mine, who's also an acquaintance of yours, I believe,—Ernest Le Breton. He's married now, you know, and has got a mastership at the Pilbury Grammar School."

"Then you know Mr. Le Breton!" cried Lady Hilda, charmed at this rapprochement of two delightfully original men. "He is so nice. I like him immensely, and I'm so glad you're a friend of his. And Mrs. Le Breton, too; wasn't it nice of him? Tell me, Mr. Berkeley, was she really and truly a grocer's daughter?"

Berkeley's voice grew a little stiffer and colder as he answered, "She was a sister of Oswald of Oriel, the great mathematician, who was killed last year by falling from the summit of a peak in the Bernina."

"Oh, yes, yes, I know all about that, of course," said Lady Hilda, quickly and carelessly. "I know her brother was very clever and all that sort of thing; but then there are so many men who are very clever, aren't there? The really original thing about it all, you know, was that he actually married a grocer's daughter. That was really quite too delightfully original. I was charmed when I heard about it: I thought it was so exactly like dear Mr. Le Breton. He's so deliciously unconventional in every way. He was Lynmouth's tutor for a while, as you've heard, of course; and then he went away from us, at a moment's notice, so nicely, because he wouldn't stand papa's abominable behaviour, and quite right, too, when it was a matter of conscience—I dare say he's told you all about it, that horrid pigeon-shooting business. Well, and so you know Mrs. Le Breton—do tell me, what sort of person is she?"

"She's very nice, and very good, and very pretty, and very clever," Arthur answered, a little constrainedly. "I don't know that I can tell you anything more about her than that."

"Then you really like her?" said Lady Hilda, warmly. "I think her a fit wife for Mr. Le Breton, do you?"

"I think him a very lucky fellow indeed to have married such a charming and beautiful woman," Arthur answered, quietly.

Lady Hilda noticed his manner, and read through it at once with a woman's quickness. "Aha!" she said to herself: "the wind blows that way, does it? What a very remarkable girl she must be, really, to have attracted two such men as Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Le Breton. I've lost one of them to her; I can't very well lose the other, too: for after Ernest Le Breton, I've never seen any man I should care to marry so much as Mr. Arthur Berkeley."

"Lady Hilda," said the hostess, coming up to her at that moment, "you'll play us something, won't you? You know you

promised to bring your music,"

Hilda rose at once with stately alacrity. Nothing could have pleased her better. She went to the piano, and, to the awe and astonishment of Mrs. Campbell Moncrieff, took out an arrangement of the Fijian war-dance from "The Primate of Fiji." It suited her brilliant slap-dash style of execution admirably; and she felt she had never played so well in her life before. The presence of the composer, which would have frightened and unnerved most girls of her age, only made Hilda Tregellis the bolder and the more ambitious. Here was somebody at least who knew something about it: none of your ordinary fashionable amateurs and mere soulless professional performers, but the very man who had made the music-the man in whose brain the notes had first gathered themselves together into speaking melody, and who could really judge the comparative merits of her rapid execution. She played with wonderful verve and spirit, so that Lady Exmoor, seated on the side sofa opposite, though shocked at first at Hilda's choice of a piece, glanced more than once at the wealthiest young commoner present (she had long since mentally resigned herself to the prospect of a commoner for that poor dear foolish Hilda), and closely watched his face to see what effect this unwonted outburst of musical talent might succeed in producing upon his latent susceptibilities. But Lady Hilda herself wasn't thinking of the wealthy commoner; she was playing straight at Arthur Berkeley: and when she saw that Arthur Berkeley's mouth had melted slowly into an approving smile, she played even more brilliantly and better than ever, after her bold, smart, vehement fashion. As she left the piano, Arthur said, "Thank you; I have never heard the piece better rendered." And Lady Hilda felt that that was a triumph which far outweighed any number of inane compliments from a whole regiment of simpering Algies, Monties, and Berties.

"You can't say any evening, then, Mr. Berkeley?" she said once more, as she held out her hand to him to say "Good-night" a little later: "not any evening at all, or part of an evening? You might really reconsider your engagements."

Arthur hesitated visibly. "Well, possibly I might manage it," he said, wavering, "though, I assure you, my evenings are very much more than full already."

"Then don't make it an evening," said Lady Hilda, pressingly. "Make it lunch. After all, Mr. Berkeley, it's we ourselves who want to see you; not to show you off as a curiosity to all the rest of London. We have silly people enough in the evenings: but if you'll come to lunch with us alone one day, we shall have an opportunity of talking to you on our own account."

Lady Hilda was tall and beautiful, and Lady Hilda spoke, as she always used to speak, with manifest sincerity. Now, it is not in human nature not to feel flattered when a beautiful woman pays one genuine homage; and Arthur Berkeley was quite as human, after all, as most other people. "You're very kind," he said, smiling. "I must make it lunch, then, though I really ought to be working in the mornings instead of running about merely to amuse myself. What day will suit you best?"

"Oh, not to amuse yourself, Mr. Berkeley," Hilda answered pointedly, "but to gratify us. That, you know, is a work of benevolence. Say Monday next, then, at two o'clock. Will that do for you?"

"Perfectly," Berkeley answered, taking her proffered hand extended to him with just that indefinable air of frankness which Lady Hilda knew so well how to throw into all her actions. "Good evening. Wilton Place, isn't it?—Gracious heavens!" he thought to himself, as he glanced after her satin train sweeping slowly down the grand staircase, "what on earth would the dear old Progenitor say if only he saw me in the midst of these meaningless aristocratic orgies. I am positively half-wheedled, it seems, into making love to an earl's daughter! If this sort of thing continues, I shall find myself, before I know it, connected by marriage with two-thirds of the British peerage. A beautiful woman, really, and quite queen-like in her manner when she doesn't choose rather to be unaffectedly gracious. How she sat upon that tall young man with the brown moustaches over by the mantelpiece! I didn't hear what she said to him, but I could see he was utterly crushed by the way he slank away with his tail between his legs, like a whipped spaniel. A splendid womanand no doubt about it; looks as if she'd stepped straight out of the vol. cclvii. Nr. 1843.

canvas of Titian, with the pearls in her hair and everything else exactly as he painted them. The handsomest girl I ever saw in my life—but not like Edie Le Breton. They say a man can only fall in love once in a lifetime. I wonder whether there's any truth in it! Well, well, you won't often see a finer woman in her own style than Lady Hilda Tregellis. Monday next, at two precisely; I needn't make a note of it—no fear of my forgetting."

"I really do think," Lady Hilda said to herself as she unrolled the pearls from her thick hair in her own room that winter evening, 'I almost like him better than I did Ernest Le Breton. The very first night I saw him at Lady Mary's I fell quite in love with his appearance, before I knew even who he was; and now that I've found out all about him, I never did hear anything so absolutely and delightfully original. His father a common shoemaker! That, to begin with, throws Ernest Le Breton quite into the shade! His father was a general in the Indian army-nothing could be more banal. Then Mr. Berkeley began life as a clergyman; but now he's taken off his white choker, and wears a suit of grey tweed like any ordinary English gentleman. So delightfully unconventional, isn't it? At last, to crown it all, he not only composes delicious music, but goes and writes a comic opera-such a comic opera! And the best of it is, success hasn't turned his head one atom. He doesn't run with vulgar eagerness after the great people, like your ordinary everyday successful nobody. He took no more notice of me, myself, at first, because I was Lady Hilda Tregellis, than if I'd been a common milkmaid; and he wouldn't come to our garden party because he wanted to go down to Pilbury Regis to visit the Le Bretons at their charity school or something! It was only after I played the war-dance arrangement so well-I never played so brilliantly in my life before—that he began to alter and soften a little. Certainly, these pearls do thoroughly become me. I think he looked after me when I was leaving the room just a tiny bit, as if he was really pleased with me for my own sake, and not merely because I happen to be called Lady Hilda Tregellis."

### CHAPTER XXI.

## OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE.

"It's really very annoying, this letter from Selah," Herbert Le Breton murmured to himself, as he carefully burnt the compromising focument, envelope and all, with a fusee from his oriental silver

pocket match-case. "I had hoped the thing had all been forgotten by this time, after her long silence, and my last two judiciously chilly letters—a sort of slow refrigerating process for poor shivering naked little Cupid. But here, just at the very moment when I fancied the affair had quite blown over, comes this most objectionable letter, telling me that Selah has actually betaken herself to London to meet me; and what makes it more annoying still, I wanted to go up myself this week to dine at home with Ethel Faucit. Mother's plan about Ethel Faucit is exceedingly commendable; a girl with eight hundred a year, cultivated tastes, and no father or other encumbrances dragging after her. I always said I should like to marry a poor orphan. A very desirable young woman to annex in every way! And now, here's Selah Briggs-ugh! how could I ever have gone and entangled myself in my foolish days with a young woman burdened by such a cognomen !--here's Selah Briggs must needs run away from Hastings, and try to hunt me up on her own account in London. If I dared, I wouldn't go up to see her at all, and would let the thing die a natural death of inanition—sine Cerere et Baccho, and so forth—(I'm afraid, poor girl, she'll be more likely to find Bacchus than Ceres if she sticks in London); but the plain fact is, I don't dare—that's the long and the short of it. If I did, Selah'd be tracking me to earth here in Oxford, and a nice mess that'd make of it! She doesn't know my name, to be sure; but as soon as she called at college and found nobody of the name of Walters was known there, she'd lie in wait for me about the gates, as sure as my name's Herbert Le Breton, and sooner or later she'd take it out of me, one way or the other. Selah has as many devils in her as the Gergasene who dwelt among the tombs, I'll be sworn to it; and if she's provoked, she'll let them all loose in a legion to crush me. I'd better see her and have it out quietly, once for all, than try to shirk it here in Oxford and let myself in at the end for the worse condemnation."

Under this impression, Herbert Le Breton, leaning back in his well-padded oak armchair, ordered his scout to pack his portmanteau, and set off by the very first fast train for Paddington station. He would get over his interview with Selah Briggs in the afternoon, and return to Epsilon Terrace in good time for Lady Le Breton's dinner. Say what you like of it, Ethel Faucit and eight hundred a year, certe redditum, was a thing in no wise to be sneezed at by a judicious and discriminating person.

Herbert left his portmanteau in the cloak room at Paddington, and drove off in a hansom to the queer address which

given him. It was a fishy lodging of the commoner sort in a back street at Notting Hill, not far from the Portobello Road. At the top of the stairs, Selah stood waiting to meet him, and seemed much astonished when, instead of kissing her, as was his wont, he only shook her hand somewhat coolly. But she thought to herself that probably he didn't wish to be too demonstrative before the eyes of the lodging-house people, and so took no further notice of it.

"Well, Selah," Herbert said, as soon as he entered the room, and

"Well, Selah," Herbert said, as soon as he entered the room, and seated himself quietly on one of the straight-backed wooden chairs,

"why on earth have you come to London?"

"Goodness gracious, Herbert," Selah answered, letting loose the floodgates of her rapid speech after a week's silence, "don't you go and ask me why I've done it. Ask me rather why I didn't go and do it long ago. Father, he's got more and more aggravating every day for the last twelvemonth, till at last I couldn't stand him any longer. Prayer meetings, missionary meetings, convention meetings, all that sort of thing I could put up with somehow; but when it came to private exhortations and prayer over me with three or four of the godliest neighbours, I made up my mind not to put up with it one day later. So last week I packed up two or three little things hurriedly, and left a note behind to say I felt I was too unregenerate to live in such spiritual company any longer; and came straight up here to London, and took these lodgings. Emily Lucas, she wrote to me from Hastings -she's the daughter of the hairdresser in our street, you know, and I told her to write to me to the Post-office. Emily Lucas wrote to me that there was weeping and gnashing of teeth, and swearing almost, when they found out I'd really left them. And well there might be, indeed, for I did more work for them (mostly just to get away for a while from the privileges) than they'll ever get a hired servant to do for them in this world, Herbert." Herbert moved uneasily on his chair, as he noticed how glibly she called him now by his Christian name, instead of saying "Mr. Walters." "And Emily says," Selah went on, without stopping to take breath for a second, "that father put an advertisement at once into the Christian Mirror-pah, as if it was likely I should go buying or reading the Christian Mirror, indeed-to say that if 'S. B.' would return at once to her affectionate and injured parents, the whole past would be forgotten and forgiven. Forgotten and forgiven! I should think it would, indeed! But he didn't ask me whether their eternal bothering and plaguing of me about my precious soul for twenty years past would also be forgotten and forgiven! He didn't ask me whether all their meetings, and conventions, and prayers, and all the rest of it, would be forgotten

and forgiven! My precious soul! In Turkey they say the women have no souls! I often wished it had been my happy lot to be born in Turkey, and then, perhaps, they wouldn't have worried me so much about it. I'm sure I often said to them, 'Oh, don't bother on account of my poor unfortunate misguided little soul any longer. It's lost altogether, I don't doubt, and it doesn't in the least trouble me. If it was somebody else's, I could understand your being in such a fearful state of mind about it; but as it's only mine, you know, I'm sure it really doesn't matter.' And then they'd only go off worse than ever,—mother doing hysterics, and so forth—and say I was a wicked, bad, abominable scoffer, and that it made them horribly frightened even to listen to me. As if I wasn't more likely to know the real value of my own soul than anybody else was!"

Herbert looked at her curiously and anxiously as she delivered this long harangue in a voluble stream, without a single pause or break; and then he said, in his quiet voice, "How old are you, Selah?"

"Twenty-two," Selah answered, carelessly. "Why, Herbert?"

"Oh, nothing," Herbert replied, turning away his eyes from her keen, searching gaze uncomfortably. He congratulated himself inwardly on the lucky fact that she was fully of age, for then at least he could only get into a row with her, and not with her parents. "And now, Selah, do you know what I strongly advise you?"

"To get married at once," Selah put in promptly.

Herbert drew himself up stiffly, and looked at her cautiously out of the corner of his eyes. "No," he said slowly, "not to get married, but to go back again for the present to your people at Hastings. Consider, Selah, you've done a very foolish thing indeed by coming here alone in this way. You've compromised yourself, and you've compromised me. Indeed, if it weren't for the lasting affection I bear you"—he put this in awkwardly, but he felt it necessary to do so, for the flash of Selah's eyes fairly cowed him for the moment—"I wouldn't have come here at all this afternoon to see you. It might get us both into very serious trouble, and—and—and delay the prospect of our marriage. You see, everything depends upon my keeping my fellowship until I can get an appointment to marry on. Anything that risks loss of the fellowship is really a measurable danger for both of us."

Selah looked at him very steadily with her big eyes, and Herbert felt that he was quailing a little "withering inquisition. By Jove"

she was angry! "Herbert," she said, rising from her chair and standing her full height imperiously before him, "Herbert, you're deceiving me. I almost believe you're shilly-shallying with me. I

almost believe you don't ever really mean to marry me."

Herbert moved uneasily upon his wooden seat. What was he to do? Should he make a clean breast of it forthwith, and answer boldly, "Well, Selah, you have exactly diagnosed my mental attitude"? Or should he try to put her off a little with some meaningless explanatory platitudes? Or should he—by Jove, she was a very splendid woman!—should he take her in his arms that moment, kiss her doubts and fears away like a donkey, and boldly and sincerely promise to marry her? Pooh! not such a fool as all that comes to! not even with Selah before him now; for he was no boy any longer, and not to be caught by the mere vulgar charms of a flashy, self-asserting greengrocer's daughter.

"Selah," he said at last, after a long pause, "I strongly advise you once more to return to Hastings for the present. You'll find it better for you in the end. If your people are quite unendurable—as I don't doubt they are from what you tell me—you could look about meanwhile for a temporary appointment, say as"—he checked himself from uttering the word "shop girl," and substituted for it, "draper's assistant."

Selah looked at him angrily. "What fools you men are about such things!" she said in a voice of utter scorn. "When do you suppose I ever learnt the drapery? Or who do you suppose would ever give me a place in a shop of that sort without having learnt the drapery? I dare say you think it takes ten years to make one of you fine gentlemen at college, with your Greek and your Latin, but that the drapery, or the millinery, or the confectionery, comes by nature! However, that's not the question now. The question's simply this—Herbert Walters, do you or don't you mean to marry me?"

"I must temporise," Herbert thought to himself, placidly. "This girl's quite too unreservedly categorical! She eliminates modality with a vengeance!" "Well, Selah," he said in his calmest and most deliberate manner, "we must take a great many points into consideration before deciding on that matter." And then he went on to tell her what seemed to him the pros and cons of an immediate marriage. Couldn't she get a place meanwhile of some sort? Couldn't she let him have time to look about him? Couldn't she go back just for a few days to Hastings, until he could hear of something feasible for either of them? Selah interrupted him more than once with forcible interjectional observations such as "bosh!" and "rubbish!" and

when he had finished she burst out once more into a long and voluble statement.

For more than an hour Herbert Le Breton and Selah Briggs fenced with another, each after their own fashion, in the little fishy lodgings; and at every fresh thrust Herbert parried so much the worse that at last Selah lost patience utterly, and rose in the end to the dignity of the situation. "Herbert Walters," she said, looking at him with unspeakable contempt, "I see through your flimsy excuses now, and I feel certain you don't mean to marry me! You never did mean to marry me! You wanted to amuse yourself by making love to a poor girl in a country town, and now you'd like to throw her overboard and leave her alone to her own devices. I knew you meant that when you didn't write to me; but I wouldn't condemn you unheard; I gave you a chance to clear yourself. I see now you were trying to drop the acquaintance quietly, and make it seem as if I had backed out of it as well as you."

Herbert felt the moment for breaking through all reserve had finally arrived. "You admirably interpret my motives in the matter, Selah," he said coldly. "I don't think it would be just of me to interfere with your prospects in life any longer. I can't say how long it may be before I am able to afford marriage; and, meanwhile, I'm preventing you from forming a natural alliance with some respectable and estimable young man in your own station. I should be sorry to stand in your way any further; but if I could offer you any small pecuniary assistance at any time, either now or hereafter, you know I'd be very happy indeed to do so, Selah."

The angry girl turned upon him fiercely. "Selah!" she cried in a tone of crushing contempt. "What do you mean by calling me Selah, sir? How dare you speak to me by my Christian name in the same breath you tell me you don't mean to marry me? How dare you have the insolence and impertinence to offer me money? Never say another word to me as long as you live, Herbert Walters; and leave me now, for I don't want to have anything more to say to you or your money for ever."

Herbert took up his hat doubtfully. "Selah!—Selah!—Miss Briggs, I mean," he said, falteringly, for at that moment Selah's face was terrible to look at. "I'm very sorry, I can assure you, that this interview—and our pleasant acquaintance—should unfortunately have had such a disagreeable termination. For my own part"—Herbert was always politic—"I should have wished to part from you in no unfriendly spirit. I should have wished to learn your plans for the future, and to aid you in forming a suitable settlement in life he

after. May I venture to ask, before I go, whether you mean to remain in London or to return to Hastings? As one who has been your sincere friend, I should at least like to know what are your movements for the immediate present. How long do you mean to stop here, and when you leave these rooms where do you think you will next go to?"—" Confoundedly awkward," he thought to himself, "to have her prowling about and dogging one's footsteps here in London."

Selah read through his miserable transparent little pretences at once with a woman's quick instinctive insight. "Ugh!" she cried, pushing him away from her, figuratively, with a gesture of disgust, "do you think, you poor suspicious creature, I want to go spying you or following you all over London? Are you afraid, in your sordid little respectable way, that I'll come up to Oxford to pry and peep into that snug comfortable fellowship of yours? Do you suppose I'm so much in love with you, Herbert Walters, that I can't let you go without wanting to fawn upon you and run after you ever afterwards? Pah! -you miserable, pitiable, contemptible cur and coward, are you afraid even of a woman? Go away, and don't be frightened. I never want to see you or speak to you again as long as I live, you wretched, lying, shuffling hypocrite. I'd rather go back to my own people at Hastings a thousand times over than have anything more to do with you. They may be narrow-minded, and bigoted, and ignorant, and stupid, but at least they're honest-they're not liars and hypocrites. Go this minute, Herbert Walters, go away this minute, and don't stand there fiddling and quivering with your hat like a whipped schoolboy, but go at once, and take my eternal loathing and contempt for a parting present with you !"

Herbert held the door gingerly ajar for half a second, trying to think of a neat and appropriate epigram, but at that particular moment, for the life of him, he couldn't hit on one. So he closed the door after him quietly, and, walking out alone into the street, immediately hailed a passing hansom. "I didn't come out of that dilemma very creditably to myself, I must admit," he thought with a burning face, as he rolled along quickly in the hansom; "but anyhow, now I'm well out of it. The coast's all clear at last for Ethel Faucit. It's well to be off with the old love before you're on with the new, as that horrid vulgar practical proverb justly though somewhat coarsely puts it. Still, she's a perfectly magnificent creature, is Selah; and by Jove, when she got into that towering rage (and no wonder, for I won't be unjust to her in that respect), her tone and attitude would have done credit to any theatre. I should think Mrs. Siddons must have looked like that, say as Constance. Poor girl, I'm really sorry

for her; from the very bottom of my heart, I'm really sorry for her. If it rested with me alone, hang me if I don't think I would positively have married her. But after all, the environment, you know, the environment is always too strong for us!"

Meanwhile, in the shabby lodgings near the Portobello Road, poor Selah, the excitement once over, was lying with her proud face buried in the pillows, and crying her very life out in great sobs of utter misery. The daydream of her whole existence was gone for ever; the bubble was burst; and nothing stood before her but a future of utter drudgery. "The brute, the cur, the mean wretch," she said aloud between her sobs; "and yet I loved him. How beautifully he talked, and how he made me love him. If it had only been a common every-day Methodist sweetheart, now! but Herbert Walters! Oh, God, how I hate him, and how I did love him!"

When Herbert reached his mother's house in Epsilon Terrace, Lady Le Breton met him anxiously at the door. "Herbert," she said, almost weeping, "my dear boy, what on earth should I do if it were not for you! You're the one comfort I have in all my children. Would you believe it—no, you won't believe it—as I was walking back here this afternoon with Mrs. Faucit (Ethel's aunt, of all people in the world), what do you think I saw, in our own main street, too, but a young man, decently dressed, in his shirt sleeves. No coat, I assure you, but only his shirt sleeves. Imagine my horror when he came up to us—Mrs. Faucit, too, you know—and said to me out loud, in the most unconcerned voice, 'Well, mother!' I couldn't believe my eyes, Herbert, but I solemnly declare to you, it was positively Ronald! You really could have knocked me down with a feather. Disgraceful, wasn't it, perfectly disgraceful!"

"How on earth did he come so?" asked Herbert, almost smiling in spite of himself.

"Why, do you know, Herbert," Lady Le Breton answered somewhat obliquely, "a few days since, I met him wheeling along a barrow full of coals for a dirty, grimy, ragged little girl from some alley or gutter somewhere. I believe they call the place the Mews—at the back of the terrace, you remember. He pretended the child wasn't big enough to wheel the coals, which was absurd, of course, or else her parents wouldn't have sent her; but I'm sure he really did it on purpose to annoy me. He never does these things when I'm not by to see; or if he does, I never see him. Now, that was bad enough in all conscience, wasn't it? but to-day what he did was still more outrageous. He mat a noor man, as he calls him, in Westbourne Grove, who



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the right expression?), and who declared he was next door to starving. So what must Ronald do, but run into a pawnbroker's—I shouldn't have thought he could ever have heard of such a place—and sell his coat, or something of the sort, and give the man (who was doubtless an impostor) all the money. Then he positively walked home in his shirt sleeves. I call it a most unchristian thing to do—and to walk straight into my very arms, too, as I was coming along with Mrs. Faucit."

Herbert offered at once such condolences as were in his power. "And are the Faucits coming to-night?" he asked eagerly.

Lady Le Breton kissed him again gently on the forehead. "Oh, Herbert," she said warmly, "I can't tell you what a comfort you always are to me. Oh, yes, the Faucits are coming; and do you know, Herbert, my dear boy, I'm quite sure that old Mr. Faucit, the uncle, wouldn't at all object to the match, and that Ethel's really very much disposed indeed to like you immensely. You've only to follow up the advantage, my dear boy, and I don't for a moment think she'd ever refuse you. And I've been talking to Sir Sydney Weatherhead about your future, too, and he tells me (quite privately, of course) that, with your position and honours at Oxford, he fully believes he can easily push you into the first good vacant post at the Education Office; only you must be careful to say nothing about it beforehand, or the others will say it's a job, as they call it. Oh, Herbert, I really and truly can't tell you what a joy and a comfort you always are to me!"

(To be continued).)

### MILITARY STRATAGEMS.

NE of the most interesting aspects of the state of war is that of its connection with fraud, deceit, and guile. If we may seek to obtain our ends by force, we may surely, it is argued, do so by fraud; for what is the moral difference between overcoming by superiority of muscle and the same result obtained by dint of brain? Lysander the Spartan went so far as to say that boys were to be cheated with dice, but an enemy with oaths; and if the world has professed itself shocked at his sentiment, it has not altogether despised his authority.

Among military stratagems the older writers used to include every kind of deception practised by generals in war, not only against the enemy, but against their own troops; as, for instance, devices for preventing or suppressing a mutiny, for stopping the spread of a panic, or for encouraging them with false news before or during an engagement.

But in modern use the term stratagem has almost exclusive reference to artifices of deception practised against an enemy; and the greater interest that attaches to the latter kind of guile justifies the narrowed denotation of the word. No one, for instance, would now regard as a stratagem the clever behaviour of that Thracian general Cosingas, who, acting also as priest to his forces, brought them back to obedience by the report he artfully propagated that certain long ladders which he had caused to be made and fastened together were intended to enable him to climb to heaven, there to complain to Juno of their misconduct. The false pretence that is involved in a stratagem is addressed to the leaders of a hostile force, in order that their fear or confidence, unduly raised by it, may be played upon to the advantage of their more artful opponents. the consideration, therefore, of military stratagems, or ruses de guerre, it is best to conform entirely to the more restricted sense in which they are understood in modern parlance.

The following stratagem is a good one to start with. During the Franco-German War of 1870, twenty-five franc-1 selves in Prussian uniform, and by the

several Prussians at Sennegy near Troyes; and the deed was made a subject of open boast in a French journal.<sup>1</sup> Was the boast a justifiable or a shameful one?

Distinctly justifiable, if at least Grotius, the father of our international law, is of any authority. The reasoning of Grotius runs in this wise. There is a distinction between conventional signs that are established by the general consent of all the world and those which are only established by particular societies or by individuals; deception directed against the former involves the violation of a mutual obligation, and is therefore unlawful, whereas that against the latter is lawful, because it involves no such violation. Therefore, whilst it is wrong to deceive an enemy by words or signs which by general consent are universally understood in a given sense, it is not wrong to overcome an enemy by conduct which involves no violation of a generally recognised and universally binding custom. Under such conduct fall such acts as a simulated flight, or the use of an enemy's arms, his standards, uniform, or sails. A flight is not an instituted sign of fear, nor have the arms or colours of a particular country any universally established meaning.2

Nor, in spite of the sound of sophistry that accompanies this reasoning, has the teaching of international law substantially swerved on this point from the direction given to it by Grotius. In Cicero's opinion, although both force and fraud were resources most unworthy of rational humanity, the one pertaining rather to the nature of the lion and the other to that of the fox, fraud was an expedient deserving of more hatred than the other.<sup>3</sup> But the teaching of later times has tended to overlook this distinction. Bynkershoek, that celebrated Dutch jurist who advocated the use of poison as one of the fair modes of employing force, declares it to be a matter of perfect indifference whether stratagem or open force be employed against an enemy, provided perfidy be absent from the former. And Bluntschli, who is the German publicist of greatest authority in our own day, expressly includes among the lawful stratagems of war the use of an enemy's uniform or flag.<sup>4</sup>

If, then, we test the received military theory by some actual experience, the following episodes of history must challenge rather our admiration than our blame.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Professor Sheldon Amos quotes the fact, but refrains from naming the paper, in his preface to Manning's Commentaries on the Law of Nations, xl. Was it not the Journal de France for Nov. 21, 1871?

<sup>\*</sup> iii. l. viii. 4. 

\* De Officiis, l. 13. 

\* Moderne Volkerracht, Ast. 565.

Cimon, the Athenian admiral, having captured some Persian ships, made his own men step into them and dress themselves in the clothes of the Persians; and then, when the ships reached Cyprus, and the inhabitants of that island came out joyfully to welcome their friends, they were of course more easily defeated by their enemies.<sup>1</sup>

Aristomachus, having taken some Cardian ships, placed his own rowers in them and towed his own ships behind them, as if they were being conducted in triumph. When the Cardians came out to greet their supposed victorious crews, Aristomachus and his men fell upon them and succeeded in committing great carnage.<sup>2</sup>

Modern history supplies analogous cases. In September 1800 an English crew attacked two ships that lay at anchor at Barcelona, by forcing a Swedish vessel to take on board some English officers, soldiers, and sailors, and so obtaining a means of approach that was otherwise impossible.3 And English naval historians tell with pride, rather than with shame, how in 1798 two English ships, the" Sibylle" and the "Fox," by sailing under false colours captured three Spanish gunboats in Manilla Roads. When the Spanish guard-boat sent to inquire what the ships were, the pilot of the "Fox" replied that they belonged to the French squadron, and that they wished to put in to Manilla, for the recovery of the crews from sickness. The English Captain Cooke was introduced under the French name of Latour; and a conversation ensued in which the ceremony of wishing success to the united exertions of the Spaniards and French against the English was not forgotten. Two Spanish boats having then come to visit the vessels, their crews were quickly handed below; and a party of British sailors having changed clothes with them and got into their boat, advanced to the gunboats, which they captured without pulling a trigger.4

On another occasion the "Sibylle," which had been taken from the French by Romney in 1794, captured a large French vessel that lay at anchor, by standing in under French colours, and only hoisting her real ones when within a cable's length of her prize; the only limit to such a stratagem on the sea being the necessity for a ship to hoist her real flag before proceeding to actual hostilities. A state of war must surely play strange tricks with our minds, to make it possible for us to approve such actions as those quoted. There can be no greater proof of the utter demoralisation it causes than that

Polyænus, Strategenatum Libri Octo, i. 34.

Ortolan's Diplomatie de la mer, ii. 31, 375-7.

James, Naval History, ii. 211; Campbell's Admirals, vii. 132

<sup>.</sup> Ibid. ii. 225.

such devices should have ever come to be thought honourable; and that no scruples should have ever intervened against the prostitution of a country's flag, the symbol of her independence, her nationality, and her pride, to the shame of open falsehood. Antiquaries dispute the correctness of the statement of Polyænus, that Artemisia, the Queen of Caria and ally of Xerxes against Greece, hoisted Persian colours when in pursuit of Greek ships, but a Greek flag to prevent Greek ships from pursuing herself, because they say that flags were not then in use; but undoubtedly the custom is a very old one on the seas of having a number of different flags on board a ship, for the purpose either of more easily capturing a weaker or of more easily escaping from a stronger vessel than herself. The French, for instance, in 1337 plundered and burnt Portsmouth, after having been suffered to land under the cover of English banners.1 Not only the vessels of pirates and privateers, but the war vessels of the State, learned to sail under colours that belied their nationality.2 The only limit to the stratagem of the false flag (to which international custom gradually came to give the force of law) was the necessity of hoisting the real flag before proceeding to fire, a limitation that was not of much moment after the successful deception had brought a defenceless merchant vessel within the reach of easy capture. And with regard to ships of war, the cannon-shot by which one vessel replied to the challenge of its suspected nationality by the other came to be equivalent to the captain's word of honour that the flag which floated above the cannon he fired represented the nationality of which it professed to be the symbol. Such are the extraordinary ideas of honour and morality that the system of universal fear, distrust, and hostility, by many thought to be so surpassingly glorious, caused to become prevalent upon the ocean.

In spite, therefore, of Grotius, the above stratagems must be considered as dishonourable; and that so they are beginning to be considered is indicated by the fact that at the Brussels Conference of 1874 the use of an enemy's flag or uniform was expressly rejected from the category of fair military stratagems.

There is an obvious distinction indeed between the above methods of overcoming an enemy and such favourite devices as ambuscades, feigned retreats, night attacks, or the diversion of a defence to the wrong point. But perhaps nothing in the history of

Nicholas, Royal Navy, ii. 27.
 Hautefeuille, Droit Maritime, iii. 433. "Les vaisseaux de l'Etat eux-mêmes ne rougissent pas de ces grossiers mensonges qui prennent le nom de ruses de

moral opinion is more curious than that even these modes of deceit should have been, not by one people or an unwarlike people, but by different people, and one among them the most warlike nation known to history, deliberately rejected as unfair and dishonourable modes of warfare. The historical evidence on this point appears to be quite conclusive, and is worth recalling for the interest that cannot but attach to one of the strangest but most neglected chapters in the history of human ethics.

The Achæans, says Polybius, disdained even to subdue their enemies with the help of deceit. In their opinion a victory was neither honourable nor secure that was not obtained in open combat by superior courage. Therefore they esteemed it a kind of law among them never to use any concealed weapons, nor to throw darts from a distance, being persuaded that an open and close conflict was the only fair method of combat. For the same reason they not only made a declaration of war, but sent notice each to the other of their resolution to try the fortune of a battle, and of the place in which they were determined to engage. \(^1\)

And in Ternate, one of the Molucca Islands, which suffered such untold miseries after the Europeans had discovered its spices and its heathenism, not only was war never begun without being first declared, but it was also customary to inform the enemy of the number of men and the amount and kind of weapons with which it was intended to conduct hostilities.<sup>2</sup>

But the case of the Romans is by far the most remarkable. Polybius, Livy, and Ælian agree in their testimony that for a long period of their history the Romans refrained from all kinds of stratagem as from a sort of military meanness; and their evidence is corroborated by Valerius Maximus, who says that the Romans, having no word in their language to express a military ruse, were forced to borrow the Greek word, from which our own word stratagem is derived.<sup>3</sup> Polybius, who lived and wrote as late as the second—century before Christ, after complaining that artifice was then so prevalent among the Romans that their chief study was to deceive one another in war and in politics, adds that, in spite of this degeneracy, they still declared war solemnly beforehand, seldom formed ambuscades, and preferred to fight man to man in close engagement. So late as the year 172 B.C. the elder senators regretted the lost virtue of their ancestors, who refrained from such stratagems

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> xiii. 1. <sup>2</sup> Montaigne, ch. v

<sup>•</sup> vii. 4. "Quia appellatione nostra vix apte exprimi poenuntiatione Stratagemata dicuntur,"

to shoot.

as night attacks, counterfeit flights, and sudden returns, and who sometimes even appointed the day of battle and fixed the field of combat, looking for victory not from fraud, but only from superiority in personal bravery.\(^1\) Ælian, too, declares that the Romans never resorted to stratagems till about the end of the Second Punic War; and truly the great Roman general, Scipio, who took the name of Africanus, displayed a thorough African skill in the use he made of spies and surprises to bring that war to a successful issue.

With regard to night attacks the Macedonians appear to have cherished similar feelings, since we find Alexander refusing to attack Darius by night on the ground that he did not wish to gain a stolen victory. And with regard to close combat, something of the old

Roman and Achæan feeling was displayed in Europe when first the crossbow, and in later times the musket, rendered personal prowess of lesser importance. Before the time of Richard I., when the crossbow became the chief weapon in war, warriors, says the Abbé Velley, were so free and brave that they would only owe victory to their lance and their sword, and everybody detested those perfidious arms with which a coward under shelter was enabled to slay the most brave. So said Montluc of the musket, which in 1523 had not yet, he says, superseded in France the use of the crossbow: "Would to God this accursed instrument had never been invented. . . . So many brave and valiant men would not have met their deaths at the hands very often of the greatest cowards, who would not so much as dare look at the man whom they knock down from a 'distance with their accursed balls." And in the same spirit Charles XII. of

Such ideas are, of course, dead beyond the hope of recovery. We have long since learned to despise these old-world notions of honour and courage, and to make very few exceptions indeed to the newer doctrine, that in war anything and everything is fair. But it is worth the pause of a moment to reflect that such moral sentiments in restraint of the use of fraud in war should have once had a real existence in the world; that they should once have swayed the minds of the most successful military nation that ever existed, and stood by them till they had attained that high degree of power which was theirs at the time of the Second Punic War (217-199 B.C.)

Sweden once bade his soldiers to come to close quarters with the enemy without shooting, on the ground that it was only for cowards

Livy, xlii. 47. <sup>2</sup> Histoire de la France, iii. 401. \* The word musket is from muschette, a kind of hawk, implying that its attack was equally destructive and unforeseen,

In comparing the code of military honour prevalent in Pagan antiquity with that of more recent times, it is but fair to remember that the former recognised principles of action which were never dreamt of in the best days of Christian chivalry; and that the generals of a people who we are sometimes told were a mere robber community would have had as strong a feeling against the righteousness of a night attack, a feigned retreat, or a surprise as our modern generals would have of an open violation of a truce or convention.

The downward path in this matter is easy, and the history of Rome after Scipio Africanus is associated with a change of opinion concerning stratagems that in no degree fell short of the subtlety of the Greeks, Gauls, or Africans, which the Romans once regarded as perfidy. Frontinus, who wrote a book on stratagems in the reign of Trajan, and still more Polyænus, who wrote a larger book on the same subject for the Emperors Verus and Antoninus, appear to have thought that no deceit was too bad to serve as a good precedent for the conduct of war. Polyænus not merely made a collection of some nine hundred stratagems, but collected them for the express purpose of their being of service to the Roman Emperors in the war then undertaken against Parthia. To the rulers of a people who had once regarded even an ambuscade as beneath their chivalry he brought as worthy of their recollection and study actions which are an eternal reflection on the memory of those who committed them. Let us take for example the devices he records for obtaining possession of besieged places, remembering that from the moment the chamade has been beaten, or any other sign been given for a conference or parley between the contending forces, a truce by tacit agreement is held to suspend their mutual hostilities.

Thibron persuaded the governor of a fort in Asia to come out to arrange terms, under an oath that he should return if they failed to agree. During the relaxation of guard that naturally ensued, Thibron's men took the fort by assault; and Thibron, reconducting the governor according to his word, forthwith put him to death.

In the same way behaved Paches, the Athenian general, at Notium. Having got Hippias, the governor, into his power under the same promise that Thibron made, he took the place by storm, massacred all he found in it, reconducted Hippias according to his oath, and had him killed upon the spot.<sup>2</sup>

Autophrodates proposed a parley with the chiefs of the Ephesian army, having previously ordered his cavalry officers and other troops to attack the Ephesians during the conference. The result was a

Polysenus, ii. 19. VOL. CCLVII. NO. 1843.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. iii. 2; from Thucydides, iii. 34.

signal victory, and the capture or slaughter of a great number of Ephesians.1

Philip of Macedon sent some envoys into a Thracian city, and whilst the people all met in assembly to hear the proposals of the enemy the King of Macedon attacked and took the city.<sup>2</sup>

The Thracians, having been defeated by the Bootians, made a truce with them for a certain number of days, and attacked them one might, whilst the enemy were engaged in making sacrifices. And so dealt Cleomenes with the Argives; he made a truce with them for seven days, and attacked them the second night.

All these things are told by Polyænus, not only without a word of disapproval, but apparently as good examples for the conduct of a war actually in progress. Such was the moral debasement in which their long career of military success ultimately landed the great Roman people.

Nevertheless, it is not for modern history to cast stones at Paches nor at Thibron. The conference stratagem attained its highest development in the practice of warfare in Christendom; so that Montaigne declares it to have become a fixed maxim among the military men of his time (the sixteenth century) never in time of siege to go out to a parley. That great French soldier Montluc, whose autobiography contained in his Commentaries displays so curious a mixture of bravery and cruelty, of loyalty and cunning, and is perhaps the best military book by a military man that has been written since Cæsar, tells us how once, whilst he was bargaining with the governor of Sarvenal about the terms of a capitulation, his men entered the place by a window on the other side and compelled the governor to surrender at discretion, and how on another occasion he sent his soldiers to enter Mont de Marsan and put all they met to the sword, whilst he himself was deluding the governor with a parley. "The moments of a parley are dangerous," he justly observes, "and then more than ever should the besieged be careful in guarding their walls, for it is the time when the besiegers, fearful of losing by a capitulation the booty that would be theirs if they took the place by storm, study to avail themselves of the relaxation of vigilance promoted by the truce to approach the walls with greater facility and success." And the man who wrote this as the experience of his time, and illustrated it by the above accounts of his own practice, rose to be a Marshal of France!

Some other examples of the same stratagem prove how widely the custom entered into the warfare of the European nations. The

<sup>!</sup> Polyzenus, vii. 27, 2,

governor of Terouanne, besieged by the forces of the Emperor Charles V., having forgotten in a negotiation for a capitulation to stipulate for a suspension of arms, the town was surprised during the conference, pillaged, and utterly destroyed.1 And Feuquières, a French general of Louis XIV., and the writer of a book of military memoirs which ran through several editions, tells us how he surprised a place called Kreilsheim in 1688: "I could not have taken this place by force, surrounded as it was with a wall and a strong enough castle; but the colonel in command having been imbecile enough to come outside the place to parley with me, without exacting a promise from me to let him return, I retained him and compelled him to order his garrison to surrender itself prisoner of war." 2 And he actually quotes this to show that when it is necessary to take a post, all sorts of means should be employed, provided they do not dishonour the general who resorts to them, as would the failure of his word to the colonel have dishonoured himself had the colonel demanded it of him.

A sounder sense of military honour was displayed by the English general, Lord Peterborough, at the siege of Barcelona in 1705. Don Velasco had promised to capitulate within a certain number of days, in the event of no succour arriving, and he surrendered one gate as a proof of his sincerity. During the truce involved in this proceeding, the German and Catalonian allies of the English entered the town and began that career of plunder and outrage which is the constant reward and crown of such military successes. Lord Peterborough undertook to prevent disorder in the town, expel the allied soldiery, and return to his position. He was taken at his word, acted up to his word, and saved the honour of England. But what of that of the allies?

It is a fine line that divides a stratagem from an act of perfidy. Valerius Maximus denounces as an act of perfidy the conduct of Cnæus Domitius, who, having received the King of the Arverni as a guest under the pretence of a colloquy, sent him by sea a prisoner to Rome; but it is not easy to distinguish it from the actions of Montluc or Feuquières. Vattel lays down the following doctrine on the subject: As humanity compels us to prefer the gentlest means in the prosecution of our rights, if we can master a strong place, surprise or overcome an enemy by a stratagem or a feint void of perfidy, it is better to do so than to have resort to a bloody siege or the carnage of a battle. He expressly excludes perfidy; but might not Polyænus

<sup>1</sup> Liskenne, Bibliothèque Historique et Militaire, iii. 845.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Memoirs, ch. xix.

have defended it on precisely the same humanitarian grounds as those by which Vattel justifies the more ordinary stratagems? Might not an act of perfidy equally prevent a siege or a battle? If we are justified in contending for our rights by force, it is hard to say that we may not do so by fraud; but it is still harder to distinguish the kinds and the limits of such fraud, or to say where it ceases to be lawful.

And to this length did Polyænus apparently go, as we see in the cases of downright perfidy which he includes in his collection of stratagems. The Locrians swore to observe a treaty with the Sicilians so long as they trod the earth they then walked on, or carried their heads on their shoulders; the next day they threw away the heads of garlic which they had carried under their cloaks on their shoulders, and the earth they had strewn in their shoes, and began a general massacre of the Sicilians. The Campanians, having agreed to surrender half their arms, cut them in half, and so virtually surrendered nothing. Paches, the Athenian, says Frontinus, having promised personal safety to his enemies on condition of their laying down their arms, or, as he termed it, their iron, slew all those who, having laid down their arms, still retained the iron clasps in their cloaks.

By these means it is undoubtedly possible to gain that advantage over your enemy which, according to every theory of war, it is the paramount object of hostilities to obtain; for it has been too often forgotten that a nation's honour and character, which an enlightened patriotism should value higher than the mere earth on which it feeds and treads, is sacrificed and impaired whenever a treaty is taken by one of the parties to it to have been made in another sense from that which was clearly understood by both parties to have constituted its spirit at the time of making it. What an eternal stain rests, for instance, on the memory of Francis I., who, before signing the Treaty of Madrid, by which he swore, in return for his liberty, to restore the Duchy of Burgundy, and to return a prisoner to Spain if he failed to do so, made a formal protest beforehand, in the presence of some friends, that the oath he was about to take was involuntary and therefore void, and broke it the moment he was free. And this was the man whose memory is associated with the famous saying after the battle of Pavia: "All is lost save honour." What he really said after that event, in a letter to his mother, was this: "All is lost save my honour and my life, which is safe," and the letter went on at length, much more in keeping with the character of that monarch.4 His life indeed he saved; his honour he lost for ever.

<sup>1</sup> vl. 22. 2 vi. 15. 11v. 7, 17. 18. E. Fournier, L'Esprit dans l'Histoire, 145-150.

It was agreed at the Brussels Conference that resort to every possible method of obtaining information about the forces or country of an enemy should count as a fair military stratagem; and, indeed, with the subject of the deceitful side of war the military theory and treatment of spies occupies no inconsiderable place.

Vattel is again as good an exponent as we can have of what international law teaches on this subject. It is not contrary to the law of nations (such is his argument) to seduce one of the hostile side to turn spy, nor to bribe a governor to deliver a town, because such actions do not, like the use of poison or assassination, strike at the common welfare and safety of mankind. Such actions are the common episodes of every war. But that they are not in themselves honourable or compatible with a good conscience is proved by the fact that generals who resort to such means never boast of them; and, if they are at all excusable, it is only in the case of a very just war, when there is no other way of saving a country from ruin at the hands of lawless conquerors. A sovereign has no right to require the services of a spy from any of his subjects, but he may hold out the temptation of reward to mercenary souls; and if a governor is willing to sell himself and offer us a town for money, should we scruple to take advantage of his crime, and to get without danger what we have a right to get by force? At the same time a spy may rightly be put to death, because it is the only way we have of guarding against the mischief he may do us.1

Frederick the Great of Prussia was a contemporary of Vattel, and in November 1760 he published some military instructions for the use of his generals which, in the matter of spies, was based on a wider practical knowledge of the matter than of course belonged to the more pacific publicist. He classified spies into ordinary spies, double spies, spies of distinction, and spies by compulsion. By double spies he meant spies who also pretended to be in the service of the side they betrayed. By spies of distinction he meant officers of Hussars, whose services he had found useful under the peculiar circumstances of the Austrian campaign. When he could not procure himself spies among the Austrians, owing to the careful guard which their light troops kept round their camp, the idea occurred to him, and he acted on it with success, of utilising the suspension of arms that was customary after a skirmish between Hussars, to make those officers the means of conducting an epistolary correspondence with the officers on the other side. Spies by copulsion he explained in this way: "When you wish to cop"

information to an enemy, you take a trustworthy soldier and compel him to pass to the enemy's camp to report there all that you wish the enemy to believe; you also send by him letters to excite the troops to desertion." And in the event of its being impossible to obtain information about the enemy, this distinguished child of Mars prescribes the following military recipe: Choose some rich citizen, who has land and wife and children, and another man disguised as his servant or coachman, who understands the enemy's language. Force the former to take the latter with him to the enemy's camp to complain of injuries sustained, threatening him that if he fail to bring the man back with him after having stayed long enough for the desired object, his wife and children shall be hanged and his house burnt. "I was myself constrained," adds this great warrior, "to have recourse to this method, when we were encamped at ——, and it succeeded."

Such were the military ethics of the great philosopher and king, whose character in the closer intimacy of biography proved so disagreeable a revelation to Carlyle. Pagan antiquity might be searched in vain for practice or sentiments so ignoble. Sertorius, the Roman captain, was one of the greatest masters of stratagem in the world, yet how different his language from that of the great Frederick. "A man," he said, "who has any dignity of feeling should conquer with honour, and not use any base means even to save his life."

From the sentiments of Frederick the Great regarding spies, we may pass to those of our own time, taking the greatest military genius of recent times in England as an exponent of undeniable authority. From Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book" may be gained some insight as to the manner in which a spy in an enemy's camp may correspond with the hostile general. The best way is to send a peasant with a letter written on very thin paper, which may be rolled up so tightly as to be portable in a quill an inch and a half long, and this precious quill may be hidden in the hair or beard, or in a hollow made at the end of a walking-stick. It is also a good plan to write secret correspondence in lemon-juice across a newspaper or the leaves of a New Testament; it is then safe against discovery, and will become legible when held before a fire or near a red iron.

"As a nation," says the same writer, "we are bred up to feel it a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood; the word spy conveys something as repulsive as slave; we will keep hammering along with the conviction that honesty is the best policy, and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentiments do well for a

<sup>1</sup> Liskenne, v. 233-4.

child's copy-book, but a man who acts upon them had better sheathe his sword for ever." What is this but saying that a military man must so far stoop from the ordinary level of moral rectitude that he shall be ready to trifle with truth and think full scorn of honesty? And then the question is, Had not a man better sheathe his sword for ever, or rather not enter upon a profession where he will have to regard the common principles of right and wrong as so much pretty sentiment only fit for the copy-book?

Since, therefore, we have the authority of Vattel, of Frederick the Great, and Lord Wolseley that spies may or even must be employed in war, and that, be the trickery or bribery never so mean that procures their services, no discredit reflects itself upon those generals who use them—it is impossible not to notice it as one of the chief anomalies in existing military usages that, although a general has an unlimited right to avail himself of the services of a spy or a traitor, the penalty for acting in either of the latter capacities is death. capital penalty is not of itself any test of the moral character of the action to which it is affixed, for the service of a fire-ship, which demanded the most desperate bravery, used to be undertaken in the face of capital punishment. Moreover, some of the most famous names in military history have not hesitated to act as spies. Sertorius was honoured by Marius with the usual rewards of signal valour for having learnt the language of the Gauls and gone as a spy among them disguised in their dress. The French general Custine entered Mayence in the disguise of a butcher. Catinat spied out the strength of Luxembourg in the costume of a coal-heaver. Montluc entered Perpignan as a cook, and only resolved never again to serve as a spy because the narrowness of his escape convinced him, not that it was a service of too much dishonour, but a service of too much danger.

The custom of killing spies is an old Roman one,<sup>2</sup> and, indeed, seems to have prevailed all the world over. Nevertheless there have been exceptions even to that. Scipio Africanus had some Carthaginian spies who were brought before him led through the camp, and then dismissed under escort, and with the polite inquiry whether they had examined everything to their satisfaction.<sup>3</sup>

The consul Lævinus is said to have dealt in the same way with some spies that were taken, and so did Xerxes by some Greek

<sup>1</sup> Soldier's Pocket-Book, 81.

Polyzenus, viii. 16, 8. "Lege Romanorum jubente hostium exploratores interficere."

Livy, xxx. 29. According to Polyænus, he gave them a dinner and amethem back with instructions to tell what they had seen; viii. 16, 8.

detectives. At the famous siege of Antwerp in 1584-5, when a Brabant spy was brought before the Prince of Parma, the latter gave orders that he should be shown all the works connected with the wonderful bridge that he was then constructing across the Scheldt, and then sent him back to the besieged city with these words: "Go and tell those who sent you what you have seen. Tell them that I firmly intend either to bury myself beneath the ruin of this bridge or by means of it to pass into your city."

There is a clear middle course between both extremes. Instead of being shot or sent away scot free, a spy might fairly be made a prisoner of war. Suggestions in this sense were made at the Brussels Conference on the Laws of War. The Spanish delegate proposed that the custom of hanging or shooting detected spies should be abolished, and the custom be substituted of interning them as prisoners of war during the continuance of hostilities. The Belgian delegate proposed that in no case should they be put to death without trial; and it was even sought to establish a distinction between the deserts of the really patriotic and the merely mercenary spy. The feeling in fact made itself clearly visible, that an act of which a general might fairly avail himself could not in common justice be regarded as criminal in the agent. Between a general and a spy the common-law rule of principal and agent plainly holds good: "He who acts through another acts through himself." In a case of espionage either both principal and agent are guilty of a criminal act, or neither is. If the spy as such violates the laws of war, so does the general who employs him; and either deserves the same punishment. Were it not so, a general who should hire a bravo to assassinate an enemy would incur no moral blame, nor could he be held to act outside the boundary of lawful and honourable hostilities.

In some other respects the Brussels Conference displayed the vagueness of sentiment that prevails about the use of spies in war. It was agreed between all the Powers that no one should be considered as a spy but one who secretly or under false pretences sought to obtain information for the enemy in occupied districts; that military men collecting such information within the zone of hostile operations should not be regarded as spies if it were possible to recognise their military character; and that military men, and even civilians, if their proceedings were open, charged with despatches should not, if captured, be treated as spies; nor individuals who carried despatches or kept up communications between different parts of an army through the air in balloons. The German delegate proposed, with regard to balloons, that those who sailed in them might be first of all summoned

to descend, then fired at if they refused, and if captured be treated as prisoners, not as spies. The rejection of his proposal implies that by the laws of modern war a balloonist is liable to be shot as a spy; so that, from the point of view of personal danger, the service of a balloon becomes doubly heroic. The Brussels Conference settled nothing, owing to the withdrawal of England from that attempt to settle by agreement between the nations the laws that should govern hostilities between them; but from what was on that occasion agreed to or rejected may be gathered the prevalent practice of European warfare. Is it then not a little remarkable that for the dangerous service of espionage a different justice should be meted out to civilians and to military men; an I that a patriot who risks his life in a balloon should also risk it in the same way as a spy, a deserter, or a traitor ?

But whatever be the fate of a spy, and in spite of distinguished precedents to the contrary, men of honour will always instinctively shrink from a service which involves falsehood from beginning to end. The sentiment is doubtless praiseworthy; but what is the moral difference between entering a town as a spy and the military service of winning it by surprise? What, for instance, shall we think of the Spanish officers and soldiers who, dressed as peasants and with baskets of nuts and apples on their arms, gained possession of Amiens in 1597 by spilling the contents of their baskets and then slaying the sentinels as they scrambled to pick them up?1 What of the officers who, in the disguise of peasants and women, and concealing daggers and pistols, got possession of Ulm for the Elector of Bavaria? What of the French who, in Dutch costume, and by supplications in Dutch to be granted a refuge from a pursuing enemy, surprised a fort in Holland in 1672? What of Prince Eugene, who took the fortress of Breysach by sending in a large force concealed in haycarts under the conduct of two hundred officers disguised as peasants?3 What of the Chevalier Bayard, who, having learnt from a spy the whereabouts of a detachment of Venetian infantry, went by night to the village where they slept, and with his men slew all but three out of some three hundred men as they ran out of their houses?4 What of Callicratidas the Cyrenæan, who begged the commander of a fort to receive four sick soldiers, and sent them in on their beds with an escort of sixteen soldiers, so that they easily overpowered the guards and won the place for their general? 5 What of Phalaris, who, having petitioned for the hand of the commandant's daughter, overcame the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Watson's Philip II. iii. 311. <sup>2</sup> Liskenne, iii. 840. <sup>3</sup> Hoffmann, Kriegslist, 15. <sup>4</sup> Petitot's Mémoires <sup>3</sup> Polyrenus, ii. 27.

garrison by sending in soldiers dressed as women servants, and purporting to bear presents to his betrothed? 1 What of Feuquières, who, whilst pretending to lead a German force and praying for shelter from a snowstorm, affixed his pétards to the gates of Neuborg, and, having taken the town, put the whole of the garrison of 650 men to the sword?2

In what respect do such actions, which are the every-day stratagems of a campaign, and count as perfectly fair, differ from the false pretences which constitute the iniquity of the spy? In this respect only-that whilst he bears his danger alone, in the case of a surprise it is distributed among numbers.

And, in point of fact, there was a time when the service of a surprise and that of espionage were so far regarded as the same that by the laws of war death was not only the allotted portion of the captured spy, but of all who were caught in an endeavour to take a place by surprise. The rule, according to Vattel, was not changed, nor the soldiers who were captured in a surprise regarded or treated as prisoners of war, till the year 1597, when, Prince Maurice having failed in an attempt to take Venloo by surprise, and having lost some of his men, who were put to death for that offence, the new rule that has since prevailed was agreed upon by both sides for the sake of their future mutual immunity from that peril.

The usual rule laid down to distinguish a bad from a good stratagem is that in the latter there is no violation of an expressly or tacitly pledged faith. The violation of a conference, a truce, or a treaty has always therefore been reprobated, however commonly practised. But certain occurrences of history suggest the feasibility of corresponding stratagems which cannot be judged by so simple a formula, and which therefore are of still uncertain right.

The first stratagem of this kind that suggests itself is that of forgery. Hannibal, having defeated and slain the Roman general Marcellus, and thereby become possessed of his seal, the Romans found it necessary to despatch messages to all their garrison towns that no more attention should be paid to orders purporting to come from Marcellus. The precedent suggests the use of forged despatches as a weapon of war. To obtain in time of peace, for use in time of war, the signatures of men likely to be hostile commanders, would obviously be of immense military service for purposes either of defence or aggression. The stratagem would be dishonourable in the highest degree; but, unfortunately, the standard of measurement in such cases is rather their effectiveness than their abstract morality.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Polyænus v. 1, 4. <sup>2</sup> Memoirs, ch. xix.

The second stratagem of the sort is the stratagem of false To what extent is it lawful to deceive an enemy by downright falsehood? The Chevalier Bayard, "without fear or reproach," when besieged by the Imperialists in Mézières, contrived to make the enemy raise the siege by sending a messenger with letters containing false information destined to fall into the hands of the enemy. In war the indirect falsehood naturally receives more credence than the direct; but it can scarcely be thought to be morally better. The invention of the telegraph has increased the means of deceiving an enemy, by false intelligence, and was freely so used in the Civil War of the United States. It is said to be better to secure the services of a few telegraph operators in a hostile country than to have dozens of ordinary spies; and for this reason, according to the author of the "Soldier's Pocket-Book": "Before or during an action an enemy may be deceived to any extent by means of such men; messages can be sent ordering him to concentrate upon wrong points, or, by giving him false information, you may induce him to move as you wish."

Another stratagem is suggested by the conduct of the Prince of Orange, who, having detected in one of his own secretaries a spy in the service of the Prince of Luxembourg, forced him to write a letter containing such information as enabled himself to effect a march he wished to conceal. Might not, then, prisoners of war be used for the same compulsory service? For a spy just as much as a soldier is a recognised and accredited military agent, and, if the former may be made the channel of falsehood, why not the prisoner of war? The Romans made use of the latter to acquire information about their enemy's plans, if in no other way, by torture or the threat of it; the Germans forced some of their French prisoners to perform certain military services connected with carrying on their campaign—would it be therefore unfair to make use of them as the Prince of Orange made use of his secretary?

To such questions there is no answer from the international law writers. Still less is there any authoritative military doctrine concerning them, and, if the stratagems in debate are excluded from "good" war by the military honour of to-day, the above study of warlike artifices has been made to little purpose if it has not taught us how changeable and capricious that standard is, and of what marvellous adjustment it is capable.

It were a treat at which the gods themselves might smile to seand hear a moral philosopher and a military officer brown conference together concerning the stratagems permise

Let the reader imagine them trying to distribute in just and equal parts the due share of blame attaching severally to the following agents-to the man who betrays his country or his cause for gold, and the general who tempts him to his crime or accepts it gladly; to the man who serves as a spy, to the general who on the one side sends him as a spy, and to the general who on the other side hangs him as a spy; to the man who discovers the strength of a town in the disguise of a butcher, and to his fellow-soldiers who enter it disguised as peasants or under the plea of shelter from sickness or a snowstorm; to the man who gains an advantage by propagating false intelligence, and the man who does so by the use of forged despatches; to the man who, like Scipio, plays at negotiations for peace in order the better to spy out and avail himself of an enemy's weakness, and the man who makes offers of treason to an enemy in order the more easily to take him at a disadvantage—and the conclusion will be not unlikely to occur to him, when he shudders at the possible length and futility of that imaginary disputation, that, whatever havoc is caused by a state of war to life, to property, to wealth, to family affections, to domestic honour, it is a havoc absolutely incomparable to that which it produces among the received moral principles of mankind. The military code regarding the fair and legitimate use of fraud and deception has nothing whatever in common with the ordinary moral code of civil life, the principles openly professed in it being so totally foreign to our simplest rules of upright and worthy conduct that in any other than the fighting classes of our civilised societies they would not be advocated for very shame, nor listened to for a moment without resentment.

J. A. FARRER.

### WALLENSTEIN.

THERE are many aspects under which it is interesting to contemplate the complex, grandiose soldier-politician who is one of the strangest and most mysterious figures of the picturesque seventeenth century; and there are ample materials for many thoughts about Wallenstein.

The great problem for the student is, how far Wallenstein was only selfishly ambitious; or how far he was truly great, actuated by motives which transcended personal aims, and which had for object the good of his country and the service of humanity. We want to understand the true value of this dark, perplexing, colossal figure, which towers so loftily, in gloomy grandeur and in mysterious meaning, above the wars, the politics, the intrigues, of his distracted land and turbulent time.

Of his capacity as politician, or as warrior, there can be but little question. What, then, were the motives which impelled this born leader of men to act as he did act? His failure in ultimate success is, it must be recollected, to be attributed to the murder which cut short his action. Had he lived he would, probably, have changed the current of European events; and he might have produced beneficial results which would have rendered his reputation clear and far-shining, resplendent in glory, and duly honoured by history.

In any attempt to portray and analyse that dark, picturesque, complex Wallenstein, who certainly remains always majestic, if not always certainly great, it is natural to begin by regarding him under the dim, mystic starlight of astrology. Johann Kepler worked out the horoscope of the remarkable infant born at 4 P.M. on September 14, 1583. The great astronomer, who, like most of the men of science of his time, was also partly an astrologer, points out that Wallenstein was born under a combination of Saturn and Jupiter, both in the "first house," or astrological house of life. Saturn, the "swart star," inspires melancholy, wild thought, dark ambition, contempt of human authority, disregard of religion; and induces an absence of human tenderness and softness. Men borr Saturn are quarrelsome, impatient, haughty; but when

under the counter-influence of brilliant Jupiter, there is ground for hope that such dark and dangerous characteristics will soften and brighten with the progress of the years; while the regal planet develops a thirst for glory and for power, lends defiant daring, and inspires reckless courage. The combination of saturnine and jovialistic influences promises greatness, but predicts danger. A man born under this joint aspect will play a lofty part, will do great deeds, will provoke mighty enemies; but will, in the main, prevail and rule. It is a combination which points to a great career and fortune. Elizabeth of England was born under the same astral aspect. Wallenstein's high path of life seems lighted always by the stars; and behind his majestic figure we fancy always great planets gleaming out of skiey darkness.

When first the young hero awoke to ambition, he could hardly do other than seek to serve the Emperor. The Empire was splendid and supreme. It was the overwhelming force in disunited Germany. It possessed tradition, wealth, and the support of the Church. It was, indeed, like an iceberg in spring, undermined beneath the water-line, but towering in terrible majesty above the warring waves. Wallenstein was, in the opening of his career, impelled chiefly, if not solely, by ambition. His nobler aims were to grow out of his experience of life, war, and politics. It needed time to develop his higher individualism out of his lower self. Success cleared his mind of self-seeking. It was most natural that the poor young Bohemian noble, aspiring as adventurous, should devote his sword to the service of the magnificent and munificent House of Austria. The eager young soldier could see only the surface, and could not read the hidden signs of the troublous times. He wanted to succeed by joining himself to success. He wished for reward from the power most capable of royally recompensing ability. Conscious of his own supreme power, he judged-and from his then point of view judged rightly-that Ferdinand would recognise his valour and his talents by honours, titles, ample pay. Nominally a Catholic, his nature was not religious. He had no clear convictions, and was politician rather than theologian. He turned deaf ears towards the music of the spheres, though he bent credulous eyes upon the fate-ruling stars. If his soul had a Heaven, he pierced into that Heaven no deeper than to its stars.

Many a one
Owes to his country his religion;
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so,

But the man was magnanimous and was no bigot. He had insight into the truth of things, and he saw that Vienna could never succeed in extirpating irrepressible Protestantism in Germany. The Thirty Years' War was concluded upon the basis upon which Wallenstein worked. Peace was produced by adopting the principles for which he bled. He learned to distrust the Emperor, to detest the prejudices and superstitions of priest-led Vienna. The influence of priestly intrigue and of court cabal grew hateful to him. He was weary of ambition; for himself he had nothing more to desire; and he strove for a peace which should accord equal rights to Protestant and to Catholic. The Peace of Westphalia enacted all that Wallenstein had striven for; but that peace was concluded in 1648, and Wallenstein was murdered in 1634. Exhausted Vienna was compelled to make a peace which granted the great thing which Germany needed; but the years between 1634 and 1648 were a time of waste and wanton bloodshed, of devastating wars, and of uncounted human misery and loss. Another proof of Wallenstein's sagacity is that in 1648 the Swedes had acquired a strong hold in Germany; while French conquests included Austrian Alsatia, Strasburg, Philipsburg, Metz, Toul, Verdun. Had peace been concluded in 1634, neither Sweden nor France would have made such conquests of German territory.

The Emperor could well afford to be liberal in paying the price of blood to the conspirators who assassinated Friedland; for the extent of the Duke's confiscated property was enormous. His widow received only the small estate of Neuschoss; his only child, Maria Elizabeth, married, after the murder of her father, a Count Kaunitz; Wallenstein's heir sank into obscurity.

The death of Wallenstein aroused great controversy in Italy. Von Ranke found in the Corsini library, "Difesa sopra la morte di Waldstain;" "Il lamento di Alberto Waldstain con S. Mà. Cesarea;" "Causa e morte di Walstain."

The Italian tendency is to exculpate him, an old man, without heirs male, from any conspiracy to attain the Imperial throne for himself. They thought in Italy that, had Wallenstein entertained the ideas and projects attributed to him, he would have proceeded more in the manner of Cæsar Borgia. Speech in Italy was then comparatively free; but in the Imperial domains it was strictly restrained. The Court published, in October 1634, a "Report," in which Wallenstein is accused of a conspiracy of a worse character than that of Catiline. The more than doubtful evidence Khevenhiller and of Sesyma Raschin was freely used to

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the dead general. Nothing was allowed to be published except by authority; and authority exerted itself to the utmost to blacken the character, and to distort the motives, of the great man that it had executed without trial by means of murder.

Living in a time of dissimulation and intrigue, the mind of Wallenstein had acquired a tortuous bent; and his sinuous negotiations have done much to throw doubt upon the singleness of his aim or the purity of his purpose. He had not the "single eye"; nor was he too great for complicated policy. His trail is often difficult to follow; but it seems clear that, with time, and great responsibility, his vision became clearer and his objects became national. He rose on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things. His late devotion to the right cause was punished by murder; and the efforts of his enemies to confuse evidence have tended to leave his name and fame as problems in history; and yet it seems to me that his motives may be traced, and that he rose—towards the end of his career—to be a man who may fairly be called great.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

## ITALIAN FOLK SONGS.

HE fact that the highest order of poetry is the product of an early stage of civilisation seems at first sight a singular anomaly, but is easily explained if we remember that only in that phase of society has it a genuine function to fulfil. It is then not a conventional or ornamental form of diction, but the only one possible to a mind charged with ideas never expressed, and incapable of expression in the ordinary language in use around it. It is the struggle for utterance of thoughts which must be conveyed by figures and metaphors, because primitive speech, dealing only with material facts, has no ready-made symbols for them. The poet is, in short, the man who is ahead of his language, the pioneer of thought into hitherto unexplored fields of conquest; and his powerful imagination thus forging the instrument with which it works, stamps it with its own creative impress, giving language a directness and vitality of which all subsequent graces of diction are but insipid adulterations. Only in the early youth of speech could the Psalms of David, the Iliad of Homer, or the Divine Comedy of Dante have been produced.

All primitive peoples use the language of poetry when they seek to convey abstract ideas uncoined as yet into the ordinary currency of their spoken idiom. Thus the Zulu, who has no way of expressing qualities apart from the objects possessing them, can only do so by comparisons. If a thing is round, he says "it is like a ball"; if a man is straight, "he is like an assegai." A particular kind of spotted cotton is known amongst them as "the Pleiades," and gradations of colour are described by the names of different sorts of beads forming the currency of the country. When Cetewayo, in answer to a deputation, said "that to introduce spirits into a country was to steal the brains of the people," he used the language of Shakespeare, and was a poet without intending it.

The Irish peasant, in similar fashion, uses terms of expression in speaking his own rude language which might be transferred to a epic poem. The grandfather of the present writer having way among the mountains of Killarney, on requesting vol. CCLVII. NO. 1843.

direct him to the path, was answered in an Irish sentence, of which

the following line is a literal rendering :-

"Where yonder mountain's brow the drop from heaven divides." Even translated into English the Irish turns of thought are often singularly forcible and expressive, like the following phrase, in which a roadside beggar in the south of Ireland used to solicit the alms of passers-by, "for a poor blind man under a lonesome cloud of darkness." The misery of the bereavement of sight could scarcely be more strikingly expressed.

It is the spontaneousness and sincerity attaching to whatever supplies a genuine want, as opposed to the artificial coinages of eclecticism, that gives its special value to popular poetry, as an index to national character. Italian song is peculiarly suggestive in this respect, as it has remained almost entirely the pure tradition of the people, little, if at all, affected by external or literary influences. It thus faithfully mirrors the tastes and tendencies of the different populations inhabiting the peninsula, which may be roughly divided into two classes typified in the Tuscan and the Piedmontese, while Sicily, from the peculiar vicissitudes of her history, is, in respect of poetry, the meeting ground of both.

The broad line of demarcation between the races on the hither and farther side of the Po is strongly marked in the popular poetry of these two sections of the country. The songs in the subalpine dialects, in their greater rapidity of thought, definiteness of subject, and simplicity of diction, reflect a type of character practical, resolute, energetic, closely akin to that of northern peoples; while in the mid-Italian lyrics, with their limitation of idea, generally to a single aspect of the theme, their delicate analysis of feeling, and inexhaustible fertility of decorative language, we can trace the subtler genius and more reflective temperament of a southern race. Classed respectively as songs of action and of emotion, the one may be held to express energy, the other sensibility, in the people from whom they spring.

The folk-songs of Piedmont<sup>1</sup> are almost exclusively of a dramatic character, narrating historical or legendary incidents in brief condensed language—very frequently in the form of dialogue. Now, of this narrative poetry there is not a trace elsewhere, from the Alps to the Faro, in the living lore of the people, though that it once existed amongst them, and has died out, is proved by the copies of old poems

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It is worthy of remark that this portion of Italy, so fertile in other kinds of talent, has never produced a great dramatist, with the single exception of Plautus, whose claim to originality has been disputed.

of this character still extant in libraries and museums. As Signor Rubieri says, speaking of historical poetry, "while the subalpine wrote nothing, but remembered much, the Tuscans wrote much, but remembered nothing."

In Tuscany we have narrative entirely replaced by introspective poetry, describing the poet's own state of mind or external things in relation to it, the beloved object transfigured by his fancy, or some aspect of nature reflecting his mood at the moment. In Sicily alone do the two classes of poetry exist to any large extent side by side, for while it has, like Piedmont, a large stock of legendary and historical verse, it has, in common with Tuscany, an equally rich supply of canzoni or detached emotional stanzas. But while the latter are the early and spontaneous growth of the soil, the former are obviously of later and probably foreign origin. Their presence is doubtless due to Provençal influence, which, felt in Piedmont from geographical contiguity, was exercised in Sicily through the sway of a northern dynasty, of whom one sovereign, Frederick II., was himself a trouveur of no mean order. Thus, through the entire of the peninsula of Italy, it is only at the foot of the Alps that we find the versified narrative or ballad, so dear to northern taste.

The most remarkable of these ballads is that widely diffused one which, under the title of Donna Lombarda, recounts the end of the tragic-fated Rosamond, captive and consort of Alboin, king of the Italian Lombards. Outraged by her tyrant by being compelled to drink from a cup made from the skull of her father, the king of the Gepidæ, slain in battle, she avenged herself by her husband's murder, concerted with his shield-bearer, Helmichus, or Elmegiso, with whom she fled to Ravenna, taking with her a quantity of jewels and treasure. Here her beauty and wealth excited the cupidity of the Byzantine prefect, Longinus, who persuaded her to rid herself of Helmichus by a cup of poison presented to him on leaving the bath. Helmichus drank, but, suspecting the nature of the draught before finishing it, compelled the traitress to drain the remainder. It is this closing episode in the career of the fatal "Lombard Woman" that the ballad narrates:—

Lovest thou me, Lombard woman,
Lovest thou me, lovest thou me?
What must I do? to a husband
Wedded I be, wedded I be.
Perish thy mate! Lombard woman,
Slain, and by thee, slain, and by thee.
What must I do that he perish,
Slain, and by me, slain, and by me?

Listen and learn in what manner Slain he shall be, slain he shall be. Close by the house, in the garden Hideth a snake, hideth a snake. Take thou its head and to powder Grind it and break, grind it and break. In the black wine then infuse it, Fill the cup high, fill the cup high. Your husband will come home from hunting Thirsty and dry, thirsty and dry. Pour me some wine, Lombard woman, With thirst I pine, with thirst I pine. What hast thou done, Lombard woman? Turbid the wine, turbid the wine. 'Twas but the sea-wind at even Stirred the lees up, stirred the lees up. Drink then thyself, Lombard woman, Drain thou the cup, drain thou the cup. What shall I do since this moment No thirst have I, no thirst have I. By my sword's point thou shalt drink it, Drain the cup dry, drain the cup dry. One drop from the goblet she hath ta'en-Pale grows the Lombard woman's cheek. A second drop hath she drunk amain-The Lombard woman a priest doth seek. A third drop drinks she, and help were vain Let the Lombard woman her grave bespeak.

Count Nigra, who has made this ballad the subject of a special study, believes it to date from the same epoch as the event it chronicles—that is, the sixth century. Notwithstanding its archaic style, and the rudeness of the dialects in which it is transmitted, it is a fine remnant of early popular poetry, and is not without an element of tragic power in the swiftness with which the action hurries to the close. It exists, with very trifling variations, in the principal dialects of North Italy, the above translation being from the version current in the Canavese district, where Count Nigra describes it as sung to a most lugubrious chant probably as old as the words.

Clotilda, the daughter of Clovis, is the heroine of another historical ballad, which narrates her ill-treatment at the hands of her husband, Amalaric, king of the Visigoths, and the vengeance wreaked on him by her three brothers; but the North Italian version of the tale is apparently nothing more than a transcript of the Provençal rendering of the same subject.

The military spirit of the Piedmontese is very conspicuous in

<sup>1</sup> Canti Popolari Piemonlesi. Conte Constantino Nigra.

their ballad literature, in which the incidents of war and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life make a large figure, as in the following specimen from the Monferrino dialect<sup>1</sup>:—

#### THE RETURN.

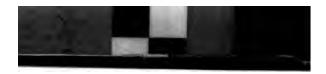
Speak, fair youth, I prithee say From what land dost tidings bring? In the wars I've been away, In the wars a soldiering. Prithee tell me, Oh fair youth, My true lover did you see? Yes, I've seen him in good sooth, Though his face was strange to me. Gentle youth, pray tell me where Thou didst see him, and with whom? At the Abbey of St. Clare, Where they bore him to the tomb. Prithee, Oh fair youth, declare What his garments' tint and hue. White and russet was his wear, Like an emperor to view. Oh, fair youth, I prithee say Was he honoured by his peers? Fifty torches led the way, And as many cymbaleers. To the earth she sinks tear-laden, Sinks to earth in grief and woe. Cheer ye, cheer ye, pretty maiden, And in me your lover know.

A common phase of domestic life in Italy is illustrated by ballads like the following, expressive of the grievances of a daughter-in-law living in the house with her husband's parents.

### THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

When I lived in my father's dwelling
Good macaroni was my food.
Now I am married there's no telling
If macaroni's bad or good.
When in my mother's house I tarried
On finest paste I used to dine.
I scarcely know since I am married
Whether the paste be coarse or fine.
And while the mistress and her daughter
The macaroni all devour,
The son's poor wife, with pail and water,
Stays in the corner pots to scour.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Canti e Racconti. Domenico Cor-



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And while the daughter and her mother
May drink good wine and have their fling,
The son's poor wife can drink no other
Than water from the nearest spring.
And while the mistress and her daughter

May go to balls, and dance, and play, The son's poor wife must have it taught her To rock the babe the livelong day.

Indeed, matrimony does not seem to be much in favour with Piedmontese lasses, if the following stanzas may be taken as representative of their views:—

### SING MERRILY, ALL YE MAIDENS.

Sing merrily, all ye maidens
Who are unmarried still,
For other thoughts, when married,
And cares, your minds will fill,

The husband's father and mother,
And husband you'll have to please;
Must handle distaff and spindle,
And needle for broideries.

You'll have your hand on the table
To cut the paste alway;
You'll have your foot on the cradle
To rock the babe all day.

The spirit of the French chanson is echoed in these Piedmontese lyrics, which have the same incisiveness of style in their brief narratives, often in the form of dialogue. It is strange, as marking a total difference in national character, that the love-ditty proper, the staple of central and southern Italian song, should not exist in Piedmont, and in the other subalpine dialects only as an obvious imitation. In Venice and Istria it has a stamp of greater spontaneity, as it is often seasoned with a dash of espicglerie characteristic of the vivacious natives of the lagoons. The subjoined Venetian serenade has its sentiment thus qualified by a touch of ironical self-ridicule:—

False traitress! Could'st thou but a notion form Of all the pains I've borne for love of thee! While thou wast in thy chamber close and warm, Outside among the shrubs poor I would be; Rosewater then appeared the rain and storm, The lightnings love's own signals seemed to me; The tempest rude a zephyr 'mid the leaves, While I was there outside beneath thy eaves. Outside, beneath thy eaves I made my bed, As coverlet the sky above me spread.

The door-step as a pillow 'neath my head.

Alack, poor me! how hard the life I led!

A cradle song or *Ninna Nanna* from the Istrian dialect may serve as a specimen of this class of song, generally consisting of rhymes with little or no meaning:—

I told you before and I tell you so still, My baby will soon go to sleep, yes he will. Little by little off he'll go Like wood that's green near a fire that's low. The green wood never in flames doth start, Care of his father's and mother's heart. The green wood never sends sparks on high: Sleep my heart, sleep my hope, hush a bye.

But it is in Tuscany that we find the characteristic spirit of Italian folk-verse typified and concentrated. The poetry of this race, who "lisp in numbers," consists of endless variations on the inexhaustible theme of love, all constructed on a prescribed model, and cast in a traditional mould. It is the utterance of generations of youthful hearts, ranging through infinite gradations of tenderness rather than of passion, that meets us in these exquisite word-harmonies, all tuned to the same key, and inspired by the same dominant motive. The Tuscan "Rispetti," or love-greetings, are almost invariably cast in the octave stanza, composed of two pairs of alternate and two of consecutive rhymes—the latter prettily styled, rime baciate (kissing rhymes). The idea expressed in the first pair of these closing lines is repeated in the second with an inversion of phraseology, in the following fashion:—

With thy fair mien and ways, speech fairer still, Thou raisest me to life and then dost kill. With thy fair speech, and fairer mien and ways, Thou killest me, and then to life dost raise.

The antiquity of this form of versification is proved by the direction appended to one of the old lauds published in 1485, "to be sung like the Rispetti"—that is, to the same melody or chant. Every phase of the tender passion is expressed in these stanzas; nor need quarrelsome lovers be at a loss for a vehicle for their feelings, since there are "Dispetti" ready-made to hand for the purpose, to say nothing of "Disperate," "Contra-disperate," and "Scampanate." Here is an example of the mildly reproachful stanza, addressed by a maiden to a fickle swain:—

Light youth, you do as does the changeful leaf That yields and turns to every passing breese, Or like the serpent when her vesture brief. She sheds, to deck her in fresh liveries.

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And like the serpent of the earth you be, To others kind, but venomous to me; And like the serpent of the earth you are At peace with others, but with me at war.

The language of hyperbolical compliment is common to lovers in all climates; but surely golden tresses have never been more prettily praised than in the subjoined apostrophe of the Tuscan peasant:—

Would'st see thy servant die of love straightway, Dress not in curls those shining locks of thine, But down along thy shoulders let them stray, When they seem skeins of gold from out the mine, When they seem skeins of finely threaded gold, Fair are the locks, and fair the head they fold, When they seem skeins of gold and silk most rare, Fair are the locks, and she who combs them fair.

The tender contradictions of a lover's fancy are expressed in the following address, in which the epic stanza is substituted for the ordinary one:—

Oh flower of beauty, that dost ever blow Unchanged, through all the seasons of the year, Who looks on thee and doth thy sweetness know Hath an unending spring for ever near; Oh flower of beauty, midst the people go, And learn how fair to all thou dost appear; Oh flower of beauty, rather hide apart, For I alone would know how fair thou art.

A more sprightly gallant describes his condition in this playful and irregular stanza:—

The thrush that to the forest wings his way,
Scarce feels the bird-lime ere he helpless lies;
The hart that 'mid fresh pasturage doth stray,
Sees not the hunter till in toils he dies;
The fish soft-gliding in the stream at play,
Heeds not the fisher yet becomes his prize.
So I who love and follow thee enraptured,
At once with hook, and snare, and lime, am captured;
So I who follow thee with love unshaken,
At once with lime, and snare, and hook, am taken.

The metre of the Rispetti is used for improvisation on all subjects. Subjoined is the stanza in which Beatrice di Pian degli Ontani, the shepherdess-improvvisatrice of the Abetone, answered, when questioned about her education:—

My lads and lasses, prithee wonder not If my rude song in faulty verses flow, For to my house no teachers came, I wot, Far less did I to schools for learning go; And would ye know the school I did frequent, 'Twas round these hills in hail and rain I went. And would ye know the study that I made, 'Twas fetching wood and digging with the spade.

The "Strambotto" is generally more rude and fragmentary than the "Rispetto," and seldom completely reproduces the epic stanza on which it was originally modelled. "Stornelli," or "Fiori," are ejaculations in song beginning with the invocation of a flower, and sung to the dance-music of the Saltarello. Here is an example:—

Oh flower of rye, From a glad heart now let me sing for joy, Once more at peace with my true love am I.

The singular chant that echoes among the hills of Tuscany, as from vineyard to vineyard, and from mountain slope to mountain slope, the peasants converse together in its far-heard rhythm, is not the music to which any of their popular songs are set. It is the versified peasant dramas called Maggi that are sung to these wild weird notes, the whole dialogue being sustained on a single musical phrase of a few bars, reiterated through a performance that frequently This traditional phrase, with its long-drawn lasts four hours. recurring cry, is the favourite vehicle of popular utterance throughout Tuscany, and to its wailing cadence the peasants in the long summer evenings may be heard by the hour together, recounting their joys and sorrows, deaths or other incidents of family life, either to an audience or in soliloquy. May not Horace and Tibullus have heard the same notes, in the rude rhythm in which they describe the peasants of Latium as exchanging vituperative epithets, or singing behind the plough? Horace, indeed, speaks of this primitive Saturnian metre as having been supplanted by the introduction of Greek culture; but it is possible that it may still linger in these highlands amid a people who have seen more revolutions, and been less affected by them, than any other race on earth.

The poetry of the Marches is almost identical with that of Tuscany, as may be seen in the examples of two Rispetti, the one spoken by a youth, the other by a maiden:—

Wit what a grace, sweet maiden, dost thou move; How fair thou art with that bright head of thine; Earth thrills beneath thy foot her joy to prove, And trees break into flower, and blossoms shine. Thy graceful gait doth call the blossoms out, Like roses, that in April blush and pout; Thy beauteous mien doth bid the flowers Like roses, when the summer mont

Now look ye, what misfortune hath been mine!
To have a tongue and yet perforce be mute,
To pass my own true lad and give no sign,
To see him—yet be powerless to salute.
I greeted him indeed in thought and heart,
Though thou, poor tongue, of speech hadst lost the art.
I greeted him indeed in heart and thought,
Though thou, poor tongue of mine, couldst utter nought.

In Umbria and Latium the octave stanza is lengthened—in the latter by repeating the two opening lines again at the close—in the former by extra variations on the Ritornelli, as follows:—

I go, my love, to roam from thee so far
That news of me can scarce come back to thee;
But as a sign I leave behind a star;
When it no longer shines, weep, love, for me.
When night or day it shines no more on high,
Weep, pretty love, for I am like to die.
When day or night it shines on high no more,
Weep, pretty love, for I am at death's door.
When the bright star no longer shineth clear,
Weep, pretty love, for I am on my bier.
When the bright star no more on high is found,

Weep, pretty love, for I am underground.

In Naples, where an element of the grotesque enters even into southern passion, the songs, which are so prominent a feature of popular life, are principally in the burlesque vein. Produced generally for the festival of Piedigrotta (September 8), the one selected then by the voice of the multitude to be queen-song of the year attains to universal celebrity. The words can scarcely rank as poetry, and are often sheer nonsense, redeemed from inanity by the sparkling melodies with which they are mated. Of Calabrian song, the following stanza addressed to a lady of the name of Anna may serve as a specimen, though the play on the word Anno (the year) cannot be transferred to another language:—

Anna, thy name is borrowed from the year,
And all the beauties of the year are thine.
Thou bear'st high summer in thy glances clear,
While on thy flesh the snows of winter shine.
Ripe fruits of autumn thy warm lips appear;
Thy face of very spring-tide is the sign;
And if I e'er should lose thee, sweetheart dear,
My whole year gone, what day would then be mine?

While other students of Sicilian song are divided as to whether it should be regarded as a legacy from the Provençal or the Arab, Signor Vigo, the most exhaustive writer on the subject, would seek

its fountain-head still further back in the early Greek culture of the island.1 But these are speculative theories, while the identity in character of its earliest traditional form with that of Tuscany is a palpable fact. Cast too in the octave stanza, though of slightly different structure, and similarly expressive of various phases of feeling, love, hatred, jealousy, or anger, these emotions are clothed in that larger extravagance of language and epithet consonant with Sicilian taste. All such poetry as does not conform to this standard approaching more closely to the ballad type, is of modern growth, on a soil where verse is the spontaneous utterance of the people. Their taste seems to demand uniformity rather than variety of sound, as the form of octave stanza, whose use amongst them is traced back to the fifteenth century, has but a single pair of rhymes alternated throughout, while for these they prefer a certain amount of assonance, generally produced by the inversion of the vowels as in vai and via. The following specimen of the Sicilian octave is formed, all except the closing lines, of cynical proverbs dovetailed together in evident bitterness of spirit:

To fallen tree, the axe, the axe, straightway,
To man in prison, death without debate.
Unlucky who relations' help doth pray,
He who hath nought should lean upon the great.
A wife is never a true friend they say,
Who hath a mother 'scapes the worst of fate,
When beat of drum 2 broke on the public way,
My best friend played the hangman for me straight.

The next example recalls Petrarch's sonnet "Vago Augelletto": —

Oh turtle-dove, who of thy gentle mate
The lost companionship dost aye deplore,
Who mak'st thy moan in places desolate,
And with thy tears the way dost moisten o'er,
Come hither, and to me thy woes narrate,
And I will tell what makes my heart so sore;
Thou thy dead love dost weep disconsolate,
I mourn her living still, but mine no more.

It is its intimate association with the life of the people that gives a peculiar interest to the national poetry of Sicily. It is here that at harvest-time and other festive seasons the village streets may be heard echoing to these contests in song, which the memory of the peasants enables them to sustain, sometimes for hours together, an exercise which they call cantare lu Ruggiero. A man and v

<sup>1</sup> Canti Popolari Siciliani, Leonardo Vigo.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The police or soldiers to arrest rioters.

for example, will answer each other in appropriate stanzas on a given subject, such as censure and praise of the fair sex, from house to house or threshing-floor to threshing-floor, until one or other is beaten off the field from the exhaustion of his repertory. Their stock is often a very extensive one, and a village weaver-girl is said to have known by heart 600 canzoni, or 4,800 lines of verse. The retentiveness of the popular memory thus exercised is illustrated by an incident witnessed by Signor Salamone Marino, who assisted at what he calls the popularisation of a poem at Borgetto in 1867. The piece happened to hit the public fancy from the local allusions and biting sarcasms on well-known characters with which the author (a countryman of the name of Salvatore d'Arrigo) had seasoned the traditional panegyric on the saint whose feast was being celebrated. The people flocked round to listen, and after two or three recitals were able to repeat, without missing a syllable, the entire poem of thirty-one octave stanzas, which in a few days thus attained a wide circulation.

Each class of poem, such as drinking songs or love-ditties, has its special traditional measure, and the singular chant resembling the Tuscan Maggi, used by the mountaineers of Sicily and Calabria, is believed to be of Arab origin. The voice is generally accompanied by some stringed instrument, violin, lute, or guitar, and singing and dancing are combined in La Ruggiera, defined as a pantomimic song-dance. Two couples go through the figure with much gesticulation, pausing for the vocal part of the performance, which consists of words chosen at discretion sung to a prescribed melody, accompanied by guitars and violins. The name recalls that of Sir Roger de Coverley, but it is scarcely likely that the English country dance is named after Sicilian Roger.

Stefano la Sala, one of the principal popular poets of Sicily, a poor and hard-working nail-smith of Palermo, is described by Signor Vigo, who visited him in his humble forge, as chanting poems and stories in all metres to the monotonous beat of the hammer on the anvil—a "Harmonious Blacksmith" indeed.

The blind minstrels of Palermo form a regular guild, constituted under legal sanction in 1661, possessing diplomas which they keep jealously guarded from profane eye under triple key, and bound to certain religious observances, among them the annual production of a song in honour of the Madonna for her feast on the 8th of December. On this anniversary Signor Vigo says it is interesting to see them competing for public favour, each rehearsing in turn the new song and new words, while their boy-guides congregate together and

amuse themselves with childish sports. The society consists of thirty members, all singers and players, some inventors of new rhymes (trovatori), others rhapsodists, repeating from memory only. Having acquired a prescriptive right to hold their weekly meeting in the portico of the Jesuit convent, they are at perpetual feud with the Order, which has vainly sought to dislodge them.

The public competitions between rival bards in classical Greece are recalled by those which take place between the Sicilian improvvisatori, thus described by Signor Vigo:—

"Among the most pleasing and novel spectacles are the tensoni (contests). Fairs are held in Sicily to which different poets repair, singing and accompanying themselves like the early troubadours, and each followed by a crowd who applaud and pay him. Disputes then arise between the admirers of this one or that, leading to competitions between the poets, either brought together by their respective partisans, or meeting accidentally under a tree or in a booth or tavern, it matters not where, provided there be plenty of wine from capacious jars to moisten contentious throats. The combatants are debarred the use of prose, and forbidden weapons, for which they are searched before the duel begins. They exchange salutations, challenges, and questions in verse, and generally proceed after the first greetings to proposing intricate questions, which must be answered impromptu; then as the contest becomes more animated, they pass on to witticisms or sarcasms, and woe to whichever falters or has not his rhymes at command, woe to the vanquished. His defeat mortifies his adherents, and he retires, sometimes followed by hisses, but boasting of former triumphs, and challenging the victor to fresh combat at another fair; the latter meantime empties his flask, joyously twanging the lute, viol, or psaltery, whose tinkle is still heard in some remote villages. Sometimes, and indeed this is the usual end of the contest, the defeated party rushes at his conqueror to make an end of him, and force scarcely avails to keep them apart, until the priest intervenes and makes them exchange a fraternal embrace. These formal contests resemble duels to the death, but in the more peaceful competitions the poets eulogise the saint whose feast is being held, answering each other impromptu, and this takes place, for instance, at San Giovanni di Galermo on the 24th June every year."

The author narrates, as follows, the proceedings at this feast in 1852:—

"In presence of five or six thousand spectators, the image of the saint was brought out and placed on the car, on which ascended five poets, Antonino Russo, aged six, led by his father, Salvatore, a smith, Giovanni Pagano, farmer, Andrea Pappalardo, shoemaker, and Salvatore da Misterbianco, farmer. The poets celebrated in turns the life and miracles of the saint, and then came to a tournament among themselves; all used the Sicilian octave except Pappalardo, who used the sestine with the last two lines rhyming together; none withdrew from the field, all were facile and imaginative improvvisatori, and if one were to bear off the palm, I should assign it to the smith, as endowed with the greatest play of fancy. All five were judged worthy of prizes. The people applauded or were silent, though on other occasions they sometimes make the poet descend from the platform if he fails to give satisfaction, hesitates, or stops, and they took pleasure in the performance as to stay scorching in the sun for over the None know how or when this contest was instituted, but all agree.

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Haste to the garden now,
Thou bright and merry maiden,
Break there an apple bough
With the sweet apples laden.
Like the maiden's form so round, so slight,
Oh maiden mine snow-white,
Maiden, my heart's delight.

A still earlier immigration is represented in Sicily by fifty thousand Lombards, descended from soldiers of that nation who accompanied the first Norman conquerors into the island. After the lapse of more than seven centuries, they still form a distinct element in the population, and speak a Lombard dialect, adulterated, not with Sicilian idiom, but with the Norman-French of their early brothers in arms. They, too, have their songs modelled on the Sicilian stanza, but with a strain of burlesque more in harmony with German taste, recalling the fact that this race came of Teutonic stock.

While the influence of all the various elements in the Italian population is distinctly traceable in the poetry of the nation, its two most strongly contrasted types are embodied in that of the Arno basin, and of the Subalpine States. In the one we have the utterances of a self-reflective mood, centred on a single theme, and set, as it were, to minor keys of thought; in the other, an unimpassioned chronicle of facts, told in verse often rude and bald, but animated with dramatic spirit, and moving with the brusque vivacity of a military quick step. In the preponderance in the one of feeling, in the other of action, we see portrayed with curious distinctness those two opposite yet complementary types of national character, which made Piedmont the sword, as Tuscany is the brain, of Italy.

E. M. CLERKE.

# MADAME DE KRÜDENER.

L'amour-propre est de

s contraires: . . . il est sincère et dissimulé.

De la Rochefoucauld?

#### PART I.

ADAME DE KRÜDENER, the mystic directress of Alexander I. of Russia, the author of a charming French novel founded upon a touching episode in her own life, came into the world in an incongruous time and situation. She would have been in a congenial atmosphere amidst English or American sectarians; she might have become a great saint if she had been educated under the grave influences which disciplined and formed the saints. But Madame de Krüdener, born in a Russian province barely thirty years before the great Revolution—Madame de Krüdener in the great world at a time when scepticism was the fashion of the world—is an enigma and an anomaly to herself and to others. For, whatever may have been said and written to the contrary, one is disposed to believe, after studying her life and character, that the author of "Valérie" generally duped herself as well as others.

She was not a common charlatan deliberately trading upon the credulity of those about her; she was une femme exaltie, who worshipped herself idealised, whose convictions were sincerely egotistical, and who had that power of convincing others which sincere conviction gives. She was enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is contagious. She conquered the incredulous and subdued even those who resisted her, and it is by no means surprising that Alexander, naturally predisposed to religious sentiment, accepted her as an inspired oracle and believed, whilst her influence over him remained unbroken, in her prophetic mission.

Barbe-Julie de Wietinghoff, afterwards Madame de Krüdener, was born at Riga in the year 1764, of parents of German origin professing the Lutheran religion. The province of Livonia. of wield Riga is the capital, has been subject to various mass was annexed by Russia it belonged at different of to Denmark, and, at a still earlier date, vol. cclvil No. 1843.

Teutonic Order, one of whom, an ancestor of Monsieur de Wietinghoff's, was governor of the province in the fourteenth century. This office was again held by a De Wietinghoff, also a master of the Order in the following century. The fortunes of the family declined however in Livonia, until, shortly after the death of Peter the Great, a De Wietinghoff, availing himself of his privilege as a nobleman (for commerce in Russia was then exclusively reserved to persons of noble birth), embarked in trade, became rich, and bought a palace in St. Petersburg, land in Livonia, and built for himself at Riga a house with a private theatre attached to it. The theatre he was afterwards induced to sell to the town, upon condition that two boxes, communicating with the house by a private door, should be reserved for the use of the family.

Barbe-Julie spoke French as well as German (her natural language) so soon as she could talk, but of education in any other respect she received none. In 1774 she travelled with her parents to Germany, where her eldest sister, a deaf and dumb girl, was left at an institution for such afflicted persons at Hamburg. Spa, then crowded with fashionable visitors, was next visited, and here the De Weitinghoffs made many acquaintances, and the little Barbe herself, having the reputation of being an heiress, attracted a good deal of notice. She was tall for her age, her eyes were large and blue, her hair remarkably beautiful, wavy and picturesque, her arms well formed, but her movements were awkward, her complexion muddled, her nose rather thick, and her lips prominent.

The following winter was spent in Paris, where the prejudices of the De Wietinghoffs against the literary world made them shun savants and encyclopædists, and devote themselves to the society of the fashionable and great. Vestris, le Diou (Dicu) de la danse, as he modestly called himself, became Barbe's dancing-master, and found her so hopeless a pupil, that her exquisitely graceful movements, when he met her in later years, seemed to him nothing short of a miracle of transformation.

A French lady—Mdlle. Lignol—who spoke her own language well, and understood deportment, but whose only other accomplishment was the art of netting, was engaged as her governess; but whatever may have been the defects in her instructress's science and power of teaching, when Mademoiselle de Wietinghoff, after a visit to England, returned to Riga, she was supposed to be a travelled prodigy of culture and talents. Her religious instinct, we are naïvely told, developed early, and in a most characteristic fashion. "Gifted," says Monsieur Eymard, her admiring biographer, "to a remarkable

degree with the religious instinct, and deeply imbued with the sentiment that man must bend the knee to divinity, she involuntarily posed as a divinity herself, and as a natural consequence expected everyone to fall down before her and languish at her feet."

At sixteen her hand was sought in marriage by a gentleman whose property adjoined her father's, and whose suit her parents approved. The affair was settled, not only without the young lady's feelings being consulted, but in spite of her openly expressed repugnance. Before, however, the wedding could take place, she sickened with scarlet fever, and remained, even after her recovery, disfigured for such a length of time, that the gentleman, either for this or some more loyal reason, withdrew his proposals, and released her from an engagement she had taken every pains to show him she detested. Two years later the Baron de Krüdener became her suitor and met with a different reception. He was twenty years older than the young lady, and had been already twice married and twice divorced; but these domestic mishaps had not had the effect of disgusting him with married life, for at the time he made his offer to Mademoiselle de Wietinghoff he is said to have been "suffering from the loneliness of his widowhood," as well as requiring some one to take care of his daughter, a child of nine years old, whom he was too much occupied to attend to himself. He was a clever and well-educated man of the world, an honest and skilful diplomatist, his manners polished and agreeable, his kindness, as the sequel proved, inexhaustible, he was acquainted with almost every court in Europe, and introduction to the most delightful society in the world awaited his bride. Altogether he was a suitor whom a young lady would be unlikely to despise, and at least he fulfilled the conditions that Mademoiselle de Wietinghoff had laid down to herself as indispensable. "I would have them marry me," she said, "to some one I love or could love, but if my feelings are not to be taken into account, at least let them give me a husband who has something in him which will engross my mental faculties, or satisfy, if not my heart, at any rate my vanity."

The wedding was celebrated at the château of the Baron's mother, where, in company with his sister, Madame de Mayendorff, who was Barbe's godmother and the author of the match, the honeymoon was spent, with due observance of an etiquette so ceremonious that it required Madame de Mayendorff always to address her brother's wife as "Your Excellency," and Madame de Krüdener to call her "Madame, my sister."

Soon M. de Krüdener discovered that his young bride was very

intelligent, and began to form her mind and character according to his ideas of the education requisite for a woman of the world. He gave her novels to read; he made her study music and practise dancing; he arranged private theatricals, in which she acted with himself. A few months after the marriage the Count and Countess of the North, afterwards Emperor Paul and Empress Marie, paid a visit to M. and Madame de Krüdener, and for their reception, although the season was mid-winter, the chiteau was filled with flowers, and so thoroughly warmed with hot air that it was like a beautiful conservatory. Soon after the birth of Madame de Krüdener's first child, Paul, she accompanied her husband to Petersburg, whither he was summoned to receive his instructions as ambassador to Venice, and she was presented to the great Catherine.

The mission confided to M. de Krüdener took him to Warsaw and Vienna, at both which places, and wherever besides a halt was made, the ambassador and his wife were hospitably received. At Venice the educational system and private theatricals were resumed, and in the latter the aid of the diplomatic corps was enlisted, to which bodies the audience was also ostensibly restricted—the Venetians being by the laws of the Senate prohibited from all intercourse with the foreign diplomatic bodies, and able to attend their entertainments only masked and by special entrances. Madame de Krüdener was daily developing in physical as well as mental charm. Awkwardness had given place to grace, and she was, if not a pretty woman, at least belle laide. Her manners, when she pleased, were perfectly fascinating, and, when she forgot the adoration due to the "divinity" she had set up in childhood and never dethroned, she was both agreeable and popular. She worshipped her husband with that sort of worship which sentimental and egotistical women often, in early married life, mistake for true love. "He knows everything." she wrote, "but knowledge has not dulled the exquisite edge of his sensibility. One knows not at first whether most to admire in him the nobility of his countenance or the elevation of his mind, perpetually fed by a boundless imagination and the highest culture. But when one knows him better, one hesitates no longer. One gives the preference to his heart. It is when he allows himself to be what he really is that one finds out his great superiority. . . . To love and to find his sole happiness in that of others is his life."

His devotion, however, did not satisfy her. He took the duties of his position seriously, and was often anxious and preoccupied, and at such times she became discontented with her lot. If his expression displeased her she grew jealous, and would worry him with questions; and if sometimes she at last provoked him into a hasty

answer or impatient gesture, a scene and floods of tears would follow, which always brought the poor ambassador to a due sense of her wrongs and his own brutality. But he was destined to play the part of husband to a femme incomprise, and he must soon have learnt that he was incapable of satisfying the romantic cravings of a wife who exacted the utmost deference to feminine sensibility indulged to the extreme limit. In the warm weather the De Krüdener family moved to the Villa Mira, on the Brenta. During this villeggiatura the ambassador, having gone one day to pay a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood, had not returned at an hour late enough to justify anxiety, and Madame de Krüdener, alarmed lest some accident had befallen him, sat up alone to wait for him, after The night advanced, still he did not sending the servants to bed. return; and at last, finding the suspense intolerable, she rushed out of the house, thinking she should find him in distress in some deserted place, where no one would pass by at that hour of the night to help him. She did not find him, and, meeting only a country cart, she stopped it to question the driver, but he had seen Then she returned to Mira, called up the servants, ordered a carriage, and went to look for her husband, whom she met quietly making his way homewards, and greatly puzzled to understand her "How stupid, dear!" he said, kissing, comforting, and scolding her all at once, "you ought to have gone to bed. be your own death if you will give way to such extreme feeling." But his kind words neither soothed nor satisfied his wife. calmness cut her to the heart, which was somewhat near the surface, as she tortured herself with the reflection that in her place he would actually have "gone to bed and slept."

Such anecdotes, trivial in themselves, are nevertheless worth repeating because they indicate the self-preoccupation which permeated Madame de Krüdener's character, and prelude the sequel of her history. About this time, when she was brooding over the defects of her poor husband's honest affection, and beginning to crave for the sympathy of one who would understand her better, M. de Krüdener's secretary fell in love with her. The history of this attachment, mingled with delicately drawn pictures of the scenes in which it began, furnished the materials for "Valérie" which has "the faultless unity and natural proportion which stamp it unmistakably as a picture from the life." M. Alexander de Stakie formed an enthusiastic conception of Madame de Ketegrity, and although he had Oriental blood in his with the passion of his race, his conduct throsological and honourable. He had won M. de

and esteem by his admirable qualities, and by his talents for business, and he returned his patron's regard, and showed himself worthy of it by the efforts he made to stifle his passion so soon as he became aware of its existence. At first he entrenched himself in melancholy silence, and abstained from conversation with Madame de Krüdener, but finding this ineffectual, he took flight altogether. Before he had made up his mind to leave the embassy, M. de Krüdener, to whom in a straightforward manly letter he announced his intention, and his reasons for going away, had been transferred to Copenhagen, where the ambassadress's mode of life alarmed Stakieff. She was very gay, very well dressed, and fonder than ever of theatricals, and her evident love of notice and admiration was, he thought, very perilous to her. "I hardly know how to explain myself," he wrote to M. de Krüdener, "but I adore her because she loves you. If she should ever care for you less, she would become to me a woman like other women, and I should cease to love her."

The letter touched M. de Krüdener, and, thinking it would incite his wife to make herself worthy of the young man's esteem, he showed it to her. But it touched only her vanity. She was pleased to be loved passionately, and sorry that she was to be deprived of homage such as she merited, and, believing henceforward more firmly than ever that she was neither appreciated nor understood by her husband, she became possessed with the idea of making herself "felt" as she called it. The notion of her own unrequited affection and loneliness of heart laid such hold upon her that, never very robust, she tormented and worried herself at last into positive illhealth. She had nervous attacks, she even began to spit blood, and the baron, fearing the Northern winter for her, made up his mind to send her, with her children Paul and Juliette, her step-daughter Sophie, and a governess, to the South of France. He hoped, also, during her absence to economise, as he had been called upon at Copenhagen to keep open house for the Russian fleet, and had incurred heavy debts.

On her way to the south, Madame de Krüdener stayed in Paris, where she cultivated literary society, and began for the first time to study seriously. She plunged into "Les Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis," which she not only read and re-read, but from which she copied out long dissertations upon the politics and commerce of ancient Greece. She spent much of her time with Bernardin de St.-Pierre, who received her enthusiastically for the sake of her grandfather Marshal Munich, of whose kindness to himself he was never weary

of telling her, and took a fancy to her children, partly on account of the boy's name—called them Paul and Virginia, and showed them his bees, his garden, and his dog Atys, and planned for their amusement excursions to the "Prés St.-Germain," when "not we alone," he wrote, "spent the time agreeably: the poor children, and even the little ass they led out to grass, had their share of the fun too." In these excursions Madame de Krüdener, whose rôle at this time was simplicity à la Bernardin de St.-Pierre, found a great deal of sentimental enjoyment. Nature, like most things, reminded her of herself, and wrapt in sublime contemplation of her own soul, and intent upon the author's conversation, she would often forget to partake of the humble meal set before her, until her children reminded her. "I have a soul," she writes to a friend, "which yearns for truth and justice. Yes! in me you will ever find that candour, that loyalty, that fidelity to principle which are the greatest safeguards against terrible repentance. . . . At Copenhagen I wanted to make myself felt, where I was surrounded by luxury and vain pleasure, but even there, in the presence of nature, I was always simple and true." Still, in Paris, with Bernardin de St.-Pierre for a friend, she ran up a milliner's bill for £800.

In December she and her party, with the addition to it of a tutor—the Abbé Famin, an old professor of physical science—left Paris for Montpellier. In February she visited Nismes, "and used, saw wrote, "with the Abbé to scour the mountains covered with risk thyme and sweet marjoram, and clambered up to the largest rouse... to watch the beautiful effects of light and shake said in he distance, the cypress trees against a background of crauses seem. The Abbé would talk to me of physics, my deeply studios? The Abbé would talk to me of physics, my deeply studios? The Abbé would talk to me of physics, my deeply studios? The Abbé would talk to me of physics, my deeply studios?

And this consuming anxiety was, in plain anysage the record some one to adore her. After her return to bismurgiller the constitution of the conversation to be adore in the conversation to be a some often turned to the dangerous subject of some the governess, between whom and Malanne to Kalendar and incentive to energy. Sophic de Kalendar and the governess often developed in chalden selection, was governess propounded, and when seeded on

announced in the tone of one sure of triumph that she intended to cure her faults by "taking up a passion for Monsieur de Lézay."

In the spring Madame de Krüdener moved to Barèges. Her health was restored by this time, and although she still refused invitations and avoided late hours, she held receptions, and became the acknowledged queen of society. Her dress, always different from other people's, was admired and imitated. She twisted a handkerchief round her head one day, and shortly afterwards received, to her great astonishment, a visit from the man at whose shop she had bought it, who came to thank her for having set a fashion which had caused the sale of his whole stock of handkerchiefs: everyone in Barèges was wearing them. She and her friends made excursions, and once stayed out all night, and gave great scandal by a somewhat noisy return after daybreak. She was blamed more than anyone else, but her friends consoled her by telling her she was too independent, too free from prejudice, to mind such narrow-minded censure. "Why, indeed," she said of herself, "should I, born with a good true character, worry myself with opinions I do not hold, and rules of propriety I do not know?" In one of her walks near Montpellier she observed a cottage that struck her fancy, and which for some time afterwards she sought in vain to discover again. This cottage, which became a memorable place in her history, she succeeded at length in finding, and approached with the object of seeing the inside of it. She knocked, but there was no answer; still she persisted, until at last a crack of the door was opened by an old woman, evidently annoyed by the disturbance, and unwilling to hold parley or let anyone enter. Madame de Krüdener, however, was not easily daunted, and, pleading fatigue in her sweetest voice, she at last gained permission to enter. Within she found three old women actually on the verge of starvation, who told her they had sold all their furniture to pay the baker, and had closed their door, resolved to die rather than beg. They were two old unmarried sisters and their mother-the latter a widow of eighty years of age, whose husband, by name O'Hanly, had been an Irishman, and followed the fortunes of the Stuarts into France. Madame de Krüdener, who liked to help people "once and once for all," gave generously for the relief of their immediate wants, and afterwards sent them a lodger who paid well, in the person of Monsieur de Lézay. It so happened that, just as she was on the eve of starting for Copenhagen, and the lease of her own apartment had expired, she heard that her friend Madame de Lobkoff was to arrive in a day or two at Montpellier, and, with the view of staying to see her, she

asked M. de Lézay to lend her his room for a few days. had always a love of cottages; and as she had a happy knack of at any moment disembarrassing herself of her retinue, and of at the same time commanding the execution of her fancies as if always surrounded by the staff of an ambassadress, practical difficulties and inconveniences never stood in her way. In this isolated place she had, as usual, plenty of visitors, and amongst them was introduced a young hussar officer, Monsieur de Frégeville, whose passion for her, quickly kindled and avowed, soon filled the void unsatisfied by Monsieur de Krüdener's calm affection. One pretext after another was found for delay, and months passed : de Frégeville vowed always he would commit suicide if she left him; and when it became at last impossible for her to put off her journey any longer, he made the dangerous state of the roads (it was in 1790) an excuse for accompanying her. Unfortunately, just when her presence might have been of some use as a restraint, Mademoiselle Piozet the governess left her situation to become the wife of Monsieur Armand. Madame de Krüdener all this time was writing letters to her friends full of noble sentiments about her deep sense of the duty imposed upon her of self-immolation at the shrine of domestic duty and of devotion to her husband and children.

She arrived in Paris in time to witness the forced return of Louis XVI. to the capital amidst the curses of the mob. Madame de Korff, the lady whose passport the king had used to escape to Varennes, was a friend of hers, and with the horrors of the revolution brought home to her, she became beside herself with terror for her lover's safety, daily expecting that, as émigré, aristocrate, and deserter from the army, he would be seized. She remained in Paris until she could persuade him to leave with her, disguised as her footman, and this time travelled as far as Brussels. Here she halted for a month, then set out again, still with M. de Frégeville, for Belt, where, after delaying by the way as much as possible, she finally arrived, to meet her husband with the declaration that "nothing on earth would ever induce her to renounce the love of which she was proud because it showed she was capable of real sentiment." She refused positively to give up seeing De Frégeville, and asked for a divorce. This Monsieur de Krüdener refused, but as a compromise he agreed to let her go to her mother at Riga, where she went accompanied by her lover as a travelling companion.

"The two months I spent in Denmark were like being in hell," she wrote to Madame Armand; "God be praised that I am out of that terrible country!" But she was soon scarcely less impatient to

leave Riga. "I am better now," she writes to the same friend; "the hope of seeing you has done me good, and of leaving this fearful climate, where I suffer so dreadfully with cramps. Oh mother! pardon your daughter for being capable of desiring to leave you; but the misfortune and terrible melancholy I have undergone has almost deprived me of my reason, and the desire to be restored to health-a thing so precious-is my excuse. . . . I write to you from a little garden of my brother's, where I never come without praying to God that you and I may have some little corner of refuge in Switzerland or elsewhere. We shall have a few hens, some flowers, fruit, a cow, a little table where you shall drink your coffee whilst I watch you; there will be the children, our books, the Lake of Geneva, and a droshky after your own heart. We shall work like farmers' wives, we will do good together, bear the ills of life with resignation, and perpetually bless the Author of nature for the good gifts He sends us."

During this visit to Russia, De Stakieff, who had said that he would never love her if she ceased to be the Madame de Krūdener he believed in, visited her. His father and hers died about the same time, and under the stroke of a blow like that which had fallen upon herself he came to her. The interview was private, and what passed between the woman who was a fallen idol, and him who had worshipped her as an ideal of perfection, is unknown. But in some way Madame de Krüdener was conscious that the charm was

broken and her power gone : the fallen idol was shattered.

She had gone to Petersburg with her mother to attend M. de Wietinghoff in the illness which had proved fatal. M. de Krüdener was also staying there, but the husband and wife did not meet nor have any communication with each other beyond the news of each other's health, brought by common friends, until Madame de Krüdener, hearing that her husband was busy regulating his affairs in order to hand over to her the fortune she had brought him as her dowry, touched by his honourable conduct, and yielding to a generous impulse, as well as to the natural desire to see her son Paul, who was with his father, went to her husband without warning anyone, and throwing herself at his feet besought his forgiveness, and promised to go with him wherever he chose to take her, except to Copenhagen, where memories, she said, awaited her which she could not face. M. de Krüdener, as might have been expected from his character, accepted the spontaneous humiliation, and it was arranged that the re-united couple should go to Berlin in the hope of finding good medical advice there for Madame de Krüdener.

But Berlin neither suited nor pleased her. Her health was sufficient reason for her not attending Court; but M. de Krüdener's rank made it difficult for her to lead the quiet regular life she liked, and at the end of a fortnight she asked him to let her go to Leipsic. A pleasant house and garden were accordingly engaged for her there; her friends, the Armands, were invited to visit her, and every preparation was made for her comfort and pleasure, and she was satisfied as she never was except away from her husband, who "The returned to Copenhagen with Paul, who was in bad health. fever which burnt my blood is gone," she wrote to Bernardin de St.-Pierre; "my brain is no longer affected as it was, and the influences of nature begin once more to tell upon my soul, disturbed by bitter grief and dreadful storm. Yes, nature still offers me her gentle and consoling attractions; she no longer presents herself to me wrapt in a mourning veil, and as I recover my faculties and memory I find my mind flying to you and begin to wonder how you are living in these troublous days." This is almost the only time she mentions the Revolution in her letters; which is the more strange, as the little world in which she lived, and which for the time satisfied her and gave her many opportunities of gratifying her charitable impulses, was chiefly composed of émigrés whom she had known formerly in very different circumstances. After a few unimportant moves she returned to her mother at Riga, and gave her family constant trouble with her fine-lady airs. The people of her own rank in Livonia were not good enough for her to associate with, and when she did condescend to make herself agreeable it was always to people beneath her. She was so whimsical that it began to be charitably supposed she was a little out of her mind, and only fit for les petites maisons. . She was perfectly indifferent to the aversion she excited, and to the invidious contrasts made between her and her sister, Countess Browne, who was always amiable, and all she cared for was to keep out of the way with her step-daughter Sophie and her daughter Juliette, and fill their ears with vivid descriptions of Italy and the Pyrenees. Her father had left her a property called "Kosse," which she used to visit sometimes, and where she founded schools and did all she could to better the general condition of the peasants.

In 1796 she went to Switzerland, and settled herself in Gibbon's "Grotto." Here a field worthy of her merits lay before her to be conquered, and at Coppet, with Madame Necks and the distinguished circle of imigris with the place, she soon forgot at

and found enough to interest and occupy her. She was received with every mark of sympathy and hospitality, and was always, even in her caprices, graceful and charming as she could only be when perfectly free from coercion. The attractiveness of her person had never seemed so great: she was just at that age when a woman is perhaps most a woman-femme n'est femme qu'à trente ans-and her style and air were peculiar to herself. "Exquisitely graceful, small, pale, fair, with hair of that blond cendre which no one has but Valerie, eyes of a deep blue, a voice, tender, sweet, full of harmonious cadence, the real organ of the Livonian women, waltzing rapturously, wearing dresses that would have suited no one else, and which, with a secret care that sometimes was revealed, she prepared. One can imagine the scene of the shawl-dance; that ball-costume; the tender wreath of blue mallows that rested upon the head of Valérie, and suddenly, in the very middle of a song of Garat's, she appears like an apparition of Euterpe herself in the splendid ball-room, and at the sound of her light footstep every head turns." This dancea graceful languid movement, performed with a shawl sometimes twisted round the figure-is described in Madame de Staël's "Delphine." Sometimes it was refused, and the uncertainty of the mood of the fair danseuse enhanced the potence of the charm it exercised over those who watched it. "Never," says Madame de Staël, "did grace and beauty produce a more wonderful effect upon a large assembly. The strange dance had a charm of which nothing else can give the least idea. It languished, it quickened, it was melancholy, it was gay, it was Sometimes, as the music grew softer, Delphine wholly Asiatic. drooped her head and moved with folded arms, as if some far-off memories, some sad regret had suddenly clouded the brightness of the scene before her; but then, once more beginning the light quick movement, she would wrap herself in an Indian shawl that showed the outline of her figure, and which, falling back with her long floating hair, perfected the picture. This expressive, or, as it might almost be called, inspired dance, has strange power over the imagination. It conjures up sensations belonging to Eastern skies, that even the finest verse can barely put into language. When the dance was over, a burst of such applause followed that it seemed as if all the men were in love with Delphine and all the women subdued by her."

In 1797, M. de Krüdener was appointed ambassador to Madrid. He hoped that in the warmer climate of Spain his wife would find it possible to live with him, but the appointment was subsequently

1 Sainte-Beuve, Portraits de Femmes.

cancelled, and he received instructions to stay at Copenhagen. He then arranged to meet her at Munich, although his friends talked to him of her restlessness and of her unfaithfulness to duty, and did all they could to persuade him she was not worth the trouble he gave himself. But in spite of everything the meeting proved a success. Juliette de Krüdener had shot up into maidenhood since the last time he had seen her, and he was so pleased with her and so grateful to his wife for her education, that, contrary to his habit, he was demonstrative in his praises and thanks. Upon her side, Madame de Krüdener was pleased also. "I was enchanted," she wrote, "with the meeting, and to see my son. I bless Providence that I have seen my husband once more, and that I know how kindly his feeling towards me is, and that I have had an opportunity of renewing my own kind feelings towards him."

The result of this meeting, which took place at the end of the year 1779, was a plan for permanent reunion. M. de Krüdener had been appointed ambassador to Berlin, and he made every preparation in anticipation of his wife's return to receive her in the manner which he hoped would be best calculated to captivate her affections, so apt to play truant. The house she found awaiting her was beautiful, but from the very first she was discontented, and shunned society so far as possible. Etiquette and court ceremonies gave her nervous attacks, and sometimes, just when she was dressing for some grand entertainment, she would disconcert the poor ambassador by falling into one of her nervous paroxysms. She created for him also, by her unpunctuality, the most awkward situations. The King was accustomed to military exactitude, and it happened upon more than one occasion that the whole legation was delayed by the ambassadress, who seemed to find it perfectly impossible to conform to regulation as to time. In vain the patient baron implored her to try and be punctual, and equally vain were the stratagems to which, with diplomatic art, he resorted to deceive her into unintentional Altogether she contrived to keep him in a constant exactitude. At official dinners, for instance, she was state of uneasiness. charming, but no sooner was dinner over and her husband settled at his card-table, than she would indemnify herself for the effort she had made at dinner by stretching herself at full length upon a sofa to brood over the horrors of Berlin as a residence, and the sullen manners of Germans. Her moods and vagaries became at last a positive impediment to the embassy, and she laid hold of gain her own way. "M. de Krüdener," she wrote to he Madame Armand, "has neither the enjoyment of dom

kind of happiness. . . . I came meaning to be heroic, but to go on with this sort of suffering is not tolerable, and I intend to make a change."

Meantime the gravest political responsibility was resting upon her husband's shoulders. Once an order arrived to declare war immediately with Prussia. The despatch came late one evening when the King and Queen were actually M. de Krüdener's guests at a grand entertainment, but, concealing every sign of discomposure, the ambassador went through the ceremony of the evening and resolved, at the imminent risk of being sent to Siberia, to take upon himself the responsibility of withholding the despatch until he should have had time to send a courier to Russia for further instructions. The answer to the courier's message was several weeks in reaching Berlin, during which anxious time the ambassador, with the strain of the secret upon him, could scarcely sleep, and became seriously unwell. The Emperor (Paul I.) had, however, fortunately for his ambassador, changed his autocratic mind when the courier reached Russia, and the reply, which was in the Emperor's own handwriting, was filled with professions of gratitude for the timely act of disobedience.

The "change" at which Madame de Krüdener had hinted was soon accomplished. She left her husband in the summer for Toeplitz, always upon the plea of health, promising to return when she felt able. But the independent life she led as a private individual suited her so much better than that of an ambassadress, that she resolved not to go back to Berlin. She first, however, went through the form of asking her husband's consent; but his answer did not arrive so soon as she expected, and, without waiting for it, she fixed the day for her departure, and just as she was starting wrote to him that, not having heard from him, she had taken his permission for granted, and was leaving Toeplitz for Switzerland with her step-daughter Sophie, and her daughter Juliette. Her first glimpse of Switzerland, to her the land of perfect freedom from conventionality, drew tears of joy from her eyes; and M. de Krüdener's touching letter, which she received at Geneva, had no power to move her.

"Your letter of the 18th of August," he wrote to her from Custrin, 27th of August, 1801, "gave me the greatest pain, my love. After our conversation upon the subject I confess to you I had no fear of another separation. You cannot hide from yourself that it is injurious to our children's interests and happiness that we should be separated, and with the frankness which my affection for you demands, I will also say that your duty plainly points out to you the place, in

the bosom of your united family, which you ought to fill. You speak of the economy there will be, as if it could really be more economical to keep up two establishments than one. The money I spend is not laid out upon pleasure or for my family: my position requires that I should spend money, and your presence makes very little difference in expense. Besides, as I have told you more than once, you are mistress, and may regulate expenditure as you think best, and entertain whom you will, or not at all if you choose. You speak of your health as another reason, and, of course, upon this subject no one has a right to dictate to you. But let me only say that it is difficult to persuade others that the air of the Swiss mountains will cure you if you cannot live in the healthy and moderate climate of Berlin. But your mind is made up, and I know that no remonstrance of mine will have any effect in moving you; still, I owe it to myself to make these remarks to you, and I lay upon you the responsibility of the consequences your action may have upon ourselves and our children. . . . If you had already made up your mind to leave me, why did you put off telling me until just as you were almost starting? How will Sophie come to me? You could more easily have found a suitable escort for her at Toeplitz: she will now have to travel either with people of whom I know nothing, or else alone. . . . I beg that you will send her to me by the most direct route, and alone rather than with people of doubtful reputation; and you must hire a maid and a man servant, with good recommendations, to accompany her on the journey. . . . May you, my dear, never have reason to repent your resolution by which our own children, members of one family, will again become strangers to each other. I wish you may have every happiness and recover your health. I kiss Juliette, and am from my heart and soul your devoted friend."

Madame de Krüdener never saw her husband again. The following year, on the 14th of June, 1802, he died suddenly. The news of his death shocked her, and she willingly persuaded herself that she would have given anything to have had again the opportunities she had for ever lost of proving the affection she always professed to feel for him. She had left Geneva before his death. At Coppet, where she had been again a constant visitor, her friends had told her she ought to visit Paris, and she had gone there and taken an apartment. "You must go to Paris, and you must see Chateaubriand," Madame de Stael said to her, just when "Le Génie du Christianisme" was on the eve of publication; "one never knows a book until one knows the author, and I will give you a letter to him."

MARGARET M. MANTLA

(To be concluded.)

### SPIDERS.

OME time ago, while turning over a quantity of rubbish in a S OME time ago, while turning over a quantity of the little-used room, I disturbed a large black spider. Rushing forth, just in time to save itself from destruction through the capsizing of a pile of books, it paused for one moment, took a swift comprehensive glance at the position, then scuttled away across the floor, and was lost in an obscure corner of the room. This incident served to remind me of a fact I was nearly forgetting, that England is not a spiderless country. A foreigner, however intelligent, coming from warmer regions, might very easily make that mistake. In Buenos Ayres, the country of my nativity, earth teems with these interesting little creatures. They abound in and on the water, they swarm in the grass and herbage, which everywhere glistens with the silvery veil they spin over it. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is an atmosphere of spiders, for they are always floating about invisible in the air; their filmy threads are unfelt when they fly against you; and often enough you are not even aware of the little arrested aeronaut hurrying over your face with feet lighter than the lightest thistle-down.

It is somewhat strange that although, where other tribes of living creatures are concerned, I am something of a naturalist, spiders I have always observed and admired in a non-scientific spirit. They have ministered to the love of the beautiful, the grotesque, and the marvellous in me; but I have never collected a spider, and if I wished to preserve one should not know how to do it. I have been "familiar with the face" of these monsters so long that I have even learnt to love them; and I believe that if Emerson rightly predicts that spiders are amongst the things to be expelled from earth by the perfected man of the future, then a great charm and element of interest will be lost to the world. Though loving them, I cannot, of course, feel the same degree of affection towards all the members of so various a family. The fairy gossamer, scarce seen, a creature of wind and sunshine; the gem-like Epeïra in the centre of its starry web; even the terrestrial Salticus, with its puma-like strategy, certainly appeal more to our sesthetic feelings than does the slow heavy Mygale,

looking at a distance of twenty yards away, as he approaches you, like a gigantic cockroach mounted on stilts. The rash fury with which a female wolf-spider defends her young is very admirable; but the admiration is mingled with other feelings when we remember that the brave mother proves to her consort a cruel and cannibal spouse.

Possibly my affection for spiders is due in a great measure to the compassion I have always felt for them. Pity, 'tis said, is akin to love; and who can help experiencing that tender emotion that considers the heavy affliction nature has laid on the spiders in compensation for the paltry drop of venom with which she, unasked, endowed them! And here, of course, I am alluding to the wasps. These insects, with a refinement of cruelty, prefer, not to kill their victims outright, but merely maim them, then house them in cells where the grubs can vivisect them at leisure. This is one of those revolting facts the fastidious soul cannot escape from in warm climates; for in and out of open windows and doors, all day long, all the summer through, comes the busy beautiful mason-wasp. A long body, wonderfully slim at the waist, bright yellow legs and thorax, and a dark crimson abdomen, -what object can be prettier to look at? At home in summer they were the pests of my life, for nothing would serve to keep them out. One day, while we were seated at dinner, a clay nest, which a wasp had succeeded in completing unobserved, detached itself from the ceiling and fell with a crash on to the table, where it was shattered to pieces, scattering a shower of green halfliving spiders round it. I shall never forget the feeling of intense repugnance I experienced at the sight, coupled with detestation of the pretty but cruel little architect. There is, amongst our wasps, even a more accomplished spider-scourge than the mason-wasp, and, though it will take me a little outside of my subject, I must give a brief account of its habits. On the grassy pampas, dry bare spots of soil are resorted to by a class of spiders that either make or take little holes in the ground to reside in, and from which they rush forth to seize their prey. They also frequently sit inside their dens and patiently wait there for the intrusion of some bungling insect. Now, in summer, to a dry spot of ground like this, comes a small wasp, scarcely longer than a blue-bottle fly, and of a deep shining purplish blue colour, with only a white mark like a collar on the thorax. It flirts its blue wings, hurrying about here and there, and is extremely active, and of a slender graceful figure—the type of an assassin. It visits and explores every crack and hole in the ground, and, if you watch it attentively, you will at length see it, on arriving at a hole, give a VOL. CCLVII. NO. 1843.

little start backwards. It knows that a spider lies concealed within. Presently, having apparently matured a plan of attack, it disappears into the hole and remains there for some time. Then, just when you are beginning to think that the little blue explorer has been trapped, out it rushes, flying in terror, apparently, from the spider who issues close behind in hot pursuit; but, before they are three inches away from the hole, quick as lightning the wasp turns on its follower, and the two become locked together in a deadly embrace. Looking like one insect, they spin rapidly round for a few moments, then up springs the wasp-victorious. The wretched victim is not dead; its legs move a little, but its soft body is paralysed and lies collapsed, flabby, powerless as a stranded jelly-fish. And this is the invariable result of every such conflict. In other classes of beings, even the weakest hunted thing occasionally succeeds in inflicting pain on its persecutor, and the little trembling mouse, unable to save itself, can sometimes make the cat shriek with pain; but there is no weak spot in the wasp's armour, no fatal error of judgment, not even an accident ever to save the wretched victim from its fate. And now comes the most iniquitous part of the proceeding. When the wasp has sufficiently rested after the struggle, it deliberately drags the disabled spider back into its own hole, and, having packed it away at the extremity, lays an egg alongside of it, then, coming out again, gathers dust and rubbish with which it fills up and obliterates the hole; and, having thus concluded its Machiavellian task, it flies cheerfully off in quest of another victim.

The extensive Epeïra family supply the mason-wasps and other spider-killers with the majority of their victims. These spiders have soft, plump, succulent bodies, like pats of butter; they inhabit trees and bushes chiefly, where their geometric webs betray their whereabouts; they are timid, comparatively innocuous, and reluctant to quit the shelter of their green bower, made of a rolled-up leaf; so that there are many reasons why they should be persecuted. They exhibit a great variety of curious forms; many are also very richly coloured; but even their brightest hues-orange, silver, scarlet-have not been given without regard to the colouring of their surroundings. Green-leafed bushes are frequented by vividly green Epeïras, but the imitative resemblance does not quite end here. The green spider's method of escape, when the bush is roughly shaken, is to drop itself down on the earth, where it lies simulating death. In falling, it drops just as a green leaf would drop, that is, not quite so rapidly as a round, solid body like an insect or spider. Now in the bushes there is another Epeïra, in size and form like the last, but differing

in colour; for, instead of a vivid green, it is of a faded yellowish white—the exact hue of a dead, dried-up leaf. This spider, when it lets itself drop—for it has the same protective habit as the other—falls not so rapidly as a green freshly broken off leaf would fall, but with a slower motion, precisely like a leaf withered up till it has become almost light as a feather. It is not difficult to imagine how this comes about: either a thicker line, or a greater stiffness or tenacity of the viscid fluid composing the web and attached to the point the spider drops from, causes one to fall slower than the other. But how many tentative variations in the stiffness of the web-material must there have been before the precise degree was found enabling the two distinct species, differing in colour, to complete their resemblance to falling leaves—a fresh green leaf in one case, and a dead, withered leaf in the other!

The Tetragnatha-a genus of the Epeïra family and known also in England-are small spiders found on the margin of streams. Their bodies are slender, oblong, and resembling a canoe in shape; and when they sit lengthwise on a stem or blade of grass, their long, hair-like legs arranged straight before and behind them, it is difficult to detect them, so closely do they resemble a discoloured stripe on the herbage. A species of Tetragnatha with a curious modification of structure abounds on the pampas. The long leg of this spider is no thicker than a bristle from a pig's back, but at the extremity it is flattened and broad, giving it a striking resemblance to an oar. These spiders are only found in herbage overhanging the borders of streams: they are very numerous, and, having a pugnacious temper, are incessantly quarrelling; and it frequently happens that in these encounters, or where they are pursuing each other through the leaves, they drop into the water below. I believe, in fact, that they often drop themselves purposely into it as the readiest means of escape when hard pressed. When this happens, the advantage of the modified structure of the legs is seen. The fallen spider, sitting boat-like on the surface, throws out its long legs, and, dipping the broad ends into the water, literally rows itself rapidly to land.

The gossamer-spider, most spiritual of living things, of which there are numerous species, some extremely beautiful in colouring and markings, is the most numerous of our spiders. Only when the declining sun flings a broad track of shiny silver light on the plain does one get some faint conception of the unnumbered millions of these buoyant little creatures busy weaving their gauzy veil over the earth and floating unseen, like an ethereal vital dust, in the atmosphere.

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This spider carries within its diminutive abdomen a secret which will possibly serve to vex subtle intellects for a long time to come. For it is hard to believe that merely by mechanical force, even aided by currents of air, a creature half as big as a barley grain can instantaneously shoot out filaments twenty or thirty inches long, and by means of which it floats itself in the air.

Naturalists are now giving a great deal of attention to the migrations of birds in different parts of the world : might not insect and spider migrations be included with advantage to science in their observations? The common notion is that the gossamer makes use of its unique method of locomotion only to shift its quarters, impelled by want of food or unfavourable conditions-perhaps only by a roving disposition. I believe that besides these incessant flittings about from place to place throughout the summer the gossamerspiders have great periodical migrations which are, as a rule, invisible, since a single floating web cannot be remarked, and each individual rises and floats away by itself from its own locality when influenced by the instinct. When great numbers of spiders rise up simultaneously over a large area, then, sometimes, the movement forces itself on our attention; for at such times the whole sky may be filled with visible masses of floating web. All the great movements of gossamers I have observed have occurred in the autumn, or, at any rate, several weeks after the summer solstice; and, like the migrations of birds at the same season of the year, have been in a northerly direction. I do not assert or believe that the migratory instinct in the gossamer is universal. In a moist island, like England. for instance, where the condition of the atmosphere is seldom favourable, and where the little voyagers would often be blown by adverse winds to perish far out at sea, it is difficult to believe that such migrations take place. But where they inhabit a vast area of land, as in South America, extending without interruption from the equator to the cold Magellanic regions, and where there is a long autumn of dry, hot weather, then such an instinct as migration might easily be developed. For this is not a faculty merely of a few birds: the impulse to migrate at certain seasons affects birds, insects, and even mammals. In a few birds only is it highly developed, but the elementary feeling, out of which the wonderful habit of the swallow has grown, exists widely throughout animated nature.

I have stated that all migrations of gossamers I have witnessed have been in the autumn; excepting in one instance these flights occurred when the weather was still hot, and dry. The exceptionally late migration was on March 22—a full month after the departure of martins, humming-birds, flycatchers, and most other true bird-migrants. It struck me as being so remarkable, and seems to lend so much force to the theory I have suggested, that I wish to give here an exact copy of the entries made at the time and on the

spot in my notebook.

"March 22. This afternoon, while I was out shooting, the gossamer-spiders presented an appearance quite new to me. Walking along a stream (the Conchitas, near Buenos Ayres), I noticed a broad white line skirting the low wet ground. This I found was caused by gossamer web lying in such quantities over the earth as almost to hide the grass and thistles under it. The white zone was about twenty yards wide, and outside it only a few scattered webs were visible on the grass; its exact length I did not ascertain, but followed it for about two miles without finding the end. The spiders were so numerous that they continually baulked one another in their efforts to rise in the air. As soon as one threw out its lines they would become entangled with those of another spider, lanced out at the same moment; both spiders would immediately seem to know the cause of the trouble, for as soon as their lines fouled they would rush angrily towards each other, each trying to drive the other from the elevation. Notwithstanding these difficulties, numbers were continually floating off on the breeze which blew from the south.

"I noticed three distinct species: one with a round scarlet body; another, velvet black, with large square cephalothorax and small pointed abdomen; the third and most abundant kind were of different shades of olive green, and varied greatly in size, the largest being fully a quarter of an inch in length. Apparently these spiders had been driven up from the low ground along the stream where it was wet, and had congregated along the borders of the dry ground

in readiness to migrate.

"25th. Went again to visit the spiders, scarcely expecting to find them, as, since first seeing them, we have had much wind and rain. To my surprise I found them in greatly increased numbers: on the tops of cardoons, posts, and other elevated situations they were literally lying together in heaps. Most of them were large and of the olive-coloured species; their size had probably prevented them from getting away earlier, but they were now floating off in great numbers, the weather being calm and tolerably dry. To-day I noticed a new species with a grey body, elegantly striped with black, and pink legs—a very pretty spider.

"26th. Went again to-day and found that the whole vast army of

gossamers, with the exception of a few stragglers sitting on posts and dry stalks, had vanished. They had taken advantage of the short spell of fine weather we are now having, after an unusually wet and boisterous autumn, to make their escape."

Here it seemed to me that a conjunction of circumstances—first, the unfavourable season preventing migration at the proper time, and secondly, the strip of valley out of which the spiders had been driven to the higher ground till they were massed together—only served to make visible and evident that a vast annual migration takes place which we have only to look for closely to see.

One of the most original spiders in Buenos Ayres-mentally original, I mean-is a species of Pholcus; a quiet, inoffensive creature found in houses, and so abundant that they literally swarm where they are not frequently swept away from ceilings and obscure corners. Certainly it seems a poor spider after the dynamical and migratory gossamer; but it happens, curiously enough, that a study of the habits of this dusty and domestic creature leads us incidentally into the realms of fable and romance. It is remarkable for the extreme length of its legs, and resembles in colour and general appearance a crane fly, but is double the size of that insect. It has a singular method of protecting itself: when attacked or approached even, gathering its feet together and fastening them to the centre of its web, it swings itself round and round with the velocity of a whirligig, so that it appears like a mist on the web, offering no point for an enemy to strike at. When a fly is captured the spider approaches it cautiously and spins a web round it, continually narrowing the circle it describes, until the victim is inclosed in a cocoon-like covering. This is a common method with spiders; but the intelligence—for I can call it by no other word—of the Pholcus has supplemented this instinctive procedure with a very curious and unique habit. The Pholcus, in spite of its size, is a weak creature, possessing little venom to despatch its prey with, so that it makes a long and laborious task of killing a fly. A fly when caught in a web is a noisy creature, and it thus happens that when the Daddy-longlegs -as Anglo-Argentines have dubbed this species-succeeds in snaring a captive the shrill outrageous cries of the victim are heard for a long time-often for ten or twelve minutes. This noise greatly excites other spiders in the vicinity, and presently they are seen quitting their webs and hurrying to the scene of conflict. Sometimes the captor is driven off, and then the strongest or most daring spider carries away the fly. But where a large colony are allowed to continue in undisturbed possession of a ceiling, when one has caught a fly he proceeds rapidly to throw a covering of web over it, then, cutting it away, drops it down and lets it hang suspended by a line at a distance of two or three feet from the ceiling. The other spiders arrive on the scene, and after a short investigation retreat to their own webs, and when the coast is clear our spider proceeds to draw up the captive fly, which is by this time exhausted with its struggles.

Now, I have repeatedly remarked that all spiders, when the shrill humming of an insect caught in a web is heard near them, become agitated, like the Pholcus, and will, in the same way, quit their own webs and hurry to the point the sound proceeds from. This fact convinced me many years ago that spiders are attracted by the sound of musical instruments, such as violins, concertinas, guitars, &c., simply because the sound produces the same effect on them as the shrill buzzing of a captive fly. I have frequently seen spiders come down walls or from ceilings, attracted by the sound of a guitar, softly played; and by gently touching metal strings, stretched on a piece of wood, I have succeeded in attracting spiders on to the strings, within two or three inches of my fingers; and I always noticed that the spiders seemed to be eagerly searching for something which they evidently expected to find there, moving about in an excited manner and looking very hungry and fierce. I have no doubt that Pelisson's historical spider in the Bastille came down in a mood and with a manner just as ferocious when the prisoner called it with musical sounds to be fed.

The spiders I have spoken of up till now are timid, inoffensive creatures chiefly of the Epeïra family; but there are many other creatures exceedingly high-spirited and, like some of the most touchy hymenopteras, always prepared to "greatly quarrel" over matters of little moment. The Mygales, of which we have several species, are not to be treated with contempt. One is extremely abundant on the pampas, the Mygale fusca, a veritable monster, covered with dark brown hair, and called in the vernacular aranea peluda. In the hot month of December these spiders take to roaming about on the open plain, and are then everywhere seen travelling in a straight line with a slow even pace. They are very great in attitudes, and when one is approached it immediately throws itself back, like a pugilist preparing, for an encounter, and stands up so erect on its four hind feet that the under surface of its body is displayed. Humble-bees are commonly supposed to carry the palm in attitudinising; and it is wonderful to see the grotesque motions of these irascible insects when their nest is approached, elevating their abdomens and two or three legs at a time, so that they resemble a troupe of acrobats balancing themselves. on their heads or hands, and kicking their legs about in the air. And to impress the intruder with the dangerous significance of this display they hum a shrill warning or challenge, and stab at the air with their naked stings, from which limpid drops of venom are seen to exude. These threatening gestures probably have an effect. In the case of the hairy spider, I do not think any creature, however stupid, could mistake its meaning when it stands suddenly up, a figure horribly grotesque; then dropping down on all eights charges violently forwards. Their long, shiny black, sickle-shaped falces are dangerous weapons. I knew a native woman who had been bitten on the leg, and who, after fourteen years, still suffered at intervals acute pains in the limb.

The king of the spiders on the pampas is, however, not a Mygale, but a Lycosa of extraordinary size, light grey in colour, with a black ring round its middle. It is active and swift, and irritable to such a degree that one can scarcely help thinking that in this species nature has overshot her mark. When a person passes near one—say, within three or four yards of its lurking-place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of thirty or forty yards. I came once very nearly being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me.

The gauchos have a very quaint ballad which tells that the city of Cordova was once invaded by an army of monstrous spiders, and that the townspeople went out with beating drums and flags flying to repel the invasion, and that after firing several volleys they were forced to turn and fly for their lives. I have no doubt that a sudden great increase of the man-chasing spiders, in a year exceptionally favourable to them, suggested this fable to some rhyming satirist of the town.

In conclusion of this part of my subject, I will describe a single combat of a very terrible nature I once witnessed between two little spiders belonging to the same species. One had a small web against a wall, and of this web the other coveted possession. After vainly trying by a series of strategic movements to drive out the lawful rwner, it rushed on to the web, and the two envenomed little duellists closed in mortal combat. They did nothing so vulgar and natural as to make use of their falces, and never once actually touched each

other, but the fight was none the less deadly. Rapidly revolving about, or leaping over, or passing under, each other, each endeavoured to impede or entangle his adversary, and the dexterity with which each avoided the cunningly thrown snare, trying at the same time to entangle its opponent, was wonderful to see. At length, after this equal battle had raged for some time, one of the combatants made some fatal mistake, and for a moment there occurred a break in his motions; instantly the other perceived his advantage, and began leaping backwards and forwards across his struggling adversary with such rapidity as to confuse the sight, producing the appearance of two spiders attacking a third one lying between them. He then changed his tactics, and began revolving round and round his prisoner, and very soon the poor vanquished wretch-the aggressor, let us hope, in the interests of justice-was closely wrapped in a silvery cocoon, which, unlike the cocoon the caterpillar weaves for itself, was also its winding-sheet.

I have in the foregoing pages thrown together some of the most salient facts I have noted; but the spider-world still remains to me a wonderland of which I know comparatively nothing. Nor is any very intimate knowledge of spiders to be got from books, though numberless lists of species have been printed, for they have not yet had, like the social bees and ants, loving and patient chroniclers of their ways. But even a very slight study of these most versatile and accomplished of nature's children gives rise to some interesting reflections. One fact that strikes the mind very forcibly is the world-wide distribution of groups of species possessing highly developed instincts. One is the zebra-striped Salticus, with its unique strategy-that is to say, unique amongst spiders. It is said that the Australian savage approaches a kangaroo in the open by getting up in sight of its prey and standing perfectly motionless till he is regarded as an inanimate object, and every time the animal's attention wanders advancing a step or two until sufficiently near to hurl his spear. The Salticus approaches a fly in the same manner, till near enough to make its spring. Another is the Trapdoor spider. Another the Dolomedes, that runs over the surface of the water in pursuit of its prey, and dives down to escape from its enemies; and, strangest of all, the Argyroneta, that has its luminous dwelling at the bottom of streams; and just as a mason carries bricks and mortar to its building, so does this spider carry down bubbles of air from the surface to enlarge its mysterious house, in which it lays its eggs and rears its young. Community of descent must be supposed of species having such curious and complex instincts; but how came these feeble creatures, unable to transport themselves over seas and continents like the aërial gossamer, to be so widely distributed, and inhabiting regions with such different conditions? This can only be attributed to the enormous antiquity of the species, and of this antiquity the earliness in which the instinct manifests itself in the young spiders is taken as evidence.

This matter has been treated by others; a more important matter, the intelligence of spiders, has not received much attention. The little interest taken in spiders, comparatively, is probably owing to our ignorance of the fact that they are, mentally, far in advance of their neighbours the insects. And that I am justified in saying that comparatively little interest is taken in them sufficiently appears, I think, when we find that in the "Origin of Species," a perfect treasury of knowledge for which all animated Nature appears to have been ransacked, no mention, excepting in one brief paragraph, is made of them. Yet it is easy to see that spiders move less in a groove than insects, that even in special habits one action does not invariably follow another "by a sort of rhythm." The skulking insect, when surprised, pauses not to consider, but rushes blindly away, putting all his trust in rapidity of motion: while the spider-as in the instance given at the beginning of this article-has presence of mind, that is, intelligence, enough to pause, look about him, and weigh the chances. We have a great mass of literature bearing on the intelligence of insects, this subject having received a great deal of attention; and if social insects are more intelligent than others, which is hardly to be doubted, their greater intelligence is the result, not the cause, of their social condition, which probably had its origin in accident or spontaneous variations of instincts. The nature of the spider's food and the difficulties in the way of providing for their wants impose on them a life of solitude : hunger, perpetual watchfulness, and the sense of danger have given them a character of mixed ferocity and timidity. But these very conditions, which have made it impossible for them to form societies like insects and progress to a state of things resembling civilisation in men, have served to develop the mind that is in a spider, making of him a very clever barbarian. The spider's only weapon of defence -his falces-are as poor a protection against the assaults of his insect foes as are teeth and finger-nails in man employed against wolves, bears, and tigers. And the spider is here even worse off than man, since his enemies are winged and able to sweep down instantly on him from above; they are also protected with an invulnerable shield, and are armed with deadly stings. Like

man, also, the spider has a soft, unprotected body, while his muscular strength, compared with that of the insects he has to contend with, is almost nil. His position in nature then, with relation to his enemies, is like that of man; only the spider has this disadvantage, that he cannot combine with others for protection. That he does protect himself and maintains his place in nature is due, not to special instincts, which are utterly insufficient, but to the intelligence which supplements them. At the same time this superior cunning is closely related with, and probably results indirectly from, the web he is provided with, and which is almost of the nature of an artificial aid. Let us take the imaginary case of a man-like monkey, or of an arboreal man, born with a cord of great length attached to his waist, which could be either dragged after him or carried in a coil. After many accidents, experience would eventually teach him to put it to some use; practice would make him more and more skilful in handling it, and, indirectly, it would be the means of developing his latent mental faculties. He would begin by using it, as the monkey does its prehensile tail, to swing himself from branch to branch, and finally, to escape from an enemy or in pursuit of his prey, he would be able by means of his cord to drop himself with safety from the tallest trees, or fly down the steepest precipices. He would coil up his cord to make a bed to lie on, and also use it for binding branches together when building himself a refuge. In a close fight, he would endeavour to entangle an adversary, and at last he would learn to make a snare with it to capture his prey. To all these, and to a hundred other uses, the spider has put his web. And when we see him spread his beautiful geometric snare, held by lines fixed to widely separated points, while he sits concealed in his web-lined retreat amongst the leaves where every touch on the far-reaching structure is telegraphed to him by the communicating line faithfully as if a nerve had been touched, we must admire the wonderful perfection to which he has attained in the use of his cord. By these means he is able to conquer creatures too swift and strong for him, and make them his prey. When we see him repairing damages, weighting his light fabric in windy weather with pebbles or sticks, as a fisher weights his net, and cutting loose a captive whose great strength threatens the destruction of the web, then we begin to suspect that he has, above his special instinct, a reason that guides, modifies, and in many ways supplements it. It is not, however, only on these great occasions, when the end is sought by unusual that spiders show their intelligence; for even these thinconsidered by some as merely parts of one great co



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but at all times, in all things, the observer who watches them closely cannot fail to be convinced that they possess a guiding principle which is not mere instinct. What the stick or stone was to primitive man, when he had made the discovery that by holding it in his hand he greatly increased the force of his blow, the possession of a web has been to the spider in developing that spark of intellect which it possesses in common with all animal organisms.

W. H. HUDSON.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

### THE ABUSE OF HYPOTHESIS.

THE following passage from a lecture on "The Building of the Alps," by Professor T. G. Bonney, at the Royal Institution, on April 4th, is, I think, fairly suggestive of some sceptical reflections: "When the dry land first appeared, when the surface of the earth's crust had not long ceased to glow, when the bulk of the ocean yet floated as a vapour in the heated atmosphere, when many gases now combined were free, &c., we can well imagine that the earliest sediments would be deposited under conditions which have never been reproduced." I quote this, not as any peculiar theory of Professor Bonney's or any other particular writer, but as a fair average sample of a peculiar characteristic of modern geological and cosmical reasoning.

Almost everybody, nowadays, accepts the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, or a nebular hypothesis of his own, or of somebody else, as though it had been actually demonstrated as a matter of fact.

I do not deny any of these hypotheses; such denial would be as unphilosophical as the cool assumption of their truth, the fact being that we know nothing at all about them eitherway. As a poetical dream, like that of Milton's fighting angels, they are pretty enough, and, if described as such, are admissible as legitimate recreations of scientific imagination, but when assumed as a fact and made the basis of other imaginings, as in the passage quoted, or in a hundred others that might be quoted, they are mischievous departures from the path of true science.

The illogical basis of this and many other prevalent assumptions is the practice of concluding that, if an hypothesis has been mathematically fitted to all the known facts, it must therefore be sound. The whole history of science is a series of demonstrations of the fallacy of this assumption. It presents a panorama of once-accepted and subsequently exploded hypotheses, all of which fitted the known facts of the period about as closely as those now in fashion fit the facts now known.

Within the limits of my own recollection the "electric fluid" was accepted as confidently as the once fluid earth is now; there was a great schism, however, between the disciples of Du Faye, who believed in two fluids, resinous and vitreous, and the followers of Franklin, who admitted only one fluid, existing as negative or positive. The first course of lectures on electricity that I heard when a boy was by Mr. Messiah, a sturdy one-fluidite. The lectures were mainly devoted to the polemics of the rival theories.

At that time (it was prior to the invention of the epithet "paradoxer") any one who should have ventured to deny the existence of any electric fluid whatever would have been denounced as a physical heretic. Yet such denial is now stringently demanded by scientific orthodoxy.

Those of my readers who possess the early volumes of The Mechanics' Magazine will find, in the number for April 14, 1846, p. 249, a letter of mine dealing with "the electric fluid, the magnetic fluid, the nervous fluid, caloric, &c.," just as I have above treated the nebular hypotheses and the red-hot fluid earth; admitting, as I still do, the desirability of using hypotheses of the kind, but insisting that "this should always be done with the greatest caution, in order to prevent the student from mistaking this mere assumption for an elementary fact." In 1846 the "imponderables" were still accepted by the most eminent scientific authorities.

#### UNFERMENTED WINES.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone advised our farmers to direct their attention to the cultivation of fruit, he only spoke of its use in making jam. There is another demand that is just opening and likely to widen very considerably. I refer to non-alcoholic wines.

I have tasted many of these, and have found that, with a very few exceptions, they are miserable failures, and further examination has refuted the excuse for such failure. It is not the impossibility of preserving pure unfermented fruit juice, but the want of skill of the manufacturers, or, still worse, their want of honesty in substituting sugared coal tar products, the so-called "essences" of jargonel, raspberry, &c., for the simple fruit juice. Their idea that the unsophisticated public cannot distinguish the spurious concoctions from the pure juice is a delusion that rapidly and justly wrecks the shallow enterprise.

I have noted that the best samples I have tasted are aërated by forcing into them carbonic acid under pressure, as in the manu-

facture of soda-water, &c., which can now be done so cheaply.

There may be something more in this than the mere direct improvement of flavour effected by the aëration.

We know that fermentation is an oxidizing process, during which carbonic acid is given off; it is, therefore, very probable that the substitution of carbonic acid for the oxygen otherwise dissolved in the fermentable liquid, and the inclosing of the liquid in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, may render fermentation impossible, and thus solve the whole problem of keeping unfermented wines, without having recourse to salycilic acid or any other questionable admixture.

I commend this theory as a suggestion to those who are commercially interested in its practical demonstration. Let them take samples of pure fruit juice, bottle them without aëration, and other samples of the same, aërated and bottled in similar manner, and compare the result of keeping for some time. If both are clear when bottled, any change of a fermentive character will probably be indicated at once by turbidity.

If this method of suppressing fermentation fails, let them try others; appeal to the resources of modern chemistry, persevere until they succeed, and they will be well rewarded. Recent experience at a masonic banquet, where all the usual toasts were drunk with full measure of joviality, and all in non-alcoholic beverages, has convinced me that the good fortune of Mr. Johnson of Wrexham may be shared by others who will follow his example in anticipating the growing demand.

### THE GEOLOGY OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

THE modern progress of science is strikingly displayed by the fact that in the third edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (1797) the word Geology is not to be found. Geography occupies thirty pages, is followed by "Geomancy," and this by "Geometry." The great science of geology is a creation of the present century.

The article "Geography" in this edition of the cyclopedia is purely superficial; it all relates to the measurement of the earth. The use of the globes and the armillary sphere occupies thirteen pages.

The changes that take place on the surface of the earth are not mentioned in this article, the world being treated as though it had been carved out by a single act of mechanical creation into its present shape, with its mountains, plains, valleys, rivers, seas, and oceans just as they are, and then bowled into space with a tangental impulse which the solar gravitation bent into an elliptical path.

There is no attempt at the separate treatment of any subject corresponding to physical geography or geognosy, but in the articles on mountains, fossils, petrifaction, earth, &c., are fragmentary expositions of the knowledge then possessed.

Some of these now appear very curious. Thus we are told that "Fossil, in natural history, denotes, in general, everything dug out of the earth, whether they be natives thereof, as metals, stones, salts, earths, and other minerals; or extraneous, deposited in the bowels of the earth by some extraordinary means, as earthquakes, the deluge, &c."

Further on we are told that "Some will have these shells, &c., to be real stones and stone plants, formed after the usual manner of other figured stones; of which opinion is the learned Dr. Lister." "Another opinion is that these fossil shells, with all their foreign bodies found within the earth, as bones, trees, plants, &c., were buried therein at the time of the universal deluge; and that, having been penetrated either by the bituminous matter abounding chiefly in watery places, or by the salts of the earth, they have been preserved entire, and sometimes petrified."

Then another theory is stated to the effect that these shells could never have been thus carried to the tops of mountains by the flood, but "a year's continuance of the waters of the deluge intermixed with the salt waters of the sea upon the surface of the earth might well give occasion to the production of shells of diverse kinds in different climates;" and further, that "others think that the waters of the sea, and the rivers, with those which fell from heaven, turned the whole surface of the earth upside down." Reference is here made to the article "Deluge."

On referring, accordingly, I find a dissertation covering twentytwo of the double-column quarto pages, expounding with the utmost gravity a number of very learned theories concerning the event, the most of them devoted to the question of water-supply. Space does not permit me even to name them, though some are very curious indeed.

The difficulty of feeding the animals in the ark is profoundly discussed, and also the arrangements for ventilation. We are told that for feeding the carnivora, &c., "Bishop Wilkins has allowed no fewer than 1,825 sheep, though he was of opinion that there were no carnivorous animals before the flood; and this latter opinion is adopted by Mr. Cockburn. The idea, indeed, of slaughtering a number of harmless animals to satisfy a few vile rapacious ones, and that, too, in a place designed for the common asylum of the animal

creation, seems inconsistent with the scheme of mercy displayed in the whole transaction."

The latter part of this article is geological; it discusses the changes effected upon the earth by the action of the deluge, the writer favouring the view that the earth was not rendered barren, but that "the ground, instead of being lessened in its fertility, as Dr. Woodward supposes, must have been restored, as far as we can judge, to the very state it was in at its original formation," "being manured by the stagnation of the waters upon its surface for a twelvemonth, and the immense quantity of animal matter" left upon it by the carcases of the drowned animals, in accordance with "the scheme of mercy displayed in the whole transaction."

#### A CONGEALED EARTHQUAKE.

I HAVE already, in previous notes, referred to the activity of the Japanese in the study of earthquake phenomena. In a recent number of the Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan is a contribution by Mr. Gergens, entitled "Λ Note on a Congealed Earthquake," from which it appears that an iron casting with open surface was just solidifying when an earthquake occurred; the metal was rippled by the agitation and solidified while in this condition, leaving the ripple marks as a record of the event.

### FRESH WATER AND SEA WATER.

I LEARN from the March number of Hardwicke's Science Gossip that Dr. Bohn, a Prussian geographer, travelling in Africa, has discovered fresh-water medusæ in Lake Tanganika; that they have a large umbrella-shaped disc, and numerous long and prehensile tentacles.

This announcement will remind many readers of the discovery of a brood of small jelly fishes in one of the tanks of the Horticultural Gardens a few years ago, which naturally opened some curious questions concerning their origin. The essence of the conundrum was the occurrence of such purely marine animals in the fresh water.

Connected with this is a fact that is not sufficiently understood viz. that actual fresh water is rarely to be found, and that in many cases the so-called fresh water is but sea water diluted.

I met with a striking illustration of this when rowing along the innermost branch of the great Hardanger fjord—the Sör fjord. The rocks embanking this estuary, at a distance of nearly 100 miles from its mouth, are clothed with bladder watch similar to that on our own.

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coasts but of lighter colour. The water has so little salinity that I drank it freely without detecting any taste of salt. Anybody drinking it without knowing its origin would suppose it to be river water. Not only is sea weed growing on the rocks, but an abundance of small mussels are adhering to them.

Assuming that the saltness of the sea is due to the operations described in my note on the subject (May 1881), the water in the conservatory tank in which the small medusa was discovered must have become saline in the same manner as the ocean has. If I remember rightly, it was the great lily tank, which is artificially warmed, and therefore is continually evaporating with unusual rapidity. The pure water thus distilled away is replaced by ordinary hard water, containing the usual small quantity of salts dissolved in such water. This solution is continually being concentrated by the evaporation as the ocean is, and as the cul-de-sal lakes of Thibet, the Dead Sea, &c., are, in a still greater degree.

Lake Tanganika is about 350 miles long and 50 or 60 wide, receiving the waters of a multitude of rivers besides the overflow of Lake Luwemba. Its outlet—if it has any—is insignificant compared with its inflowings. Lying at an elevation of 3,000 feet and near to the equator (between lat. 3° and 8° S.), its great area of nearly 20,000 square miles must give off a vast quantity of pure water by evaporation, while it receives the water from the rivers which have dissolved more or less of the rocks over which they have travelled. The concentration of this would render it saline, but, unless this salinity exceeds that of the Sör fjord, its waters would be described as fresh until tested by chemical analysis.

I have made many experiments of gradually diluting the sea water of a small aquarium containing several species of marine animals, and found that actinia messembryanthemum, anthea cereus, and mussels were not killed until the water became so slightly brackish that a beer-drinker would not have distinguished it from ordinary river water, though to the more delicate palate of a water-drinker the salinity was perceptible. I have not subjected medusæ to this test.

I have observed long flags of the *ulva latissima* (sea lettuce) growing luxuriantly in the fresh water of a small stream that pours into the muddy estuary of the Bristol river, where the tide rises to such abnormal height. In this case the water is alternately fresh and saline; fresh when the tide is below the level of the bed of the streamlet, and saline when above it.

This subject should be experimentally studied at some of the

marine zoological stations that are now established or projected. If it shall be found that variations of salinity produce variations of the specific characteristics of plants and animals, the facts may throw some new light on many interesting geological questions, such as that of the permanency or variability of the saltness of the ocean, and establish a better understanding of the differences between estuarine and open sea deposits.

The ulva that I saw in the Bristol streamlet had longer and broader fronds than any I have seen on the open shore. This may be due to the alternations of salinity, or simply to the protection from rupture by breaking waves. The mussels on the Sör fjord were all very small.

#### A SILKEN CANNON.

EARLY a century ago Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford, made a number of experiments on the tenacity of different substances, and discovered that a copper plate  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch thickness, rolled into the form of a cylinder, has its strength doubled when coated with well-sized paper  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch thick; that a cylinder made of sheets of paper glued together and having a sectional area of one square inch supported a weight of 15 tons, fairly applied so as to exert a perpendicular pull. A similar cylinder made up of hempen fibres lying side by side in straight lines, without any twisting, and glued together, supported 46 tons per square inch of sectional area, i.e. more than the best iron can bear.

Had he combined silken fibres in the same manner, he would probably have obtained still greater tensile strength, as silk ropes are three times stronger than ordinary flax or hempen ropes.

I am reminded of all these old and almost forgotten experiments by a newspaper statement concerning "a German inventor" (name not given, nor any further identification), who proposes to wrap a steel tube with silk until it reaches the outer diameter of an ordinary cannon, doing this by mounting the tube on a lathe and winding the silk over it from several spools. When the desired thickness is attained, the silk is to be coated with gutta percha or hardened caoutchout to preserve it from air and dampness.

It is stated that a cannon will thus be obtained of equal strength to one of iron or steel of the same dimensions, and of course be much lighter.

The inventor does not seem to be acquainted with Count Rumford's results, or he would have results, or he would have results as it proceeds fr cemented them together as Rumford did. With this addition, or a similar use of bituminous cement, I have little doubt that the expected result as regards tenacity would be attained.

The account of this invention claims another advantage: it states that "silk being a bad conductor of heat, the gun can be fired very often without getting hot." This is a serious mistake: the effect of the bad conducting power of the silk would be exactly the opposite. The inner steel tube would be heated, by each discharge, to just the same extent as the inside of an ordinary steel gun, but instead of this heat being conducted away, diffused through the whole bulk of the metal, and radiated from its outer surface, it would be retained and concentrated on the thin steel tube, which after a few rounds would reach the temperature of 600° at which gunpowder ignites. Instead, therefore, of this non-conduction being an advantage, it is more likely to prove fatal to the invention. For signal guns, or salute firing, where there are no rapid repetitions, such guns may be useful on account of their lightness.

### AN APPROACHING STAR.

NE of the most beautiful of all the stars in the heavens is

Arcturus, in the constellation Boötes.

In January last the Astronomer Royal communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society a tabulated statement of the results of the observations made at Greenwich during 1883 in applying the method of Dr. Huggins for measuring the approach and recession of the so-called "fixed" stars in direct line.

Nearly two hundred of these observations are thus recorded, twenty-one of which were devoted to Arcturus, and were made from March 30 to August 24. The result shows that this brilliantly scintillating star is coming rapidly towards us, with a velocity of more than fifty miles per second (the mean of the twenty-one observations is 50.78). This amounts to about 3,000 miles per minute, 180,000 miles per hour, 4,320,000 miles per day.

Will this approach continue, or will the star presently appear stationary and then recede?

If the motion is orbital, the latter will occur. There is, however, nothing in the rates observed to indicate any such orbital motion, and as the observations extended over five months this has some weight.

Still it may be travelling in a mighty orbit of many years' duration, the bending of which may in time be indicated by a

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retardation of the rate of approach, then by no perceptible movement either towards or away from us, and this followed by a recession equal to its previous approach. If, on the other hand, the four and a half millions of miles per day continue, this star must become visibly brighter to posterity, in spite of the enormous magnitude of cosmical distances.

Our 81-ton guns drive forth their projectiles with a maximum velocity of 1,400 feet per second. Arcturus is approaching us with a speed that is 200 times greater than this. It thus moves over a distance equal to that between the earth and the sun in twenty-one days. Our present distance from Arcturus is estimated at 1,622,000 times this. Therefore, if the star continues to approach us at the same rate as measured last year, it will have completed the whole of its journey towards us in 93,000 years. It does not, however, follow from this that we shall come in collision at the end of the journey, for the spectroscope only measures one of the elements of motion. Arcturus has also a thwart motion, the combination of the two indicating an oblique path towards us with a divergence of such magnitude that, when we pass each other (supposing the path to be in a straight line), Arcturus will still be one of the stars.

I have to apologise for some typographical errors in my last month's notes, the proofs of some of them not having reached me for correction. The herbivorous something named on seventh line of the note on the iguanodon should have been described as an herbivorous lizard.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

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# TABLE TALK.

#### CONTEMPLATED EXTENSION OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

ITH singular pleasure I note that the seed I was the first to sow is likely to result in a harvest. Two or three years ago I urged warmly the desirability of adding to Hampstead Heath the adjoining slopes and the whole of the land up to Millfield Lane, the prettiest rural lane left near London. An influential committee has now, I hear, been formed with the purpose of securing this land for the public. The announcement is only just made, and I am not yet in a position to know what steps are to be taken. With all the earnestness of which I am capable, I urge the desirability of making this acquisition. From those northern slopes of London comes the healthiest and most bracing breeze that ever dilutes our smoke-laden At this moment the neighbouring slopes of Hornsey atmosphere. are built over, and those of Holloway are bisected by streets along which houses will spring like mushrooms in more than one respect. Everywhere in the north houses are spreading beyond what was regarded as the northernmost barrier. No scheme more desirable in itself, or more vital in importance than the maintenance of this reservoir of pure 'air, has been brought before the public. characteristic tardiness, we fail to seize this chance, there will be cause for keen and lasting regret. On the ground of beauty I would urge the claims of this lovely district to be preserved. In this practical age a statement to the requirements of health is, however, likely to be more effective than an appeal to sentiment.

### What Mr. Irving has done for the Stage.

HATEVER estimate may be formed of Mr. Irving's merits as an actor, the credit cannot be denied him of having effected a remarkable and an eminently desirable reformation in the mounting of stage plays. In America, where the change came as a complete surprise, startling first and then convincing the judgment of those who had witnessed no such accessories as he furnished, Mr. Irving obtained, perhaps, more than his just meed of

approbation. The facts that the improvement in scenic accessories was due in the first instance to the management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and that the example there set had been followed, and sometimes surpassed, by the management of the St. James's, the Princess's, and the Court, was naturally ign ored, and the honours of invention were accorded Mr. Irving, when he could only claim to have carried forward a movement originated by others. What Mr. Irving has done is to apply to the highest order of work the kind of attention that had previously been bestowed upon ephemeral productions. He has, moreover, reformed the entire representation at the Lyceum with his own singularly impressive individuality. The result is that an interpretation of "Much Ado About Nothing such as has now been supplied is in point of beauty in advance of anything the stage may be supposed to have seen. Under the influence of the reception given Mr. Irving on the opening night, the performance had spirit and delicacy almost magical. The visitor was carried to the very world of Boccaccio, and the picturesqueness and brightness of mediæval existence were reproduced with indescribable veracity. What is even more to the point, the language of one of the most exquisite of imaginative comedies was given in a manner that preserved the greater part of the poetry, and in some cases even suggested new beauties. The right of acting to rank among the fine arts is now established, and to sit out a play is once more an intellectual occupation.

# THE AGE OF THE SOLDIER.

HEN we hear of veteran soldiers, there are few probably who realise how few years of active warfare justify the employment of the term. Two or three years of service in the field are sufficient to convert into trustworthy soldiers the most hastily raised levies. Double that experience would justify the application to any troops of the term veterans. War is in every sense a wasteful occupation, and a few years' experience under an active general will reduce to smallest limits the number of those who have accompanied him through his successive campaigns. As a rule, fighting is done by boys, and the period of adventure, so far as the private soldier is concerned, coincides with that of the pursuit of war. These reflections are suggested to me by a curious mistake, as I regard it, in the picture of "The Morning of Agincourt," which continues the solitary contribution of Sir John Gilbert to Exhibition. By the description of



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quoted in the catalogue, by the words of Chorus depicting the English with "gesture sad," with "lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats," and by the answer of King Henry to the French herald:—

we know how wretched was the appearance of the English soldiers. This is faithfully presented by Sir John Gilbert in a picture worthy of his reputation. To the other misfortunes of the English host, however, he has added old age. Scarcely a man is there whose years can number less than fifty, and not a few may claim another decade. This is, of course, wholly erroneous. In the case of combats waged against foreign ascendency, such as were fought by the Swiss, or on behalf of liberty of conscience, like the wars of the Covenanters, middle-aged men may be numbered among the combatants. The armies sent to France under successive kings, however, consisted of the personal followers of the great nobles or peasants hastily impressed in Kent or Essex. Youth alone could face such privations as attended the victors at Agincourt.

### THE BLENHEIM PICTURES.

SHOULD these pictures quit England it will be to the eternal disgrace of somebody. Not long ago I heard one of the great leaders of modern radical thought declare that a Government that allowed one, at least, of these treasures to leave England deserved to be summarily ejected. The difficulty is not, however, with Government. Full value will be given for any picture. There is, however, a price at which it would be impossible for a Government like that of England to purchase. Absolutely prohibitive, so far as I understand, is the sum at present demanded for the collection, and the possibility of its being broken up has, I fancy, as yet not been seriously discussed. On whom will fall the infamy if a Government prepared to purchase treasures that have always been regarded as in a sense national, is unable to do so, I will leave to the decision of the reader.

SYLVANUS URBAN,

#### THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

August 1884.

# PHILISTIA.

By CECIL POWER.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

## THE PHILISTINES TRIUMPH.

"My dear," said Dr. Greatrex, looking up in alarm from the lunch table one morning, in the third term of Ernest Le Breton's stay at Pilbury, "what an awful apparition! Do you know, I positively see Mr. Blenkinsopp, father of that odious boy Blenkinsopp major, distinctly visible to the naked eye, walking across the front lawn—on the grass too—to our doorway. The pupil's parent is really the very greatest bane of all the banes that beset a poor, harassed, overdriven schoolmaster's unfortunate existence!"

"Blenkinsopp?" Mrs. Greatrex said reflectively. "Blenkinsopp? Who is he? Oh, I remember, a tobacco-pipe manufacturer somewhere in the midland counties, isn't he? Mr. Blenkinsopp, of Staffordshire, I always say to other parents—not Brosely—Brosely sounds decidedly commercial and unpresentable. No nice people would naturally like their sons to mix with miscellaneous boys from a place called Brosely. Now, what on earth can he be coming here for, I wonder, Joseph?"

"Oh, I know," the doctor answered with a deep-drawn sigh. "I know, Maria, only too well. It's the way of all parents. He's come to inquire after Blenkinsopp major's health and progress. They all do it. They seem to think the sole object of a headmaster's existence is to look after the comfort and morals of their own particular Tommy, or Bobby, or Dicky, or Harry. For Heaven's sake, what form is Blenkinsopp major in? For Heaven's sake, what's his Christian name, and age last irthday, and place in French and mathematics, and general state of health for past quarter? Where's the prompt-book, with house-master's and form-master's vol. cclvii. No. 1844.

report, Maria? Oh, here it is, thank goodness! Let me see; let me see-he's ringing at the door this very instant. 'Blenkinsopp . . . . major . . . . Charles Warrington . . . . fifteen . . . . fifth form . . . . average, twelfth boy of twelve . . . . idle, inattentive, naturally stupid; bad disposition . . . . health invariably excellent . . . . second eleven . . . . bats well.' That'll do. Run my eye down once again, and I shall remember all about him. How about the other? 'Blenkinsopp . . . . minor . . . . Cyril Anastasius Guy Waterbury Macfarlane'-heavens, what a name! . . . . 'thirteen . . . . fourth form . . . . average, seventh boy of eighteen . . . . industrious and wellmeaning, but heavy and ineffective . . . health good . . . . fourth eleven . . . . fields badly.' Ah, that's the most important one. Now I'm primed. Blenkinsopp major I remember something about, for he's one of the worst and most hopelessly stupid boys in the whole school-I've caned him frequently this term, and that keeps a boy green in one's memory; but Blenkinsopp minor, Cyril Anastasius Guy Thingumbob Whatyoumaycallit,—I don't remember him a bit. I suppose he's one of those inoffensive, mildly mediocre sort of boys who fail to impress their individuality upon one in any way. My experience is that you can always bear in mind the three cleverest boys at the top of each form, and the three stupidest or most mischievous boys at the bottom; but the nine or a dozen meritorious nobodies in the middle of the class are all so like one another in every way that you might as well try to discriminate between every individual sheep of a flock in a pasture. And yet, such is the natural contradictiousness and vexatious disposition of the British parent, that you'll always find him coming to inquire after just one of those very particular Tommies or Bobbies. Charles Warrington :- Cyril Anastasius Guy Whatyoumaycallit :--that'll do : I shall remember now all about them." And the doctor arranged his hair before the looking-glass into the most professional stiffness, as a preparatory step to facing Mr. Blenkinsopp's parental inquiries in the headmaster's study.

"What! Mr. Blenkinsopp! Yes, it is really. My dear sir, how do you do? This is a most unexpected pleasure. We hadn't the least idea you were in Pilbury. When did you come here?"

"I came last night, Dr. Greatrex," answered the dreaded parent, respectfully: "we've come down from Staffordshire for a week at the seaside, and we thought we might as well be within hail of Guy and Charlie."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear sir," said the doctor, mentally noting that Blenkinsopp minor was familiarly known as Guy, not Cyril; "we're delighted to see you. And now you want to know all about our two young friends, don't you?"

"Well, yes, Dr. Greatrex; I should like to know how they are getting on."

"Ah, of course, of course. Very right. It's such a pleasure to us when parents give us their active and hearty co-operation! You'd hardly believe, Mr. Blenkinsopp, how little interest some parents seem to feel in their boys' progress. To us, you know, who devote our whole time and energy assiduously to their ultimate welfare, it's sometimes quite discouraging to see how very little the parents themselves seem to care about it. But your boys are both doing capitally. The eldest-Blenkinsopp major, we call him; Charles Warrington, isn't it? (His home name's Charlie, if I recollect right. Ah, quite so.) Well, Charlie's the very picture of perfect health, as usual." ("Health is his only strong point, it seems to me," the doctor thought to himself instinctively. "We must put that first and foremost.") "In excellent health, and very good spirits. He's in the second eleven now, and a capital batter: I've no doubt he'll go into the first eleven next term, if we lose Biddlecombe Tertius to the university. In work, as you know, he's not very great : doesn't do his abilities full justice, Mr. Blenkinsopp, through his dreadful inattention. He's generally near the bottom of the form, I'm sorry to say; generally near the bottom of the form."

"Well, I dare say there's no harm in that, sir," said Mr. Blenkinsopp, senior, warmly. "I was always at the bottom of the form at school myself, doctor, but I've picked it up in after life; I've picked it up, sir, as you see, and I'm fully equal with most other people nowadays, as you'll find if you inquire of any town councilman or

man of position down our way, at Brosely."

"Ah, I dare say you were, Mr. Blenkinsopp," the doctor answered blandly, with just the faintest tinge of unconscious satire, peering at his square unintelligent features as a fancier peers at the face of a bull-dog; "I dare say you were now. After all, however clever a set of boys may be, one of them must be at the bottom of the form, in the nature of things, mustn't he? And your Charlie, I think, is only fifteen. Ah, yes; well, well; he'll do better, no doubt, if we keep him here a year or two longer. So then there's the second: Guy, you call him, if I remember right—Cyril Anastasius Guy—our Blenkinsopp minor. Guy's a good boy; an excellent boy: to tell you the plain truth, Mr. Blenkinsopp, I don't know much of him personally myself, which is a fact that tells greatly in his favour. Charlie I must admit I have to call up sometimes for represent

Guy, never. Charlie's in the fifth form: Guy's seventh in the fourth. A capital place for a boy of his age! He's very industrious, you know—what we call a plodder. They call it a plodder, you see, at thirteen, Mr. Blenkinsopp, but a man of ability at forty." Dr. Greatrex delivered that last effective shot point-blank at the eyes of the inquiring parent, and felt in a moment that its delicate generalised flattery had gone home straight to the parent's susceptible heart.

"But there's one thing, doctor," Mr. Blenkinsopp began, after a few minutes' further conversation on the merits and failings of Guy and Charlie, "there's one other thing I feel I should like to speak to you about, and that's the teaching of your fifth-form master, Mr. Le Breton. From what Charlie tells me, I don't quite like that young man's political ideas and opinions. He's said things to his form sometimes that are quite horrifying, I assure you: things about Property, and about our duty to the poor, and so on, that are positively enough to appal you. Now, for example, he told them—I don't quite like to repeat it, for it's sheer blasphemy I call it—but he told them in a Greek Testament lesson that the apostles themselves were a sort of Republicans—Socialists, I think Charlie said, or else Chartists, or dynamiters. I'm not sure he didn't say St. Peter himself was a regular communist!"

Dr. Greatrex drew a long breath. "I should think, Mr. Blenkinsopp," he suggested blandly, "Charlie must really have misunderstood Mr. Le Breton. You see, they've been reading the Acts of the Apostles in their Greek Testament this term. Now, of course, you remember that, during the first days of the infant Church, while its necessities were yet so great, as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. You see, here's the passage, Mr. Blenkinsopp, in the authorised version. I won't trouble you with the original. You've forgotten most of your Greek, I dare say: ah, I thought so. It doesn't stick to us like the Latin, does it? Now, perhaps, in expounding that passage, Mr. Le Breton may have referred in passing-as an illustration merely-to the unhappily prevalent modern doctrines of socialism and communism. He may have warned his boys, for example, against confounding a Christian communism like this, if I may so style it, with the rapacious, aggressive, immoral forms of communism now proposed to us, which are based upon the forcible disregard of all property and all vested interests of every sort. I don't say he did, you know, for I haven't conferred with him upon the subject: but he may have done so: and

he may even have used, as I have used, the phrase 'Christian communism,' to define the temporary attitude of the apostles and the early Church in this matter. That, perhaps, my dear sir, may be the

origin of the misapprehension."

Mr. Blenkinsopp looked hard at the three verses in the big Bible the doctor had handed him, with a somewhat suspicious glare. He was a self-made man, with land and houses of his own in plenty, and he didn't quite like this suggestive talk about selling them and laying the prices at the apostles' feet. It savoured to him both of communism and priestcraft. "That's an awkward text, you know," he said, looking up curiously from the Bible in his hand into the doctor's face, "a very awkward text; and I should say it was rather a dangerous one to set too fully before young people. It seems to me to make too little altogether of Property. You know, Dr. Greatrex, at first sight, it does look just a little like communism."

"Precisely what Mr. Le Breton probably said," the doctor answered, following up his advantage quickly. "At first sight, no doubt, but at first sight only, I assure you, Mr. Blenkinsopp. If you look on to the fourth verse of the next chapter, you'll see that St. Peter, at least, was no communist-which is perhaps what Mr. Le Breton really said. St. Peter there argues in favour of purely voluntary beneficence, you observe; as when you, Mr. Blenkinsopp, contribute a guinea to our chapel window :- you see, we're grateful to our kind benefactors: we don't forget them. And if you'll look at the Thirty-eighth Article of the Church of England, my dear sir, you'll find that the riches and goods of Christians are not common, as touching the right, title, and possession of the same, as certain Anabaptists-(Gracious heavens! is he a Baptist, I wonder-if so, I've put my foot in it)-certain Anabaptists do falsely boastreferring, of course, to sundry German fanatics of the time-followers of one Kniperdoling, a crazy enthusiast, not to the respectable English Baptist denomination; but that nevertheless every man ought, of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give alms to the poor. That, you see, is the doctrine of the Church of England, and that, I've no doubt, is the doctrine that Mr. Le Breton pointed out to your boys as the true Christian communism of St. Peter and the

"Well, I hope so, Dr. Greatrex," Mr. Blenkinsopp answered, resignedly. "I'm sure I hope so, for his own sake, as well as for his pupils'. Still, in these days, you know, when infidelity and Radicalism are so rife, one ought to be on one's guard against atheism and revolution, and attacks on Property in every form; oughta's own

doctor? These opinions are getting so rampant all around us. Property itself isn't safe. One really hardly knows what people are coming to nowadays. Why, last night I came down here and stopped at the Royal Marine, on the Parade, and having nothing else to do, while my wife was looking after the little ones, I turned in to a hall down in Combe Street, where I saw a lot of placards up about a Grand National Social Democratic Meeting. Well, I turned in, Dr. Greatrex, and there I heard a German refugee fellow from Londona white-haired man of the name of Schurts, or something of the sort" -Mr. Blenkinsopp pronounced it to rhyme with 'hurts'-" who was declaiming away in a fashion to make your hair stand on end and frighten you half out of your wits with his dreadful communistic notions. I assure you, he positively took my breath away. I ran out of the hall at last, while he was still speaking, for fear the roof should fall in upon our heads and crush us to pieces. I declare to you, sir, I quite expected a visible judgment!"

"Did you really, now?" said Dr. Greatrex, languidly. "Well, I dare say, for I know there's a sad prevalence of revolutionary feeling among our workmen here, Mr. Blenkinsopp. Now, what was this

man Schurz talking about?"

"Why, sheer communism, sir," said Mr. Blenkinsopp, severely: "sheer communism, I can tell you. Co-operation of workmen to rob their employers of profits; gross denunciation of capital and capitalists; and regular inciting of them against the Property of the landlords, by quoting Scripture, too, doctor, by quoting the very words of Scripture. They say the devil can quote Scripture to his own destruction, don't they, doctor? Well, he quoted something out of the Bible about woe unto them that join field to field, or words to that effect, to make themselves a solitude in the midst of the earth. Do you know, it strikes me that it's a very dangerous book, the Bible—in the hands of these socialistic demagogues, I mean. Look, now, at that passage, and at what Mr. Le Breton said about Christian communism!"

"But, my dear Mr. Blenkinsopp," the doctor cried, in a tone of gentle deprecation, "I hope you don't confound a person like this man Schurz, a German refugee of the worst type, with our Mr. Le Breton, an Oxford graduate and an English gentleman of excellent family. I know Schurz by name through the papers: he's the author of a dreadful book called 'Gold and the Proletariate,' or something of that sort—a revolutionary work like Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' I believe—and he goes about the country now and then, lecturing and agitating, to make money, no doubt, out of the poor, misguided,

credulous workmen. You quite pain me when you mention him in the same breath with a hard-working, conscientious, able teacher like our Mr. Le Breton."

"Oh," Mr. Blenkinsopp went on, a little mollified, "then Mr. Le Breton's of a good family, is he? That's a great safeguard, at any rate; for you don't find people of good family running recklessly after these bloodthirsty doctrines, and disregarding the claims of Property."

"My dear sir," the doctor continued, "we know his mother, Lady Le Breton, personally. His father, Sir Owen, was a distinguished officer—general in the Indian army, in fact; and all his people are extremely well connected with some of our best county families. Nothing wrong about him in any way, I can answer for it. He came here direct from Lord Exmoor's, where he'd been acting as tutor to Viscount Lynmouth, the eldest son of the Tregellis family: and you may be sure they wouldn't have anybody about them in any capacity who wasn't thoroughly and perfectly responsible, and free from any prejudice against the just rights of property."

At each successive step of this collective guarantee to Ernest Le Breton's perfect respectability Mr. Blenkinsopp's square face beamed brighter and brighter, till at last, when the name of Lord Exmoor was finally reached, his mouth relaxed slowly into a broad smile, and he felt that he might implicitly trust the education of his boys to a person so intimately bound up with the best and highest interests of religion and Property in this kingdom. "Of course," he said placidly, "that puts quite a different complexion upon the matter, Dr. Greatrex. I'm very glad to hear young Mr. Le Breton's such an excellent and trustworthy person. But the fact is, that Schurts man gave me quite a turn for the moment, with his sanguinary notions. I wish you could see the man, sir; a long, white-haired, savagebearded, fierce-eyed old revolutionist, if ever there was one. It made me shudder to look at him, not raving and ranting like a madman-I shouldn't have minded so much if he'd a-done that; but talking as cool and calm and collected, doctor, about 'eliminating the capitalist'-cutting off my head, in fact-as we two are talking here together at this moment. His very words were, sir, 'we must eliminate the capitalist.' Why, bless my soul "-and here Mr. Blenkinsopp rushed to the window excitedly-"who on earth' coming across your lawn, here, arm in arm with M the school-house? Man alive, Dr. Greatrex,

the school-house? Man alive, Dr. Greatrex, say, hanged if it isn't really that Germa and no mistake at all about it!"

Dr. Greatrex rose from his magisterial chair and glanced with dignified composure out of the window. Yes, there was positively no denying it! Ernest Le Breton, in cap and gown, with Edie by his side, was walking arm in arm up to the school-house with a longbearded large-headed German-looking man, whose placid powerful face the doctor immediately recognised as the one he had seen in the illustrated papers above the name of Max Schurz, the defendant in the coming state trial for unlawfully uttering a seditious libel! He could hardly believe his eyes. Though he knew Ernest's opinions were dreadfully advanced, he could not have suspected him of thus consorting with positive murderous political criminals. In spite of his natural and kindly desire to screen his own junior master, he felt that this public exhibition of irreconcilable views was quite unpardonable and irretrievable. "Mr. Blenkinsopp," he said gravely, turning to the awe-struck tobacco-pipe manufacturer with an expression of sympathetic dismay upon his practised face, "I must retract all I have just been saying to you about our junior master. I was not aware of this. Mr. Le Breton must no longer retain his post as an assistant at Pilbury Regis Grammar School."

Mr. Blenkinsopp sank amazed into an easy-chair, and sat in dumb astonishment to see the end of this extraordinary and unprecedented adventure. The doctor walked out severely to the school porch, and stood there in solemn state to await the approach of the unsuspecting offender.

"It's so delightful, dear Herr Max," Ernest was saying at that exact moment, "to have you down here with us even for a single night. You can't imagine what an oasis your coming has been to us both. I'm sure Edie has enjoyed it just as much as I have, and is just as anxious you should stop a little time here with us as I myself could

possibly be."

"Oh, yes, Herr Schurz," Edie put in persuasively with her sweet little pleading manner; "do stay a little longer. I don't know when dear Ernest has enjoyed anything in the world so much as he has enjoyed seeing you. You've no idea how dull it is down here for him, and for me too, for that matter; everybody here is so borné, and narrow-minded, and self-centred; nothing expansive or sympathetic about them, as there used to be about Ernest's set in dear, quiet, peaceable old Oxford. It's been such a pleasure to us to hear some conversation again that wasn't about the school, and the rector, and the Haigh Park people, and the flower show, and old Mrs. Jenkins's quarrel with the vicar of St. Barnabas. Except when Mr. Berkeley runs down sometimes for a Saturday to Monday trip to see

us, and takes Ernest out for a good blow with him on the top of the breezy downs over yonder, we really never hear anything at all except the gossip and the small-talk of Pilbury Regis."

"And what makes it worse, Herr Max," said Ernest, looking up in the old man's calm strong face with the same reverent, almost filial love and respect as ever, "is the fact that I can't feel any real interest and enthusiasm in the work that's set before me. I try to do it as well as I can, and I believe Dr. Greatrex, who's a kindhearted good sort of man in his way, is perfectly satisfied with it; but my heart isn't in it, you see, and can't be in it. What sort of good is one doing the world by dinning the same foolish round of Horace and Livy and Latin elegiacs into the heads of all these useless, eat-all, do-nothing young fellows, who'll only be fit to fight or preach or idle as soon as we've finished cramming them with our indigestible unserviceable nostrums?"

"Ah, Ernest, Ernest," said Herr Max, nodding his heavy head gravely, "you always will look too seriously altogether at your social duties. I can't get other people to do it enough; and I can't get you not to do it too much entirely. Remember, my dear boy, my pet old saying about a little leaven. You're doing more good by just unobtrusively holding your own opinions here at Pilbury, and getting in the thin end of the wedge by slowly influencing the minds of a few middle-class boys in your form, than you could possibly be doing by making shoes or weaving clothes for the fractional benefit of general humanity. Don't be so abstract, Ernest; concrete yourself a little: isn't it enough that you're earning a livelihood for your dear little wife here, whom I'm glad to know at last and to receive as a worthy daughter? I may call you, Edie, mayn't I, my daughter? So this is your school, is it? A pleasant building! And that stern-looking old gentleman yonder, I suppose, is your head-master?"

"Dr. Greatrex," said Edie innocently, stepping up to him in her bright elastic fashion, "let me introduce you to our friend Herr Schurz, whose name I dare say you know—the German political economist. He's come down to Pilbury to deliver a lecture here, and we've been fortunate enough to put him up at our little lodging."

The doctor bowed very stiffly. "I have heard of Herr Schurz's reputation already," he said with as much diplomatic politeness as he could command, fortunately bethinking himself at the right moment of the exact phrase that would cover the situation without committing him to any further courtesy towards the terrible str "Will you excuse my saying, Mrs. Le Breton, that we're this afternoon, and I want to have a few words with"

private immediately? Perhaps you'd better take Herr Schurz on to the downs" ("safer there than on the Parade, at any rate," he thought to himself quickly), "and Le Breton will join you in the combe a little later in the afternoon. I'll take the fifth form myself, and let him have a holiday with his friend here if he'd like one. Le Breton, will you step this way, please?" And lifting his square cap with stern solemnity to Edie, the doctor disappeared under the porch into the corridor, closely followed by poor frightened and wondering Ernest.

Edie looked at Herr Max in dismay, for she saw clearly there was something serious the matter with the doctor. The old man shook his head sadly. "It was very wrong of me," he said bitterly: "very wrong and very thoughtless. I ought to have remembered it and stopped away. I'm a caput lupinum, it seems, in Pilbury Regis, a sort of moral scarecrow or political leper, to be carefully avoided like some horrid contagion by a respectable prosperous head-master. I might have known it, I might have known it, Edie; and now I'm afraid by my stupidity I've got dear Ernest unintentionally into a pack of troubles. Come on, my child, my poor dear child, come on to the downs, as he told us; I won't compromise you any longer by being seen with you in the streets, in the decent decorous whited sepulchres of Pilbury Regis." And the grey old apostle, with two tears trickling unreproved down his wrinkled cheek, took Edie's arm tenderly in his, and led her like a father up to the green grassy slope that overlooks the little seaward combe by the nestling village of Nether Pilbury.

Meanwhile, Dr. Greatrex had taken Ernest into the breakfast-room -the study was already monopolised by Mr. Blenkinsopp-and had seated himself nervously, with his hands folded before him, on a straight-backed chair. There was a long and awkward pause, for the doctor didn't care to begin the interview; but at last he sighed deeply, and said in a tone of genuine disappointment and difficulty, "My dear Le Breton, this is really very unpleasant."

Ernest looked at him, and said nothing.

"Do you know," the doctor went on kindly after a minute, "I really do like you and sympathise with you. But what am I to do after this? I can't keep you at the school any longer, can I now? I put it to your own common-sense. I'm afraid, Le Breton-it gives me sincere pain to say so-but I'm afraid we must part at the end of the quarter."

Ernest only muttered that he was very sorry.

"But what are we to do about it, Le Breton?" the doctor con-

tinued more kindly than ever. "What are we ever to do about it? For my own sake, and for the boys' sake, and for respectability's sake, it's quite impossible to let you remain here any longer. The first thing you must do is to send away this Schurz creature "—Ernest started a little—"and then we must try to let it blow over as best we can. Everybody'll be talking about it; you know the man's become quite notorious lately; and it'll be quite necessary to say distinctly, Le Breton, before the whole of Pilbury, that we've been obliged to dismiss you summarily. So much we positively must do for our own protection. But what on earth are we to do for you, my poor fellow? I'm afraid you've cut your own throat, and I don't see any way on earth out of it."

"How so?" asked Ernest, half stunned by the suddenness of this unexpected dismissal.

"Why, just look the thing in the face yourself, Le Breton. I can't very well give you a recommendation to any other head-master without mentioning to him why I had to ask you for your resignation. And I'm afraid, if I told them, nobody else would ever take you."

"Indeed?" said Ernest, very softly. "Is it such a heinous offence to know so good a man as Herr Schurz—the best follower of the apostles I ever knew?"

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, confidentially, with an unusual burst of outspoken frankness, "so far as my own private feelings are concerned, I don't in the least object to your knowing Herr Schurz or any other socialist whatsoever. To tell you the truth, I dare say he really is an excellent and most well-meaning person at bottom. Between ourselves, I've always thought that there was nothing very heterodox in socialism; in fact, I often think, Le Breton, the Bible's the most thoroughly democratic book that ever was written. But we haven't got to deal in practice with first principles; we have to deal with Society—with men and women as we find them. Now, Society doesn't like your Herr Schurz, objects to him, anathematises him, wants to imprison him. If you walk about with him in public, Society won't send its sons to your school. Therefore, you should disguise your affection, and if you want to visit him, you should visit him, like Nicodemus, by night only."

"I'm afraid," said Ernest very fixedly, "I shall never be able so far to accommodate myself to the wishes of Society."

"I'm afraid not, myself, Le Breton," the doctor went on with imperturbable good temper. "I'm afraid not, and I'm so. The fact is, you've chosen the wrong profession. pliability enough for a schoolmaster; you're too.

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out of the common run; your ideas are too peculiar. Now, you've got me to-day into a dreadful pickle, and I might very easily be angry with you about it, and part with you in bad blood; but I really like you, Le Breton, and I don't want to do that; so I only tell you plainly, you've mistaken your natural calling. What it can be I don't know; but we must put our two heads together, and see what we can do for you before the end of the quarter. Now, go up to the combe to your wife, and try to get that terrible bugbear of a German out of Pilbury as quickly and as quietly as possible. Good-bye for to-day, Le Breton; no coolness between us for this, I hope, my dear fellow."

Ernest grasped his hand warmly. "You're very kind, Dr. Greatrex," he said with genuine feeling. "I see you mean well by me, and I'm very, very sorry if I've unintentionally caused you any embarrassment."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear fellow. Don't mention it. We'll tide it over somehow, and I'll see whether I can get you anything else to do that you're better fitted for."

As the door closed on Ernest, the doctor just gently wiped a certain unusual dew off his gold spectacles with a corner of his spotless handkerchief. "He's a good fellow," he murmured to himself, "an excellent fellow; but he doesn't manage to combine with the innocence of the dove the wisdom of the serpent. Poor boy, poor boy, I'm afraid he'll sink, but we must do what we can to keep his chin floating above the water. And now I must go back to the study to have out my explanation with that detestable thick-headed old pig of a Blenkinsopp! 'Your views about young Le Breton,' I must say to him, 'are unfortunately only too well founded; and I have been compelled to dismiss him this very hour from Pilbury Grammar School.' Ugh—how humiliating! the profession's really enough to give one a perfect sickening of life altogether!"

### CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE STREETS OF ASKELON.

BEFORE the end of the quarter, two things occurred which made almost as serious a difference to Ernest's and Edie's lives as the dismissal from Pilbury Regis Grammar School. It was about a week or ten days after Herr Max's unfortunate visit that Ernest awoke one morning with a very curious and unpleasant taste in his mouth.

accompanied by a violent fit of coughing. He knew what the taste was, well enough; and he mentioned the matter casually to Edie, a little later in the morning. Edie was naturally frightened at the symptoms, and made him go to see the school doctor. The doctor felt his pulse attentively, listened with his stethoscope at the chest, punched and pummelled the patient all over in the most orthodox fashion, and asked the usual inquisitorial personal questions about all the other members of his family. When he heard about Ronald's predisposition, he shook his head seriously, and feared there was really something in it. Increased vocal resonance at the top of the left lung, he must admit. Some tendency to tubercular deposit there, and perhaps even a slight deep-seated cavity. Ernest must take care of himself for the present, and keep himself as free as possible from all kind of worry or anxiety.

"Is it consumption, do you think, Dr. Sanders?" Edie asked breathlessly.

"Well, consumption, Mrs. Le Breton, is a very vague and indefinite expression," said the doctor, tapping his white shirtcuff with his nail in his slowest and most deliberate manner. "It may mean a great deal, or it may mean very little. I don't want in any way to alarm you, or to alarm your husband; but there's certainly a marked incipient tendency towards tubercular deposit. Yes, tubercular deposit... Well, if you ask me the question point-blank, I should say so... certainly... I should say it was phthisis, very little doubt of it... In short, what some people would call consumption."

Ernest went home with Edie, comforting her all the way as well as he was able, and trying to make light of it, but feeling in his own heart that the look-out was decidedly beginning to gather blacker and darker than ever before them. Through the rest of that term he worked as well as he could; but Edie noticed every morning that the cough was getting worse and worse; and long before the time came for them to leave Pilbury he had begun to look distinctly delicate. Care for Edie and for the future was telling on him: his frame had never been very robust, and the anxieties of the last year had brought out the same latent hereditary tendency which had shown itself earlier and more markedly in the case of his brother Ronald.

Meanwhile, Dr. Greatrex was assiduous in looking about for something or other that Ernest could turn his hand to, and writing letters with indefatigable kindness to all his colleagues and correspond for though he was, as Ernest said, a most unmitigated hu was really his only fault; and when his sympa

really aroused, as the Le Bretons had aroused them, there was no stone he would leave unturned if only his energy could be of any service to those whom he wished to benefit. But unfortunately in this case it couldn't. "I'm at my wits' end what to do with you, Le Breton," he said kindly one morning to Ernest: "but how on earth I'm to manage anything, I can't imagine. For my own part, you know, though your conduct about that poor man Schurz (a wellmeaning harmless fanatic, I dare say) was really a public scandalfrom the point of view of parents I mean, my dear fellow, from the point of view of parents-I should almost be inclined to keep you on here in spite of it, and brave the public opinion of Pilbury Regis, if it depended entirely upon my own judgment. But in the management of a school, my dear boy, as you yourself must be aware, a headmaster isn't the sole and only authority: there are the governors, for example, Le Breton, and-and-and, ur, there's Mrs. Greatrex. Now, in all matters of social discipline and attitude, Mrs. Greatrex is justly of equal authority with me; and Mrs. Greatrex thinks it would never do to keep you at Pilbury. So, of course, that practically settles the question. I'm awfully sorry, Le Breton, dreadfully sorry, but I don't see my way out of it. The mischief's done already, to some extent, for all Pilbury knows now that Schurz came down here to stop with you at your lodgings : but if I were to keep you on they'd say I didn't disapprove of Schurz's opinions, and that would naturally be simple ruination for the school-simple ruination."

Ernest thanked him sincerely for the trouble he had taken, but wondered desperately in his own heart what sort of future could ever be in store for them.

The second event was less unexpected, though quite equally embarrassing under existing circumstances. Hardly more than a month before the end of the quarter, a little black-eyed baby daughter came to add to the prospective burdens of the Le Breton family. She was a wee, fat, round-faced, dimpled Devonshire lass to look at, as far surpassing every previous baby in personal appearance as each of those previous babies, by universal admission, had surpassed all their earlier predecessors—a fact which, as Mr. Sanders remarked, ought to be of most gratifying import both to evolutionists and to philanthropists in general, as proving the continuous and progressive amelioration of the human race: and Edie was very proud of her indeed, as she lay placidly in her very plain little white robes on the pillow of her simple wickerwork cradle. But Ernest, though he learned to love the tiny intruder dearly afterwards, had no heart just then to bear the conventional congratulations of his friends and

fellow-masters. Another mouth to feed, another life dependent upon him, and little enough, as it seemed, for him to feed it with. When Edie asked him what they should name the baby—he had just received an adverse answer to his application for a vacant secretary-ship—he crumpled up the envelope bitterly in his hand, and cried out in his misery, "Call her Pandora, Edie, call her Pandora; for we've got to the very bottom of the casket, and there is nothing at all left for us now but hope—and even of that very little!"

So they duly registered her name as Pandora; but her mother shortened it familiarly into Dot; and as little Dot she was practically known ever after.

Almost as soon as poor Edie was able to get about again, the time came when they would have to leave Pilbury Regis. The doctor's search had been quite ineffectual, and he had heard of absolutely nothing that was at all likely to suit Ernest Le Breton. He had tried Government offices, members of Parliament, colonial friends, everybody he knew in any way who might possibly know of vacant posts or appointments, but each answer was only a fresh disappointment for him and for Ernest. In the end, he was fain to advise his peccant under-master, since nothing else remained for it, that he had better go up to London for the present, take lodgings, and engage in the precarious occupation known as "looking about for something to turn up." On the morning when Edie and he were to leave the town, Dr. Greatrex saw Ernest privately in his own study.

"I wish very much I could have gone to the station to see you off, Le Breton," he said, pressing his hand warmly; "but it wouldn't do, you know, it wouldn't do, and Mrs. Greatrex wouldn't like it. People would say I sympathised secretly with your political opinions, which might offend Sir Matthew Ogle and others of our governors. But I'm sorry to get rid of you, really and sincerely sorry, my dear fellow; and apart from personal feeling, I'm sure you'd have made a good master in most ways, if it weren't for your most unfortunate socialistic notions. Get rid of them, Le Breton, I beg of you; do get rid of them. Well, the only thing I can advise you now is to try your hand, for the present only-till something turns up, you knowat literature and journalism. I shall be on the look-out for you still, and shall tell you at once of anything I may happen to hear of. But meanwhile, you must try to be earning something. And if at any time, my dear friend, you should be temporarily in want of money "the doctor said this in a shame-faced, hesitating sort of way, with not a little humming and hawing-"in want of money for immediate necessities merely, if you'll only be so kind as to write and tell me, I should consider it a pleasure and a privilege to lend you a ten-pound note, you know—just for a short time, till you saw your way clear before you. Don't hesitate to ask me now, be sure; and I may as well say, write to me at the school, Le Breton, not at the schoolhouse, so that even Mrs. Greatrex need never know anything about it. In fact, if you'll excuse me, I've put a small sum into this envelope—only twenty pounds—which may be of service to you, as a loan, as a loan merely: if you'll take it only till something turns up, you know—you'll really be conferring a great favour upon me. There, there, my dear boy; now don't be offended: I've borrowed money myself at times, when I was a young man like you, and I hadn't a wife and family then as an excuse for it either. Put it in your pocket, there's a good fellow; you'll need it for Mrs. Le Breton and the baby, you see: now do please put it in your pocket."

The tears rose fast and hot in Ernest's eyes, and he grasped the doctor's other hand with grateful fervour. "Dear Dr. Greatrex," he said as well as he was able, "it's too kind of you, too kind of you altogether. But I really can't take the money. Even after the expenses of Edie's illness and of baby Dot's wardrobe, we have a little sum, a very little sum laid by, that'll help us to tide over the immediate present. It's too good of you, too good of you altogether. I shall remember your kindness for ever with the most sincere and heartfelt gratitude."

As Ernest looked into the doctor's half-averted eyes, swimming and glistening just a little with sympathetic m isture, his heart smote him when he thought that he had ever described that good, kindly, generous man as an unmitigated humbug. "It shows how little one can trust the mere outside shell of human beings," he said to Edie, self-reproachfully, as they sat together in their bare third-class carriage an hour later. "The humbug's just the conventional mask of his profession—necessary enough, I suppose, for people who are really going to live successfully in the world as we find it; the heart within him's a thousand times warmer and truer and more unspoiled than one could ever have imagined from the outer covering. He offered me his twenty pounds so delicately and considerately that but for my father's blood in me, Edie, for your sake, I believe I could almost have taken it."

When they got to London, Ernest wished to leave Edie and Dot at Arthur Berkeley's rooms (he knew nowhere else to leave them), while he went out by himself to look about for cheap lodgings. Edie was still too weak, he said, to carry her baby about the streets of London in search of apartments. But Edie wouldn't hear of this arrangement: she didn't quite like going to Arthur's, and she felt sure she could bargain with the London landladies a great deal more effectually than a man like Ernest—which was an important matter in the present very reduced condition of the family finances. In the end, it was agreed that they should both go out on the hunt together, but that Ernest should be permitted to relieve Edie by turns in taking care of the precious baby.

"They're dreadful people, I believe, London landladies," said Edie, in her most housewifely manner; "regular cheats and skinflints, I've always heard, who try to take you in on every conceivable point and item. We must be very careful not to let them get the better of us, Ernest, and to make full inquiries about all extras, and so forth, beforehand."

They turned towards Holloway and the northern district, to look for cheap rooms, and they saw a great many, more or less dear, and more or less dirty and unsuitable, until their poor hearts really began to sink within them. At last, in despair, Edie turned up a small side street in Holloway, and stopped at a tiny house, with a clean white curtain in its wee front bay window. "This is awfully small, Ernest," she said despondently, "but perhaps, after all, it might really suit us."

The door was opened for them by a tall, raw-boned, hard-faced woman, the very embodiment and personification of Edie's ideal skinflint London landlady. Might they see the lodgings, Edie asked dubiously. Yes, they might, indeed, mum, answered the hard-faced woman. Edie glanced at Ernest significantly, as who should say that these would really never do.

The lodgings were very small, but they were as clean as a new pin. Edie began to relent, and thought, perhaps, in spite of the landlady, they might somehow manage to put up with them. What was the rent?

The hard-faced landlady looked at Edie steadily, and then answered, "Fifteen shillings, mum."

"Oh, that's too much for us, I'm afraid," said Edie, ruefully.
"We don't want to go as high as that. We're very poor and quiet people."

"Well, mum," the landlady assented quickly, "it is 'igh for the rooms, perhaps, mum, though I've 'ad more: but it is 'igh, mum. I won't deny it. Still, for you, mum, and the baby, I wouldn't mind making it twelve and sixpence."

"Couldn't you say half-a-sovereign?" Edie asked emboldened by success.

"'Arf a suvveran, mum? Well, I 'ardly rightle vol. CCLVII. NO. 1844.

hard-faced landlady deliberately. "I can't say without askin' of my 'usband whether he'll let me. Excuse me a minnit, mum; I'll just run down and ask 'im."

Edie glanced at Ernest, and whispered doubtfully, "They'll do, but I'm afraid she's a dreadful person."

Meanwhile, the hard-faced landlady had run downstairs quickly, and called out in a pleasant voice of childish excitement to her husband. "John, John," she cried—"drat that man, where's he gone to! Oh, a-smokin' of course, in the back kitching. Oh, John, there's the sweetest little lady you ever set eyes on, all in black, with a dear baby, a dear little speechless infant, and a invalid 'usband, I should say by the look of 'im, 'as come to ask the price of the ground floor lodgin's. And seein' she was so nice and kindlike, I told her fifteen shillings, instead of a suvveran; and she says, can't you let 'em for less? says she; and she was that pretty and engagin' that I says, well, for you I'll make it twelve and sixpence, mum, says I: and says she, you couldn't say 'arf a suvveran, could you? and says I, I'll ask my 'usband: and oh, John, I do wish you'd let me take 'em at that, for a kinder, sweeter-lookin', dearer family I never did, an' that I tell you."

John drew his pipe slowly out of his mouth—he was a big, heavy, coachman-built sort of person, in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves—and answered with a kindly smile, "Why, Martha, if you want to take 'em for 'arf a suvveran, in course you'd ought to do it. Got a baby, pore thing, 'ave she now? Well, there, there, you just go this very minnit, and tell 'em as you'll take 'em."

The hard-faced landlady went up the stairs again, only stopping a moment to observe parenthetically that a sweeter little lady she never did, and what was 'arf-a-crown a week to you and me, John? and then, holding the corner of her apron in her hand, she informed Edie that her 'usband was prepared to accept the ten shillings weekly.

"I'll try to make you and the gentleman comfortable, mum," she said eagerly: "the gentleman don't look strong, now do he? We must try to feed 'im up and keep 'im cheerful. And we've got plenty of flowers to make the room bright, you see: I'm very fond of flowers myself, mum: seems to me as if they was sort of company to one, like, and when you water 'em and tend 'em always, I feel as if they was alive, and got to know one again, I do, and that makes one love 'em, now don't it, mum? To see 'em brighten up after you've watered 'em, like that there maiden-'air fern there, why, it's enough to make one love 'em the same as if they was Christians, mum."

There was a melting tenderness in her voice when she talked about

the flowers that half won over Edie's heart, even in spite of her hard features.

"I'm glad you're so fond of flowers, Mrs. ——. Oh, you haven't told us your name yet," Edie said, beginning vaguely to suspect that perhaps the hard-faced landlady wasn't quite as bad as she looked to a casual observer.

"'Alliss, mum," the landlady answered, filling up Edie's interrogatory blank. "My name is 'Alliss."

"Alice what?" Edie asked again.

"Oh, no, mum, you don't rightly understand me," the landlady replied, getting very red, and muddling up her aspirates more decidedly than ever, as people with her failing always do when they want to be specially deliberate and emphatic: "not Halice, but 'Alliss; haitch, hay, hell, hell, hi, double hess—'Alliss: my full name's Martha 'Alliss, mum; my 'usband's John 'Alliss. When would you like to come in?"

"At once," Edie answered. "We've left our luggage at the cloakroom at Waterloo, and my husband will go back and fetch it, while I stop here with the baby."

"No, that he shan't, indeed, mum," cried the hard-faced landlady hastily; "beggin' your pardon for sayin' so. Our John shall go—that's my 'usband, mum; and you shall give 'im the ticket. I wouldn't let your good gentleman there go, and 'im so tired, too, not for the world, I wouldn't. Just you give me the ticket, mum, and John shall go this very minnit and fetch it."

"But perhaps your husband's busy," said Ernest, reflecting upon the probable cost of cab hire; "and he'll want a cab to fetch it in."

"Bless your 'eart, sir," said the landlady, busily arranging things all round the room meanwhile for the better accommodation of the baby, "'e ain't noways busy, 'e ain't. 'E's a lazy man, now-a-days, John is: retired from business, 'e says, sir, and ain't got nothink to do but clean the knives, and lay the fires, and split the firewood, and such like. John were a coachman, sir, in a gentleman's family for mest of 'is life, man and boy, these forty year, come Christmas; and we've saved a bit o' money between us, so as we don't need for nothink: and 'e don't want the cab, puttin' you to expense, sir, onnecessary, to bring the luggage round in. 'E'll just borrer the handbarrer from the livery in the mews, sir, and wheel it round 'isself, in 'arf an hour, and make nothink of it. Just you give me the ticket and set you right down there, and I'll make."

of tea at once, and John 'll bring ryou've got your things off."

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Ernest looked at Edie, and Edie looked at Ernest. Could they have judged too hastily once more, after their determination to be lenient in first judgments for the future? So Ernest gave Mrs. Halliss the cloak-room ticket, and Mrs. Halliss ran downstairs with it immediately. "John," she cried again, "—drat that man, where's 'e gone to? Oh, there you are, dearie! Just you' put on your coat an' 'at as fast as ever you can, and borrer Tom Wood's barrer, and run down to Waterloo, and fetch up them two portmanteaus, will you? And you drop in on the way at the Waterfield dairy-Jenkins's: Jenkins's milk ain't good enough for them-and tell 'em to send round two pennorth of fresh this very minnit, do y'ear, John, this very minnit, as it's extremely pertickler. And a good thing I didn't give you them two eggs for your dinner, as is fresh-laid by 'our own 'ens this mornin', and no others like 'em to be 'ad in London for love or money; and they shall 'ave 'em boiled light for their tea this very evenin'. And you look sharp, John,-drat the man, 'ow long 'e is-for I tell you, these is reel gentlefolk, and them pore too, which makes it all the 'arder; and they've got to be treated the same in every respeck as if they was paying a 'ole suvverin, bless their 'earts, the pore creechurs."

"Pore," said John, vainly endeavouring to tear on his coat with becoming rapidity under the influence of Mrs. Halliss's voluble exhortations. "Pore are they, pore things? and so they may be. I've knowed the sons of country gentlemen, and that baronights too, Martha, as 'ad kep' their 'ounds, redooced to be that pore as they couldn't have afforded to a took our lodgings, even 'umble as they may be. Pore ain't nothink to do with it noways, as respecks gentility. I've lived forty years in gentlemen's families, up an' down, Martha, and I think I'd ought to know somethink about the 'abits and manners of the aristocracy. Pore ain't in the question at all, it ain't, as far as breedin' goes: and if they're pore, and got to be gentlefolks too all the same"—John spoke of this last serious disability in a tone of unfeigned pity—"why, Martha, wot I says is, we'd ought to do the very best we can for 'em any 'ow, now, oughtn't we?"

"Drat the man," cried Mrs. Halliss again impatiently, "don't stand talkin' and sermonin' about it there no longer like a poll parrot, but just you run along and send in the milk, like a dear, will you, or that dear little lady 'll have to be waitin' for her tea—and her with a month-old baby too, the pretty thing, just to think of it!"

And indeed, long before John Halliss had got back again with the two wee portmanteaus—" I could 'a carried that lot on my 'ead," he soliloquised when he saw them, " without 'avin' troubled to wheel

round a onnecessary encumbrance in the way of a barrer"—Mrs. Halliss had put the room tidy, and laid the baby carefully in a borrowed cradle in the corner, and brought up Edie and Ernest a big square tray, covered by a snow-white napkin,—" My own washin', mum,"—and conveying a good cup of tea, a couple of crisp rolls, and two such delicious milky eggs as were never before known in the whole previous history of the county of Middlesex. And while they drank their tea, Mrs. Halliss insisted upon taking the baby down into the kitchen, so that they mightn't be bothered, pore things; for the pore lady must be tired with nursin' of it herself the livelong day, that she must: and when she got it into the kitchen, she was compelled to call over the back yard wall to Mrs. Bollond, the greengrocer's wife next door, with an ultimate view to getting a hare's brain for the dear baby to suck at through a handkerchief. Mrs. Bollond, being specially so invited, came in by the area door, and inspected the dear baby: and both together arrived at the unanimous conclusion that little Dot was the very prettiest and sweetest child that ever sucked its fat little fingers, Lord bless her.

And in the neat wee parlour upstairs Edie, pouring out tea from the glittering tin teapot into one of the scrupulously clean small whitey-gold tea cups, was saying meanwhile to Ernest, "Well, after all, Ernest dear, perhaps London landladies aren't all quite as black as they're usually painted." A conclusion which neither Edie nor Ernest had ever after any occasion for altering in any way.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO BREAK.

AND now, what were Ernest and Edie to do for a living? That was the practical difficulty that stared them at last plainly in the face—no mere abstract question of right and justice, of socialistic ideals or of political economy, but the stern, uncompromising, pressing domestic question of daily bread. They had come from Pilbury Regis with a very small reserve indeed in their poor lean little purses; and though Mrs. Halliss's lodgings might be cheap enough as London lodgings go, their means wouldn't allow them to stop there for many weeks together unless that hypothetical something of which they were in search should happen to turn up with unprecedented rapidity. As soon at

rooms, therefore, Ernest began

in search of work of some sort or another; and he hunted up all his old Oxford acquaintances in the Temple or elsewhere, to see if they could give him any suggestions towards a possible means of earning a livelihood. Most of them, he found to his surprise, though they had been great chums of his at college, seemed a little shy of him nowadays: one old Oxford friend in particular, an impeccable man in close-cut frock coat and hat of shiny perfection, he overheard saying to another as he followed him accidentally up a long staircase in King's Bench Walk, "Ah, yes, I met Le Breton in the Strand yesterday, when I was walking with a Q.C., too: he's married badly, got no employment, and looks awfully seedy : so very embarrassing, you know, now wasn't it?" And the other answered lightly, in the same unconcerned tone, "Oh, of course, dreadfully embarrassing, really." Ernest slank down the staircase again with a sinking heart, and tried to get no further hints, from the respectabilities of King's Bench Walk at least, in this his utmost extremity.

Night after night, as the dusk was beginning to throw its pall over the great lonely desert of London-one vast frigid expanse of living souls that knew and cared nothing about him-Ernest turned back, foot-sore and heart-sick, to the cheery little lodgings in the short side street at Holloway. There good Mrs. Halliss, whose hard face seemed to grow softer the longer you looked at it, had a warm cup of tea always ready against his coming: and Edie, with wee Dot sleeping placidly on her arm, stood at the door to welcome him back again in wife-like fashion. The flowers in the window bloomed bright and gay in the tiny parlour: and Edie, with her motherly cares for little Dot, seemed more like herself than ever she had done before since poor Harry's death had clouded the morning of her happy lifetime. But to Ernest, even that pretty picture of the young mother and her sleeping baby looked only like one more reminder of the terrible burden he had unavoidably yet too lightly taken upon him. Those two dear lives depended wholly upon him for their daily bread, and where that daily bread was ever to come from he had absolutely not the slightest notion.

There is no place in which it is more utterly dreary to be quite friendless than in teeming London. Still, they were not absolutely friendless even in that great lurid throng of jarring humanity, all eagerly intent on its own business, and none of it troubling its collective head about two such nonentities as Ernest and Edic. Ronald used to come round daily to see them and cheer them up with his quiet confidence in the Disposer of all things: and Arthur Berkeley, neglecting his West End invitations and his lady admirers,

used to drop in often of an evening for a friendly chat and a rational suggestion or two.

"Why don't you try journalism, Le Breton?" he said to Ernest one night, as they sat discussing possibilities for the future in the little parlour together. "Literature in some form or other's clearly the best thing for a man like you to turn his hand to. It demands less compliance with conventional rules than any other profession. No editor or publisher would ever dream of dismissing you, for example, because you invited your firebrand friend Max Schurz to dinner. On the contrary, if it comes to that, he'd ask you what Herr Max thought about the future of trades-unions and the socialist movement in Germany, and he'd advise you to turn it into a column and a half of copy, with a large-type sensational heading, 'A Communistic Leader Interviewed. From our Special Correspondent."

"But it's such a very useless, unsocialistic trade," Ernest answered doubtfully. "Do you think it would be quite right, Arthur, for a man to try and earn money by it? Of course, it isn't much worse than school-mastering, I dare say; nobody can say he's performing a very useful function for the world by hammering a few lines of Ovid into the skull of poor stupid Blenkinsopp major, who after all will only use what he calls his education, if he uses it in any way at all, to enable him to make rather more money than any other tobacco-pipe manufacturer in the entire trade. Still, one does feel, for all that, that mere writing of books and papers is a very unsatisfactory kind of work for an ethical being to perform for humanity. How much better, now, if one could only be a farm-labourer or a shoemaker!"

Arthur Berkeley looked across at him half angrily. "My dear Ernest," he said, in a severer voice than he often used, "the time has gone by now for this economical puritanism of yours. It won't do any longer. You have to think of your child and of Mrs. Le Breton. Your first duty is to earn a livelihood for them and yourself; when you've done that satisfactorily, you may begin to think of the claims of humanity. Don't be vexed with me, my dear fellow, if I speak to you very plainly. You've lost your place at Pilbury because you wouldn't be practical. You might have known they wouldn't let you go hobnobbing publicly before the very eyes of boys and parents with a firebrand German socialist. Mind, I don't say anything against Herr Schurz myself—what little I know about him is all in his favour—that he's a thorn in the side of those odious prigs, the political economists. I've often noticed that when a man wants to dogmatise to his heart's content without fear of contradicti

invariably calls himself a political economist. Then if people differ from him, he smiles at them the benign smile of superior wisdom, and says superciliously, 'Ah, I see you don't understand political economy!' Now, your Herr Schurz is a dissenter among economists, I believe—a sort of embryo Luther come to tilt with a German toy lance against their economical infallibilities; and I'm told he knows more about the subject than all the rest of them put together. Of course, if you like him and respect him—and I know you have one superstition left, my dear fellow—there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't do so; but you mustn't parade him too openly before the scandalised faces of respectable Pilbury. In future, you must be practical. Turn your hand to whatever you can get to do, and leave humanity at large to settle the debtor and creditor account with you hereafter."

"I'll do my best, Berkeley," Ernest answered submissively; "and if you like, I'll strangle my conscience and try my hand at journalism."

"Do, there's a good man," Arthur Berkeley said, delighted at his late conversion. "I know two or three editor fellows pretty well, and if you'll only turn off something, I'll ask them to have a look at it."

Next morning, at breakfast, Ernest discussed the possibilities of this new venture very seriously with sympathising Edie. "It's a great risk," he said, turning it over dubiously in his mind; "a great risk, and a great expense too, for nothing certain. Let me see, there'll be a quire of white foolscap to start with; that'll be a shilling—a lot of money as things go at present, Edie, isn't it?"

"Why not begin with half a quire, Ernest?" said his little wife, cautiously. "That'd be only sixpence, you see."

"Do they halve quires at the stationer's, I wonder?" Ernest went on, still mentally reckoning. "Well, suppose we put it at sixpence. Then we've got pens already by us, but not any ink—that's a penny—and there's postage, say about twopence; total, ninepence. That's a lot of money, isn't it, now, for a pure uncertainty?"

"I'd try it, Ernest dear, if I were you," Edie answered. "We

must do something, mustn't we, dear, to earn our living?"

"We must," Ernest said, sighing. "I wish it were anything but that; but I suppose what must be must be. Well, I'll go out for a walk by myself in the quietest streets I can find, and try if I can think of anything on earth a man can write about. Arthur Berkeley says I ought to begin with a social article for a paper; he knows the Maing Intelligence people, and he'll try to get them to take som

if I can manage to write it. I wonder what on earth would do as a social article for the *Morning Intelligence*! If only they'd let me write about socialism now! but Arthur says they won't take that; the times aren't yet ripe for it. I wish they were, Edie, I wish they were; and then perhaps you and I would find some way to earn ourselves a decent living."

So Ernest went out, and ruminated quietly by himself, as well as he was able, in the least frequented streets of Holloway and Highgate. After about half an hour's excogitation, a brilliant idea at last flashed across him; he had found in a tobacconist's window something to write about! Your practised journalist doesn't need to think at all; he writes whatever comes uppermost without the unnecessarily troublesome preliminary of deliberate thinking. Ernest Le Breton was only making his first experiment in the queer craft, and he looked upon himself as a veritable Watt or Columbus when he had actually discovered that hitherto unknown object, a thing to write about. He went straight back to good Mrs. Halliss's with his discovery whirling in his head, stopping only by the way at the stationer's, to invest in half a quire of white foolscap. "The best's a shilling a quire, mister," said the shopman; "second best, tenpence." Communist as he was, Ernest couldn't help noticing the unusual mode of address; but he took the cheaper quality quietly, and congratulated himself on his good luck in saving a penny upon the original estimate.

When he got home, he sat down at the plain wooden table by the window, and began with nervous haste to write away rapidly at his first literary venture. Edie sat by in her little low chair and watched him closely with breathless interest. Would it be a success or a failure? That was the question they were both every moment intently asking themselves. It was not a very important piece of literary workmanship, to be sure; only a social leader for a newspaper, to be carelessly skimmed to-day and used to light the fire tomorrow, if even that; and yet, had it been the greatest masterpiece ever produced by the human intellect, Ernest could not have worked at it with more conscientious care, or Edie watched him with profounder admiration. When Shakespeare sat down to write "Hamlet," it may be confidently asserted that neither Mistress Anne Shakespeare nor anybody else awaited the result of his literary labours with such unbounded and feverish anxiety. By the time Ernest had! his second sheet of white foolscap-much erased s with interminable additions and corrections—I moment briefly to interrupt his creative effe

you've written as much as makes an ordinary leader now, Ernest?" she asked apologetically. "I'm afraid you're making it a good deal longer than it ought to be by rights."

"I'm sure I don't know, Edie," Ernest answered, gazing at the two laboured sheets with infinite dubitation and searching of spirit. "I suppose one ought properly to count the words in an average leader, and make it the same length as they always are in the Morning Intelligence. I think they generally run to just a column."

"Of course you ought, dear," Edie answered. "Run out this

minute and buy one before you go a single line further."

Ernest looked back at his two pages of foolscap somewhat ruefully. "That's a dreadful bore," he said, with a sigh: "it'll just run away with the whole penny I thought I'd managed to save in getting the second quality of foolscap for fivepence. However, I suppose it can't be helped, and after all, if the thing succeeds, one can look upon the penny in the light of an investment. It's throwing a sprat to catch a whale, as the proverb says; though I'm afraid Herr Max would say that that was a very immoral capitalist proverb. How horribly low we must be sinking, Edie, when we come to use the anti-social language of those dreadful capitalists!"

"I don't think capitalists deal much in proverbs, dear," said Edie, smiling in spite of herself; "but you needn't go to the expense of buying a Morning Intelligence, I dare say, for perhaps Mrs. Halliss may have an old one in the house; or if not, she might be able to borrow one from a neighbour. She has a perfect genius for borrowing, Mrs. Halliss; she borrows everything I want from somebody or other. I'll just run down to the kitchen this minute and ask her."

In a few seconds Edie returned in triumph with an old soiled and torn copy of the Morning Intelligence, duly procured by the ingenious Mrs. Halliss from the dairy opposite. It was a decidedly antiquated copy, and it had only too obviously been employed by its late possessor to wrap up a couple of kippered herrings; but it was still entire, so far as regarded the leaders at least, and it was perfectly legible in spite of its ancient and fish-like smell. To ensure accuracy, Ernest and Edie took a leader apiece, and carefully counted up the number of words that went to the column. They came on an average to fifteen hundred. Then Ernest counted his own manuscript with equal care—no easy task when one took into consideration the interlined or erased passages—and, to his infinite disgust, discovered that it only extended to seven hundred and fifty words. "Why, Edie," he said, in a very disappointed tone, "how little it prints into! I should certainly have thought I'd written at

least a whole column. And the worst of it is, I believe I've really said all I have to say about the subject."

"What is it, Ernest dear?" asked Edie.

"Italian organ-boys," Ernest answered. "I saw on a placard in the news shop that one of them had been taken to a hospital in a starving condition." He hardly liked to tell even Edie that he had stood for ten minutes at a tobacconist's window and read the case in a sheet of *Lloyd's News* conspicuously hung up there for public perusal.

"Well, let me hear what you have written, Ernest dear, and then see if you couldn't expand it."

Ernest read it over most seriously and solemnly—it was only a social leader, of the ordinary commonplace talky-talky sort; but to those two poor young people it was a very serious and solemn matter indeed—no less a matter than their own two lives and little Dot's into the bargain. It began with the particular case of the particular organ-boy who formed the peg on which the whole article was to be hung; it went on to discourse on the lives and manners of organ-boys in general; it digressed into the natural history of the common guinea pig, with an excursus on the scenery of the Lower Apennines; and it finished off with sundry abstract observations on the musical aspect of the barrel-organ, and the æsthetic value of hurdy-gurdy performances. Edie listened to it all with deep attention.

"It's very good, Ernest dear," she said, with wifely admiration, as soon as he had finished. "Just like a real leader exactly: only, do you know, there aren't any anecdotes in it. I think a social leader of that sort ought always to have a lot of anecdotes. Couldn't you manage to bring in something about Fox and Sheridan, or about George IV. and Beau Brummel? They always do, you know, in most of the papers."

Ernest gazed at her in silent admiration. "How clever of you, Edie," he said, "to think of that! Why, of course, there ought to be some anecdotes. They're the very breath of life to this sort of meaningless writing. Only, somehow, George IV. and Beau Brummel don't seem exactly relevant to Italian organ-grinders, now do they?"

"I thought," said Edie, with hardly a touch of unintentional satire, "that the best thing about anecdotes of that kind in a newspaper was their utter irrelevancy. But if Beau Brummel won't do, couldn't you manage to work in Guicciardini and the galleys? T strictly Italian, you know, and therefore relevant; and I'm

newspaper leaders are extremely fond of that story about Guicciardini."

"They are," Ernest answered, "most undoubtedly; but perhaps for that very reason readers may be beginning to get just a little tired of it by this time."

"I don't think the readers matter much," said Edie, with a brilliant flash of practical common-sense; "at least, not nearly half as much, Ernest, as the editor."

"Quite true," Ernest replied, with another admiring look; "but probably the editor more or less consults the taste and feelings of the readers. Well, I'll try to expand it a bit, and I'll manage to drag in an anecdote or two somehow—if not Guicciardini, at least something or other else Italian. You see, Italy's a tolerably rich subject, because you can do any amount about Raffael, and Michael Angelo, and Leonardo, and so forth, not to mention Botticelli. The papers have made a dreadful run lately on Botticelli."

So Ernest sat down once more at the table by the window, and began to interlard the manuscript with such allusions to Italy and the Italians as could suggest themselves on the spur of the moment to his anxious imagination. At the end of half an hour-about the time a practised hand would have occupied in writing the whole article-he counted words once more, and found there were still two hundred wanting. Two hundred more words to say about Italian organ-boys! Alas for the untrained human fancy! A master leaderwriter at the office of the Morning Intelligence could have run on for ever on so fertile and suggestive a theme-a theme pregnant with unlimited openings for all the cheap commonplaces of abstract journalistic philanthropy: but poor Ernest, a 'prentice hand at the trade, had yet to learn the fluent trick of the accomplished news purveyor; he absolutely could not write without thinking about it. A third time he was obliged to recommit his manuscript, and a third time to count the words over. This time, oh joy, the reckoning came out as close as possible to the even fifteen hundred. Ernest gave a sigh of relief, and turned to read it all over again, as finally enlarged and amended, to the critical ears of admiring Edie.

There was anecdote enough now, in all conscience, in the article; and allusions enough to stock a whole week's numbers of the *Morning Intelligence*. Edie listened to the whole tirade with an air of the most severe and impartial criticism. When Ernest had finished, she rose up and kissed him. "I'm sure it'll do, Ernest," she said confidently. "It's exactly like a real leader. It's quite beautiful—2

great deal more beautiful, in fact, than anything else I ever read in a newspaper: it's good enough to print in a volume."

"I hope the editor 'll think so," Ernest answered dubiously. "If not, what a lot of valuable tenpenny foolscap wasted all for nothing! Now, I must write it all out again clean, Edie, on fresh pieces."

Newspaper men, it must be candidly admitted, do not usually write their articles twice over; indeed, to judge by the result, it may be charitably believed that they do not even, as a rule, read them through when written, to correct their frequent accidental slips of logic or English: but Ernest wrote out his organ-boy leader in his most legible and roundest hand, copper-plate fashion, with as much care and precision as if it were his first copy for presentation to the stern writing master of a Draconian board school. "Editors are more likely to read your manuscript if it's legible, I should think, Edie," he said, looking up at her with more of hope in his face than had often been seen in it of late. "I wonder, now, whether they prefer it sent in a long envelope, folded in three; or in a square envelope, folded twice over; or in a paper cover, open like a pamphlet. There must be some recognised professional way of doing it, and I should think one's more likely to get it taken if one sends it in the regular professional fashion, than if one makes it look too amateurish. I shall go in for the long envelope; at any rate, if not journalistic, it's at least official."

The editor of the Morning Intelligence is an important personage in contemporary politics, and a man of more real weight in the world than half-a-dozen members of Parliament for obscure country boroughs: but even that mighty man himself would probably have been a little surprised as well as amused (if he could have seen it) at the way in which Ernest and Edie Le Breton anxiously endeavoured to conciliate beforehand his merest possible personal fads and fancies. As a matter of fact, the question of the particular paper on which the article was written mattered to him absolutely less than nothing, inasmuch as he never looked at anything whatsoever until it had been set up in type for him to pass off-hand judgment upon its faults or its merits. His time was far too valuable to be lightly wasted on the task of deciphering crabbed manuscript.

In the afternoon, Berkeley called to see whether Ernest had followed his suggestion, and was agreeably surprised to find a whole article already finished. He glanced through the neatly write pages, and was still more pleased to discover that Ernest, unsuspected outburst of practicality and practicability upon a possible subject. "This may do, Ernes

sigh of relief. "I dare say it will. I know Lancaster wants leader writers, and I think this is quite good enough to serve his turn. I've spoken to him about you: come round with me now—he'll be at the office by four o'clock—and we'll see what we can do for you. It's absolutely useless sending anything to the editor of a daily paper, without an introduction. You might write with the pen of the angel Gabriel, or turn out leaders which were a judicious mean between Gladstone, Burke, and Herbert Spencer, and it would profit you nothing, for the simple reason that he hasn't got the time to read them. He would toss Junius and Montesquieu into the wastepaper basket, and accept copy on the shocking murder in the Borough Road from one of his regular contributors instead. He can't help himself: and what you must do, Ernest, is to become one of the regular ring, and combine to keep Junius and Montesquieu permanently outside."

"The struggle for existence gives no quarter," Ernest said sadly with half a sigh.

"And takes none," Berkeley answered quickly. "So for your wife's sake you must try your best to fight your way through it on your own account, for yourself and your family."

The editor of the Morning Intelligence, Mr. Hugh Lancaster, was a short, thick-set, hard-headed sort of man, with a kindly twinkle in his keen grey eyes, and a harassed smile playing continually around the corners of his firm and close mouth. He looked as though he was naturally a good-humoured benevolent person, overdriven at the journalistic mill till half the life was worn out of him, leaving the benevolence as a wearied remnant, without energy enough to express itself in any other fashion than by the perpetual harassed smile. He saw Arthur Berkeley and Ernest Le Breton at once in his own sanctum, and took the manuscript from their hands with a languid air of perfect resignation. "This is the friend you spoke of, is it, Berkeley?" he said in a wearied way. "Well, well, we'll see what we can do for him." At the same time he rang a tiny hand-bell. A boy, rather the worse for printer's ink, appeared at the summons, Lancaster handed him Ernest's careful manuscript unopened, with the laconic order, "Press. Proof immediately." The boy took it without a word. "I'm very busy now," Mr. Lancaster went on, in the same wearied dispirited manner: "come again in thirty-five minutes. Jones, show these gentlemen into a room somewhere." And the editor fell back forthwith into his easy chair and his original attitude of listless indifference. Berkeley and Ernest followed the boy into a bare back room, furnished only with a deal table and two chairs, and there anxiously awaited the result of the editor's critical examination.

"Don't be afraid of Lancaster, Ernest," Arthur said kindly. "His manner's awfully cold, I know, but he means well, and I really believe he'd go out of his way, rather than not, to do a kindness for anybody he thought actually in want of occupation. With most men, that's an excellent reason for not employing you: with Lancaster I do truly think it's a genuine recommendation."

At the end of thirty-five minutes the grimy-faced office-boy returned with a friendly nod. "Editor'll see you," he said, with the Spartan brevity of the journalistic world—nobody connected with newspapers ever writes or speaks a single word unnecessarily, if he isn't going to be paid for it at so much per thousand—and Ernest followed him, trembling from head to foot, into Mr. Lancaster's private study.

The great editor took up the steaming hot proof that had just been brought him, and glanced down it carelessly with a rapid scrutiny. Then he turned to Ernest, and said in a dreamy fashion, "This will do. We'll print this to-morrow. You may send us a middle very occasionally. Come here at four o'clock, when a subject suggests itself to you, and speak to me about it. My time's very fully occupied. Good morning, Mr. Le Breton. Berkeley, stop a minute, I want to talk with you."

It was all done in a moment, and almost before Ernest knew what had happened he was out in the street again, with tears filling his eyes, and joy his heart, for here at last was bread, bread, bread, for Edie and the baby! He ran without stopping all the way back to Holloway, rushed headlong into the house, and fell into Edie's arms, calling out wildly, "He's taken it! He's taken it!" Edie kissed him half-a-dozen times over, and answered bravely, "I knew he would Ernest. It was such a splendid article." And yet he would, Ernest. It was such a splendid article." And yet thousands of readers of the Morning Intelligence next day skimmed lightly over the leader on organ-boys in their ordinary casual fashion, without even thinking what hopes and fears and doubts and terrors had gone to the making of that very commonplace bit of newspaper rhetoric. For, if the truth must be told, Edie's first admiring criticism was perfectly correct, and Ernest Le Breton's leader was just for all the world exactly the same as anybody else's.

Meanwhile, Arthur Berkeley had stayed behind as requested in Mr. Lancaster's study, and waited to hear what Mr. Lancast

passed his broad hand slowly across his bewildered forehead, and then said the one word, "Poor?"

"Nothing on earth to do," Berkeley answered.

"He might make a journalist, perhaps," the editor said sleepily. 
"This social's up to the average. At any rate, I'll do my very best for him. But he can't live upon socials. We have too many social men already. What can he do? That's the question. It won't do to say he can write pretty nearly as well about anything that turns up as any other man in England can do. I can get a hundred young fellows in the Temple to do that, any day. The real question 's this: is there anything he can write about a great deal better than all the other men in all England put together?"

"Yes, there is," Berkeley answered with commendable promptitude, undismayed by Mr. Lancaster's excessive requirements. "He knows more about communists, socialists, and political exiles gener-

ally, than anybody else in the whole of London."

"Good," the editor answered, brightening up, and speaking for a moment a little less languidly. "That's good. There's this man Schurz, now, the German agitator. He's going to be tried soon for a seditious libel, it seems, and he'll be sent to prison, naturally. Now, does your friend know anything at all of this fellow?"

"He knows him personally and intimately," Berkeley replied, delighted to find that the card which had proved so bad a one at Pilbury Regis was turning up trumps in the more Bohemian neighbourhood of the Temple and Fleet Street. "He can give you any information you want about Schurz or any of the rest of those people. He has associated with them all familiarly for the last six or seven

years."

"Then he takes an interest in politics," said Mr. Lancaster, almost waking up now. "That's good again. It's so very difficult to find young men nowadays, able to write, who take a genuine interest in politics. They all go off after literature and science and æsthetics, and other dry uninteresting subjects. Now, what does your average intelligent daily paper reader care, I should like to know, about literature and science and æsthetics and so forth? Well, he'll do, I've very little doubt: at any rate, I'll give him a trial. Perhaps he might be able to undertake this Great Widgerly disenfranchising case. Stop! he's poor, isn't he? I dare say he'd just as soon not wait for his money for this social. In the ordinary course, he wouldn't get paid till the end of the quarter; but I'll give you a cheque to take back to him now; perhaps he wants it. Poor fellow, poor fellow!

he really looks very delicate. Depend upon it, Berkeley, I'll do anything on earth for him, if only he'll write tolerably."

"You're awfully good," Arthur said, taking the proffered cheque gratefully. "I'm sure the money will be of great use to him: and it's very kind indeed of you to have thought of it."

"Not at all, not at all," the editor answered, collapsing dreamily. "Good morning, good morning."

At Mrs. Halliss's lodgings in Holloway, Edie was just saying to Ernest over their simple tea, "I wonder what they'll give you for it, Ernest." And Ernest had just answered, big with hope, "Well, I should think it would be quite ten shillings, but I shouldn't be surprised, Edie, if it was as much as a pound;" when the door opened, and in walked Arthur Berkeley, with a cheque in his hand, which he laid by Edie's teacup. Edie took it up and gave a little cry of delight and astonishment. Ernest caught it from her hand in his eagerness, and gazed upon it with dazed and swimming vision. Did he read the words aright, and could it be really, "Pay E. Le Breton, Esq., or order, three guineas"? Three guineas! Three guineas! Three real actual positive gold and silver guineas! It was almost too much for either of them to believe, and all for a single morning's light labour! What a perfect Eldorado of wealth and happiness seemed now to be opening out unexpectedly before them!

So much Arthur Berkeley, his own eyes glistening too with a sympathetic moisture, saw and heard before he went away in a happier mood and left them to their own domestic congratulations. But he did not see or know the reaction that came in the dead of night, after all that day's unwonted excitement, to poor, sickening, weary, overburdened Ernest. Even Edie never knew it all, for Ernest was careful to hide it as much as possible from her knowledge. But he knew himself, though he would not even light the candle to see it, that he had got those three glorious guineas—the guineas they had so delighted in—with something more than a morning's labour. He had had to pay for them, not figuratively but literally, with some of his very life-blood.

(To be continued.)

# THE RED MAN IN A NEW LIGHT.

WE are accustomed to think of the American Indian as simply a warrior, or as snatching furtive hours from this engrossing passion of bloodshed only to seek the game of the woods and rivers. This image has arisen, no doubt, first of all, from the romances of Cooper, Winthrop, and a host of lesser note, and from the inflamed "dime-novel" characters presented in scalping scenes at third-rate theatres. Secondly, it has survived from memories of Iroquois and Huron, whose history, so far as it touched the whites, was, mainly, a record of bloody battles and cruel customs waged not only against their enemies, the Algonkins, but also against the French and English settlers, and which were made doubly memorable on account of this mixture of European politics.

But the Indian was not altogether and always a warrior—even the Iroquois, who was among the most martial-minded of the race. Nor were his peaceful days wholly given to fishing and the chase. Everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he was a farmer. When one reads history, scans the relics stored in museums, and sees to what an extent this was true, it causes a smile when he turns to a philanthropic page and finds a sermon upon the need of teaching the red men how to raise corn!

The succulent Indian corn, or maize (mahiz or mahis was the original word in the language of Hayti), had been cultivated so long, that when Europeans came to the New World, its origin was a matter of myth among the natives, and usually attributed to divine gift. In the eastern part of the Union some pleasant-faced demigod brought it; in the west it was given to the suffering pioneers of the world's population by the Coyoté, or by some fabulous hero of the Golden Age.

While the cultivation of this staple was general from Canada to Chili, it was also large in amount, especially eastward from the Great Plains. Eastern Massachusetts is not the most favourable spot in the country to raise this vegetable, yet so extensive were the plantations of the red men there, that Plymouth and all the adjacent colonies were almost wholly supported by drafts upon them. I am

sorry to say that many of these drafts were "plaine stealing both day and night," as the old account frankly puts it: "yea, in ye end, they were faine to hange one of their men, whom they could not reclaime from stealing."

The same was true of the early Connecticut settlements, and as for the pioneers of Virginia at Jamestown in 1630, "such was the weakness of the poor commonwealth, as, had the salvages not fed us, we directie had starved;" and Captain Smith adds, that for two or three years the support received from the Indians, through the generous-hearted Pocahontas, was all that kept the colonies "from death, famine, and utter confusion."

Charlevoix tells the same story in his account of the beginning of New Orleans, and all the early books of the French speak of the stored corn able to be bought by the original colonists of Canada; while in the interior, along the whole length of the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, the cultivated fields were to be measured by miles rather than by acres.

Their methods of agriculture were rude, but effective, and in the main are still followed by the whites, to whom the Indians first taught corn-planting. Where forests had to be cleared away, great labour was involved, considering their rude tools. The trees were first belted two or three feet from the ground; then the branches were trimmed off and burnt at the base of each tree in order to kill it. This done, all the movable logs and brush were taken away and the roots grubbed up.

Although assisted more or less by women, this was the work of the men, and was always done by the whole village in common—"a very loving, sociable, speedy way to despatch it," as Roger Williams remarks; in other words, they held a "bee." Similarly combined labours took place when old fields were to be prepared for the crop in the spring, yet the divided fields and the crops raised were almost invariably owned in severalty. This upsets another cherished impression in regard to the primitive habits of native races, since it is popularly believed that the men never did any work in the fields. There is ample evidence to show the falsity of this, which was, no doubt, derived largely from what was seen of the Indians of New York, New England, and the Shawnee country after they had become embroiled in the almost incessant wars with the whites, which left them no time for the ordinary routine of their life. Would it be fair to argue that no Germans or Frenchmen were practibecause during the Franco-Prussian war the fiel-

because during the Franco-Prussian war the fielwholly tilled by women and children? Mr. Laucien Carr, of the Museum of Archæology at Harvard University, has summarised the evidence on this point very thoroughly in a recent memoir on the "Mound Builders." He tells us that among the Indians of the north-eastern states the fighting men thought it demeaned them to till the ground (beyond the first heavy clearing), yet that old men and slaves worked in the fields, and even the warriors would occasionally lend a hand. Charlevoix, Lafitau, and others, testify to this. La Potherie says plainly that the Iroquois men did clear the ground, fence in the fields, and prepare the bunches of corn for drying; also that when a husband and wife were much attached to each other they did not separate their work.

It is evident that among all the New York tribes, before the coming of Europeans, men bore a larger part in agricultural labours than they did after that ominous day.

North of the Ohio the temper and doctrine of the grim Iroquois prevailed, and men worked at agriculture only slightly. The Delawares (who lived on the lower river of that name) were somewhat less haughty in this respect; while throughout the Carolinas, Georgia, and the lower Mississippi territory, the vast plantations of the Muscogée family and its neighbours were all the product of men's as much as women's labour, the farmer shunning none of the work except, perhaps, the planting and hoeing, which required more patience and attention than strength. In that southern region, certainly, it involved no lack of dignity to be a farmer. It is related of some tribes that they never made war until their fields had been properly planted; and of others that no man was permitted to marry or regarded of account in the councils of the tribe until he could show a crop of his own making. Men were fined for laziness, or (what was much rarer) for theft from a neighbour's field.

In the extreme south, two crops could be raised annually; and I must find space to quote a remarkable passage from Adair. Speaking of the Greeks, this author says that, sometimes, when at work in their fields, "one of their orators cheers them with jests and humorous old tales, and sings several of their most agreeable wild tunes, beating also with a stick in his right hand on the top of an earthen pot covered with a wet and well stretched deer-skin." The same thing was told by Tonti in regard to the Tensas who dwelt on the lower Arkansas river. This and other tribes of that region set apart in each community one field in which was raised corn destined for use in the feast of first-fruits—a religious ceremony; and the cultivation of this sacrificial field was prohibited to women.

Among the Indians of the far West the testimony of all writers asserts the labour of men as well as women. I know from my own observation, as well, that at the present day the Puebloan tribes do all their field-work without the help of their wives; and I am sure that the only thing which saved the powerful Bannock (Shoshonée) tribe from joining the forces of Chief Joseph during the Nez Percée war of 1877, and thus making it a far more serious matter to deal with than it became, was the fact that the men could not afford to leave their young crops in southern Idaho. I speak knowingly, for I was in their camps at the time.

It may be said generally, therefore, of all the red men, that while to the squaws was left the general care of the crops—a duty never particularly wearisome or harshly enforced—fathers and brothers relieved them of the heavier tasks, and in many cases, especially at the South, did nearly all the farm-work from first to last.

Moreover, most of the primitive tribes seem to have had a welldefined tenure of land. Each man had allotted to him, at the first founding of the village, a certain tract which he was permitted to cultivate, and the boundaries of these family farms were all known, even when not marked by fencing. This individual property in land existed in its most systematised form among the Iroquois under the League. We are told that with them no individual could obtain an absolute title, "but he could reduce unoccupied lands to cultivation to any extent he pleased; and so long as he continued to use them, his right to their enjoyment was protected and secured. He could also sell his improvements, or bequeath them to his wife and children." As a consequence of the looseness of the marriage tie among the Iroquois and, to a less degree, elsewhere, a woman's right to real estate continued distinct after her marriage, and in case of separation from her husband she took her property with her, and could dispose of it as she pleased. It was the kindly custom among the Muscogées, whenever a single woman or a widow with small children held land in the community, for parties of young men to go to her assistance in farming, making a frolic of the voluntary help.

In Virginia, as many as two hundred acres, according to John Smith, were sometimes cultivated by a single family. The planting grounds of a village joined one another, as a rule, for ease of work and protection; and, in the absence of subdividing fences, would appear as one. Hence most old writers speak simply of of "Village Field," when the plural would better have expretruth. In preparing the ground for planting all worked

helping one another. Afterwards the planting, care, and harvesting of each man's crop belonged to himself, though naturally there would be much sociability in these operations, as the season called for all farm-work to be done simultaneously.

The digging and hoeing from beginning to end were done by hand, of course, and with miserable tools. Hatchets of stone and the firebrand cleared away the forest. Sharpened sticks and levers grubbed out the roots and boulders, while spades of wood and mattocks of flint or deer's horn broke the sod. For working the crop they had spades and hoes made of wood, of the shoulder-blade of the deer or buffalo, a tortoise shell, or a broad, chipped stone mounted upon a wooden handle. In Florida the big conch-shells served as convenient trowels and shovels. The squaws took much pains and raised more bushels to the acre, in many cases, than we now produce on our machine-tilled farms. The value of manures was well understood by all the Indians, and their fields were regularly spread with various fertilisers. To them were the colonists of New England and New Jersey indebted for their custom of using for this purpose the fish called "pogy," "menhaden," or "bunker," which yet is spread odorously upon seashore fields from Maine to Maryland, and is caught by the million for the making of artificial fertilisers after the oil has been squeezed out. The Mexicans regularly refreshed their land by applications of animal manure and ashes; and the Peruvians utilised bird-guano from the coast islands centuries before any Spaniards came to "discover" the value of that fertiliser, Yet many an Indian farmer, like many a white one, was too lazy and indifferent to spread manure or raise a decent crop, knowing that when his own stock ran low he had only to ask of his more thrifty neighbour in order to receive support. The unfailing hospitality of an Indian lodge was a beautiful thing from some points of view, but it was one of the greatest drawbacks ever hung upon a people seeking to better their condition.

Maize formed by no means the sole product of primitive farming. Beans were planted regularly along all the Atlantic coast. They are given this name by Northern chroniclers, who describe the succotash—a mixture of corn and beans; while, in the South, Lawson records the "many kinds of pulse" seen in Indian gardens, meaning beans and peas.

Squash-vines twined luxuriously about the rustling stalks in ancient days, as now golden-red pumpkins fire the pale-green expanse of our corn-fields; while in the warm South melons and yams were included by the red-skinned agriculturist in each spring's investment and each harvest's return. Nor was fruit neglected. The collection and drying of wild berries and "small fruits" formed a part of the housewife's autumn duties. Trees having larger fruit were transplanted and cared for near the lodge of their owner. The best peaches to be had along the lower Blue Ridge to-day are those engrafted from prehistoric orchards. "Peach, plum, and apple trees," says Mr. Carr, "were found among the tribes living near the mouth of the Arkansas; and these same tribes are said to have had great quantities of domestic fowls, including flocks of turkeys."

Harvest-time was a season of busy work, chiefly for women and youngsters, to be sure, but also for the men; and harvest-home was celebrated by grateful feasts and joyous dancing.

These harvests were intelligently cared for, and of surprising amount. In 1614 Captain Smith contracted on the coast of Maine "to have enough corn from the salvages for three hundred men," constituting his colony, until they should have become self-supporting. Roger Williams (1643) says the women of each family around Narragansett Bay "will raise commonly two or three heaps of twelve, fifteen, or twenty bushels a heap." Hendrich Hudson saw at the site of the present town of Hudson, fifty miles above New York city, enough corn drying "to load three ships," besides what was growing in the fields.

Both Hurons and Iroquois always had grain to sell. In 1687 Denonville and a French army from Quebec attacked western New York. "In the course of that invasion four villages of the Senecas were burned, and, including the corn in cache and what was standing in the fields, 400,000 minots or 1,200,000 bushels were destroyed. This amount is doubtlessly much exaggerated, but that it was very large is evident from the statements of Tonti and La Houtan, both of whom took part in the expedition." Hennepin said of the Six Nations, that they reaped "ordinarily in harvest as much as serves 'em for two years." Great prominence is given in the narratives of the chroniclers of the first settlements on the James river to the fact that ample stores of maize are continually stored in the granaries of the natives of Virginia; and it is more than once asserted, what more recently seems to have been forgotten and ignored, that this cereal was the main dependence of the red men in that part of the Certainly De Soto never could have subsisted his company of rough adventurers, during the years he was wandering about the Gulf States, had he not met with large reserves of Indian corn. one village he obtained 6,000 bushels; at another place he seized a supply for three months ripening in the fields. French pionerra

### The Gentleman's Magazine.

have the same story to tell of the tribes on the prairies of the upper Mississippi.

To preserve their product for winter use, the natives of Canada, New York, and New England were accustomed to dry and store it in the garrets of their cabins, and in great cribs made of poles for the purpose. Green corn was charred or parched, and buried in pits (French, caches) lined with bark, and having a water-tight roof. This charred corn would keep good for many weeks; while that ripened and dried might be preserved in similar pits far longer.

Among the Delawares and throughout the North-West, pits were more common than any other kind of granary; but in the damper climate of the South, the practice was to erect cribs upon posts several feet above the ground, and to daub them inside and out with mud—probably to guard against mice and other vermin. A public crib existed in most villages south of the Ohio, to which everybody contributed voluntarily out of his harvest. This was intended to defray the expenses of tribal hospitality, and to be given out in charity. Among the Tensas the harvest was partly stored in large baskets made of cane, or in gourds as big as half-barrels.

This has been an extremely brief sketch of the red man as a farmer, previous to the coming of the white invaders, who demoralised where they did not murder him. But I think I have made it clear, first, that instead of being simply a wandering barbarian, subsisting precariously by the chase, he lived in fixed villages to a much greater extent than has, generally, been understood, and recognised definite rights in farm property; second, that he produced maize and other vegetables in large quantities and stored them for future supplies, showing himself in his original habits far more provident than usually he has been painted; third, that this corn was largely an object of barter and sale; fourth, that while, as a fact, the women, children, old men, and slaves—for slavery was common all over the country, and still exists wherever Indians are in force—always cultivated the fields, yet the warriors cleared the ground, and, when not engaged in war or hunting, aided in working and harvesting the crop.

There is a light, therefore, in which we may see the American Indian as a successful farmer and the member of an industrious community.

ERNEST INGERSOLL

# MADAME DE KRÜDENER.

L'amour-propre est de tous les contraires: . . . il est sincère et dissimulé.

De la Rochefoucauld.

#### PART II.

CURROUNDED by the literary society of Paris, Madame de Krüdener began herself to write. Her first essay was the composition of some very mediocre verses, which she submitted to a friend's revision. "Revise them!" was the answer. "Who could? The whole thing would have to be written over again!" She next tried fiction, at first not very successfully. Sometimes, if the agreeable sound of a word took her fancy, without reference to the sense she would use it. For instance, in her story "The Cabane des Lataniers" (the very name of which was a blunder of the kind) she wrote about les courlis harmonieux. "Les courlis harmonieux," said one of her friends, "do you know what courlis (curlews) are?" "Yes, of course," was the quick reply, "they are birds, to be sure." "Not at all," was the serious answer, to the lady's complete discomfiture.
"I assure you they are a sort of large fish." Whereupon the authoress took refuge in silence, not sure enough of her ground to venture to dispute further.

Two months after her husband's death she began to think seriously again of her old dreams of a country life, and, after some hesitation in favour of Geneva, decided to settle near Lyons, where a house which suited her was to be had cheap. "Dear friend," she wrote to Dr. Gay, a young man she meant to protect and introduce to her friends, "I like to tell myself that in the qualities and noble virtues I find in you this soul of mine, ever hungering for enthusiasm, will find food for enthusiastic admiration. . . . As to my affairs, the Emperor promises to pay all my late husband's debts; so that in that respect I am free, and I inherit, moreover, property of his which, added to what I have of my own, will give me a very handsome fortune. I want to buy a small property near Lyons, where I hope sometimes to see my friends, and you also, dear G amongst them. The winters we will spend in Paris. . . .

will always find here your own room, fruit from my garden, milk from my cow, and fish from the Saône, which runs beneath your bedroom window. . . . Only 30,000 francs is asked for the place, and the house alone is worth more. . . ."

The purchase was effected, and the move to Paris for the winter season was deferred, in the hope that Mademoiselle de Krüdener would consent to marry a gentleman in the neighbourhood, in every respect a suitable match, whom she had refused, as well as other suitors, because she feared marriage would separate her from her mother. The winter was a gay one for the newly made widow, who was more admired than ever in the shawl-dance, with her daughter Juliette as her partner. "I am quite an élégante here," she wrote to one of her friends, "in my old horripios, as Vallin calls them; the old Turkish and Persian dresses, and the lace and diamonds, give me the kind of air such things do give." The composition of "Valérie" also belongs to this winter, the manuscript of which was submitted to literary friends, and carefully revised and corrected according to their criticism.

In spite of all her faults, Madame de Krüdener had real virtues. She was kind to her dependants, affectionate to her children and step-daughter, faithful to her friends of either sex. She had, it is true, a predilection for exercising her influence upon men, and generally had in her retinue a male friend; but although various persons in succession held this position, the predecessor's place in her good offices was never usurped by the successor, and she owed her power over others as much, probably, in the long-run to her genuine kindliness of heart as to the living spell of her presence, which caused her faults to be forgotten in the charms of her fascinat-It is difficult always, and especially in relationships ing grace. between men and women, to distinguish between influence and fascination, even where there are great discrepancies of age and position, but if Madame de Krüdener's vanity did falsify her power over others, that power, whatever its source, was never exerted ruthlessly. and her admirers never became her victims.

Yet it is difficult, amidst the freaks of her fantastic capacity for self-deception, even upon the poor plea of that all-pervading capacity, to excuse her last desertion of her husband, or to believe in her having been sincere when she exercised her talent for description by drawing those imaginative portraits of him which caused it to be said "she never remembered his existence except when she wanted to make a portrait of him;" and it is equally difficult to believe she really deluded herself as to the means she used to introduce "Valérie" to the world. The book, which competent critics have

not hesitated to compare with Madame de Lafayette's "Princesse de Clèves" for exquisite simplicity and purity of style, intrinsically deserved success. But Madame de Krüdener had heard and believed that no work of an unknown writer could afford to stake its reception simply upon its merit, and she selected a certain number of her acquaintances to puff and advertise her book, chief amongst whom was Dr. Gay. The literary world was to be worked up to the proper pitch of excitement before "Valérie" appeared. The author was to be talked of and asked for. "I have something to ask you," she wrote to Gay; "have some good verses made for our friend Sidonia." (Sidonia, the heroine of the "Cabane des Lataniers," was, like Valérie, an impersonation of the author.) "These verses, which I am sure I need not urgently recommend to your good offices, should be simply headed 'To Sidonia,' and will demand why she dwells in the provinces, why she hides her grace, her talent, in retreat. Does not her success call her to Paris, where her grace and talent would receive the admiration they deserve? Your enchanting dancing has been described" (in "Delphine"), "but who can describe exactly what it is in you which attracts notice? . . . My dear friend," she goes on, " to your friendship I confide this task. For Sidonia I blush, because I know her modesty, and you, too, know that vanity is no fault of hers. I have, of course, reasons more important than any motives of petty vanity about her for asking you to have these verses made, and made at once. Lay special stress on her living in retirement, and that in Paris alone is real appreciation found. Take care no one finds you out, and have the verses, if possible, printed in an evening paper; pay for the insertion and send me the paper at once, or if the paper will not take the verses send them to me and I will have them printed here. It is a fact that Sidonia was the model for the dance in ' Delphine '; read it, because it will please you, but mind the verses do not say where the dancing was described. . . . You will much oblige your friend, who will explain all when we meet. You know her love of solitude and retirement, you know how little she cares for praise, but you will be doing her real service. . . . If you see Madame de Vertamy, tell her you have heard from me; she is a charming woman, and may be of use to you, for she knows a great many people, and if you say I send her my kindest regards, I am sure she will receive you very cordially. . . . I cannot tell you, my excellent friend, how eagerly I desire to contribute to your acquisition of the reward your talents and virtues deserve. You will introduce me to La Harpe, I will do what I can with B. sle St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, and others, and we shall succord pure intentions always succeed. . . ." In the

says, "Sidonia is deeply pious; . . . the verses . . . . must not say 'her talent for dancing has been described,' but merely 'a skilful hand has described your dancing; your success is known,' &c."

The result of all this contrivance was "Une Élegie," which Sidonia approved, and for which, after discovering it unexpectedly in a newspaper, she wrote to thank Dr. Gay, and to ask for a little more of his aid. "Could you see Delille? his verses are so charming; it would not matter how worthless they were, they would be useful to Sidonia, and you know how I love Sidonia. The world is so stupid that it is only by charlatanism of this kind that one can really help a friend."

Like the first letter, this one wound up with the promise of a useful introduction. This time the reward offered for the services of the gentleman who acted the charlatan's part in the comedy was a

letter to Chateaubriand. Every letter alluded to "Delphine," and she wrote of her own popularity at Lyons, and of the great merit of her novel. But when the book actually issued from the printers' hands, unable any longer to contain herself, she went to Paris to invent fresh ways of furthering the success of "Valérie." She would, for instance, drive up to some fashionable shop, and imposing upon the attendants with her unmistakable air of the great world, but carefully concealing her name, she would ask for hat, feathers, scarfs, or ribbons à la Valérie. The shopman, ashamed of his own ignorance, and abashed by her assurance, would perhaps produce some article which he was quite willing to sell as being what the lady wanted. Or, if a shop girl confessed that she had never heard of "Valérie," the lady would compassionate her and advise her to try and get the book. Then Madame de Krüdener would innocently tell her friends of the purchases à la Valérie she had made, and thus the news of the great vogue of the work was soon spread all over the town, whilst the author watched the success of her manœuvres, and wrote confidentially to her friend Madame Armand,

"In Paris, without charlatanry, one gets nothing."

In 1805 she went to Riga, and the great event of her conversion took place. It was sudden, as might be expected. She was depressed by the Livonian climate as usual, she was weary, she had nothing to do, she was thirty-nine, her face began to show the traces of years. One autumn day she was standing at the window watching the clouds flying across the dull sky chased by the wind, and wishing for something or anything to make her forget the weariness of existence, and give her nerves the relief of some excitement. A gentleman passed, whom she recognised as an old admirer: she

bowed and signed to him, hoping he would come in; he looked up, gave a start as if surprised to see her, raised his hat, and then instantly fell down dead. Whatever the latent disease which had thus with such terrible suddenness caused his death, Madame de Krüdener believed that the immediate cause of the seizure was surprise at seeing her. She was this time moved with genuine emotion, and spent several days in a state of utter mental and physical prostration. She shut herself up in a dark room, and stayed in bed, and emerged from her retirement with a determination to alter the whole tenor of her own life, and with an assumed mission to convert the world.

After this event her biography scarcely differs from that of thousands of other evangelical biographies, until it began to dawn upon her that she had a peculiar call to evangelise the world through the heart of her sovereign. The chief field of her labour, prior to her connection with Alexander, was Baden, but her residence was never fixed; there was a great change in her exterior life, but none in her character. Her letters, written with a view to convert the friends of former days, are full of characteristic self-discussion—one notably, in which she gives a full description of a suitor for her hand, his fortune, his periodical visits to the Southern climates she had always been so fond of, and his general eligibility—all refused without secrecy, that her retirement from the world might not seem like a case of sour grapes.

She fell under the influence of an ecstatic named Maria Kummrin, who pretended to have the gift of prophecy, and of a pastor, M. Fontaine, who turned out afterwards to be an impostor, and these persons for their own ends played upon her generosity and her imagination. She soon persuaded herself, especially after a visit she paid to Jung Stilling, that she was one of those beings to whom impressions are mysteriously conveyed without the agency of the senses. She prophesied, she predicted, she preached, she talked, she wrote. The Queen of Prussia, the Empress of Russia, Queen Hortense received her, and attested to the consoling influence of her exhortations. The poor as well as the great thronged her, and for all, with the ready shibboleth of "gratuitous salvation" ever on her lips, she had a special word which thrilled the imagination and captivated the mind. Her prophecies seemed to be fulfilled, her charity was unlimited; for although a total want of order and method was always bringing her to the verge of penury, one friendly hand or another would bring relief in time to prevent a catastrophe.

But in 1814 a great mission began to unfold itself Congress of Vienna was just over, and there was

was still only with the stillness which comes before a storm, and Madame de Kriidener began to predict that the "white lilies of France, which should have called mankind to the love of God, to purity and repentance, had appeared only to disappear," and that France, "which should, according to the decrees of the Eternal, have been saved through the cross which conquered her, should be chastised." The chosen instrument of chastisement was the Emperor of Russia, and her mission to announce his to him. "You would like," she wrote to one of her disciples, a young lady at the Court of Russia, "to tell me much about the deep beauty of the Emperor's soul. I think that already I know a great deal about him. I have long known that the Lord will give me the joy of seeing him. . . . I have great things to say to him, for on his account I have experienced much which the Lord alone can prepare his heart to receive." The Emperor upon his side had also heard of Madame de Krüdener, and his interest in her had been aroused, and for other motives than curiosity he desired to see her. His mind was essentially pious, and he was in a condition of great religious anxiety. Religious phenomena always interested and attracted him, and he was also, possibly, like a sick man who tries all remedies in the hope that the right one may at last be discovered. He met Madame de Krüdener first at Heilbronn, where, just when he was longing for some pious friend capable of consolation, and thinking about what he had heard of her, she was announced by his chamberlain as a lady who insisted, in spite of all refusals, upon an audience.

She stayed with him three hours. First, in the dramatic character of a divine emissary, she reproved the disorders of his past life, his pride, his want of steadfastness; and then, when she had awakened in him the memory of things he strove in vain to forget, and conjured up before him the dreadful scene of his father's death, changing her manner, she used persuasion, and at the close of the long interview she left the Emperor, always impressionable, profoundly moved and touched. This meeting took place immediately after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and on the 9th of June, not much more than a week before the battle of Waterloo, Alexander wrote to Madame de Krüdener to meet him again at Heidelberg. He told her she would find him lodged in a little house on the outskirts of the town, which he had chosen because he had found his "banner, a cross, erected in the garden." She obeyed the summons, and, leaving her daughter on the eve of marriage with Monsieur de Berckheim, and the worthy pastor Empaytaz, who had succeeded Fontaine as attendant chaplain, in the town, she hired a cottage in a field for herself; there was room in it only for herself, and here, every other evening, she received the Czar in a room adjoining a shed where three cows were stabled, and read and expounded Holy Scripture to him often until two o'clock in the morning.

After Waterloo, Alexander left Heidelberg with express injunctions to Madame de Krüdener to meet him in Paris, which, after her daughter's marriage, she did. He was living at the Palace of the Elysées, and as he wished her to be near him, she gave up the rooms she took at first, and moved to 35 Faubourg St.-Honoré, to the Hôtel Montchenu; Madame de Lézay, to whom the house belonged, lending it to her, whilst she herself went to nurse her son, wounded at Waterloo.

The hotel garden opened into the Champs-Elysées by a door, of which Alexander kept a key, that he might visit Madame de Krüdener privately and alone. She made it a rule never to ask him for anything either for herself or for others, and probably owed her spiritual influence over him in a great measure to this fact. She could not indeed refrain from telling him of the scenes of misery she had passed through on her way through the eastern provinces of France, and the Emperor sent relief. But when Madame de Labédoyère came and implored her to ask the Czar to interfere on behalf of her husband, sentenced to death for having deserted to Napoleon, she refused; and all who came to her with the hope of obtaining her good word with the Emperor were disappointed. For herself she scrupulously avoided asking the commonest favours. Her husband had received in reward for his services a property which he and his heirs were to enjoy for a specified term of years. In similar circumstances, it was usual in Russia for the tenant or his heirs, at the expiration of the term of years, to solicit for a renewal of the grant, and the concession was always made as a matter of course, but when the time came, Madame de Krüdener preferred to lose the property rather than make any petition, and the estate lapsed to the Crown.

All Paris flocked to the Hôtel Montchenu, and the prayer meetings, which took place every evening, became the talk of the town. All kinds of exaggerated stories were told of what was done at them, and Madame de Krüdener, who in point of fact did not in any way officiate, and was simply present amongst the congregation in a long dark robe, which would have looked plain and prosaic enough if any one else had worn it, was described as a kind of priestess, halfhidden in a sanctuary veiled off from the rest of the congregation. On Sundays she went to mass in the Czar's chapel covered with a

white veil, and occupied a seat specially reserved for her.

Her former associates, Pastor Fontaine and Maria Kummrin, rejoined her in Paris, probably without so much as forewarning her, and with the intention of obtaining money through her from the Czar. She refused as usual to importune him, and thus, thrown back upon their own ingenuity, they arranged between them a scene which they imagined would work upon his credulity. Visiting the hotel one evening at the usual hour he found Kummrin extended upon a sofa, motionless, and apparently in a trance, and Fontaine, who stood by her, beckoned to him to stop, and told him the woman was charged to deliver a prophecy to him. Alexander sat down patiently to hear the announcement. It was long and very roundabout, and wound up with an intimation to the Czar that he was divinely predestinated to provide funds for the foundation of a Christian community in Germany.

The Emperor saw through the plot, and in two days, through his influence, Fontaine had left Paris; but at this time he certainly distinguished between Madame de Krüdener and her followers, and showed no symptoms of doubting her perfect good faith.

"Alexander is the chosen vessel of the Lord, and I know every detail of his life—I might say his every thought," she wrote to an old friend. "He comes here regularly, and I may truly say the spiritual bond which God formed between us is being strengthened."

The Emperor was to review his troops upon the 10th of September at the Camp des Vertus, in Champagne, and it was his wish that at the religious ceremony which was to take place after the review Madame de Krüdener should be present. On her journey to the camp she stayed at the Château Deaudouville, where a whole day was spent in prayer, meditation, and singing hymns. The next stage was to Mesnil, and here again she was hospitably entertained, as Alexander's friend, by M. de Pinteville, and "all her retinue followed her example and preached. Her daughter preached; her son-in-law preached to the old gentilhomme who was their host, and to all the other members of his family; the young lady's maid preached to the old man-servant of the château. A few chance words, a conversation begun, no matter upon what subject, or in what place—on doorstep, staircase, threshold of a room—turned into a sermon. . . . Alexander had been likened before to his great namesake and to Cyrus: Madame de Krüdener freshened comparisons by likening him to Jesus Christ. Before she had seen him she had called him the Universal Saviour, the White Angel, whom she was constantly contrasting with, the Black Angel Napoleon. What she said she doubtless believed, but there still lingered about her a

flattering savour of the habit of the great world, which by no means prejudiced her influence. The Emperor's carriages were sent for her and her retinue to Mesnil, and the honour rendered by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon at Compiègne did not exceed the respect paid by the victorious Emperor to Madame de Krüdener. Not as a favoured subject, not as Marshal Munich's grand-daughter, did he receive her, but as the envoy of heaven whom it was his appointed office to usher into the midst of his army. And she, dressed in a long plain robe, girdled-in about the waist, and a straw bonnet, often laid aside to leave her head uncovered, with her fair hair, divided in the middle, floating back over her shoulders, one long wavy lock, which she caught sometimes and drew forwards, straying loose, appeared amongst the prostrate soldiers at the hour of prayer " with her " message."

All her messages were announced in Scripture phraseology. The Czar she called Aquilon, and foretold to him in mystic terms the destiny that awaited him in the order of the Divine Providence; and, whilst her own vivid imagination was still moved with the remembrance of the scenes at which he had assisted in the Plains of Champagne, she wrote a pamphlet in order to develop in the language of the prophets, whom it was her bold mission to expound unto fulfilment, the part assigned to her Emperor in the world's renovation.

And Alexander, his mind always full of those indefinite dreams of the good, the beautiful, the true, with which the weak love to cheat their aspirations, and fascinated by visions of fulfilling this destiny, either originated or, with the King of Prussia, collaborated the famous "Holy League," little, let us believe, at the time intending that it should afterwards in other circumstances be used as a weapon of tyranny. Before leaving Paris he brought a plan of the league to Madame de Krüdener, and told her it was his wish by a public act to render to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the homage due to Him for protection visibly accorded, and to invite all the nations to place themselves beneath the rule of the gospel. "I bring you a sketch of the plan, which I beg you carefully to examine, and if you find any expressions in it of which you disapprove, be kind enough to tell me. . . ." And then he put a passport into her hand, and begged that she would follow him to Russia. The report soon spread that Madame de Krüdener had drawn up the plan herself, that Alexander was entirely subject to her, and that her power over him was boundless. For the jourhad no money, nor even any to pay her debts in course, she let the Emperor go without sayin

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the day afterwards a gentleman she had never seen before called, and during his visit an account was brought to her which she had no money to pay. The stranger came forward and paid the bill, and the same afternoon called again, and when he left the second time four or five thousand louis d'or were found in Madame de Krüdener's desk. With this money she started for Petersburg, but travelled slowly, finding much by the way to do. Her son, Baron Paul de Krüdener, was Russian ambassador to the Helvetian confederacy; and she visited him at Berne, and held religious meetings which excited the ever prompt intolerance of the Swiss authorities, and she was requested to leave the town. At Bâle the same incidents were repeated, but here a person in the neighbourhood offered her a cottage, where she stayed some time alone with Pastor Empaytaz, and swept and dusted and made the soup herself so long as she had time; but gradually every minute was taken up by the visitors who flocked to her for assistance and advice. She used to preach, too, whenever she had an opportunity; and if she preached, as she often did, from the window of an hotel, the space in the front of the house would be crowded with eager listeners, and, if trees were near, men and boys would climb up to the branches to see and listen. Then she would ask in her sweet, far-sounding voice, "Can you all hear what I say?" and awaiting the unanimous "Ja!" which thousands of voices uttered as one, would begin. Her sermons, which sound rather poor as reported, laid hold of her hearers, and sometimes she was accused of preaching dangerous doctrines and of Socialistic teaching; of inciting children to leave their parents, wives their husbands, if family life proved a hindrance to them in the free exercise of their religion; of teaching servants to be humble only with the hope of ultimately becoming masters. But she denied these charges, and, indeed, there does not seem to have been any real foundation for them. Her language was extravagant, and her teaching naturally vague like her religious views. She used to say, "I am neither a Catholic nor a Greek; and, God be praised, I have never been a Protestant!" and she rejected all teaching except that of direct inspiration.

Whilst she was busy with her exciting work in Switzerland and in Baden, preaching to soldiers, country-folk, or town-folk, or wherever she found an audience, driven from one canton to another, and finally expelled altogether from the Grand Duchy on account of the unlimited influence she was supposed to possess over the Autocrat, much influence was being brought to bear upon her "angel of an Emperor," as she called him, to wean him from his devotion to her; and when she did arrive at last at Livonia in 1818, she was placed

by the governor's order under police surveillance, which was only withdrawn when a direct appeal was made to the Czar. She then left Riga for Kosse, where she stayed several months, receiving to her surprise no order to rejoin the Emperor. At length she wrote for and received leave to go to Petersburg, but the Emperor sent her no invitation to visit him. Change was habitual with Alexander, and he had been, since he parted from her, constantly assailed with warnings of the bad effects produced upon the world by his submission to her spiritual dictation; and he was now assured also that her avowed sympathy with the insurrection in Greece would compromise him if he were known to have any intercourse with her. Only a few months before, in one of her sermons, she had harangued a regiment of Prussian soldiers about an approaching struggle between Christian and Ottoman; and Alexander, to whom in 1815 she had prophesied the insurrection, was already suspected of a personal inclination to assist the Greeks. He was kept informed, too, of all that Fontaine and Maria Kummrin did, and that Madame de Krüdener persisted in corresponding still with them, although her children had expostulated with her and tried to open her eyes to their real character. "I am afraid she is in the wrong path," the Emperor said, when some one asked him if he had had news of her; but, further than this, he kept his private opinion of her to himself. meantime, began to preach a sort of crusade against the Turks, and at length the Emperor sent her a long letter of remonstrance through the hands of Monsieur de Tourgueneff, who was charged to read it to her and not to leave it with her. It began by showing her how difficult it was for a modern sovereign to act upon the principle of direct inspiration from heaven, then blamed the freedom of the censures she passed upon him and his government; and intimated to her that as a friend he required her to enter into an engagement to keep silence upon politics, and warned her that the presence in the capital of a subject who created embarrassments for the government would not be tolerated. She listened respectfully to the end, then told Monsieur de Tourgueneff to thank his Majesty for the warning, and promised henceforward to plead the Greek cause only in her prayers, feeling sure that in heaven the cause of justice was registered.

She kept her engagement, but the constraint pained her, and, towards the close of 1821, she left Petersburg for Kosse without having once seen the Emperor.

In the following June her son-in-law and daughter, the De Berckheims, visited her and found her well, but learling

great hardship and privation. She was trying to live as her peasants did, so as to preach patience to them by example as well as word. "Every one about her," wrote Monsieur de Berckheim, "wears that look of real affection and charity which is so different from mere worldly politeness." Her health soon gave way. Monsieur Kellner, the pastor who lived with her at Kosse, died, and this was a great blow to her, and, after the fatigue of nursing him was over, she broke down and showed signs of decline. A winter in the South was recommended, and in the spring of 1824 she left Kosse, with the Princess Galitzin and Mousieur and Madame de Berckheim, for the Crimea, where she had property, and intended to found a colony for Swiss and German emigrants. To avoid fatigue, the journey was made by water, and the picturesque scenery of the Volga and the change of air and interest for a time revived the invalid. But the improvement did not last, and, after her arrival at Karasou-Bazar, she rapidly grew worse. "At first," says her daughter, "she had still a little strength. . . . In November we kept her birthday, and she was as happy as a child when we gave her flowers, cakes, and preserves to distribute. . . . She felt a real necessity for sustenance. and sometimes reproached herself with thinking too much of her food. In the evening she would fall asleep. Latterly, however, she resisted sleep because she said the awakening was too painful, it felt like death. A young Livonian girl and two German girls watched her day and night. One of the latter, whose name was Emily, had been brought up by the Moravians, and Mama was very fond of her: it was always a fête to her when Emily's turn came; and when she left her Berckheim would take her place by the bedside. . . . Towards the end she could only bear to have a few lines at a time read to her. . . . On Christmas Day, 1824, she died. Her remains were placed first in the vault of the Armenian Church, and afterwards in the Greek Church which Princess Galitzin built at Koreiss."

The account of her death, surrounded by friends and children, fearing death at first, and when the end came dying without fear, deals with things too solemn for these pages, and the impression it leaves is one of perfect sincerity. We hope, indeed, that we have by no means so misrepresented Madame de Krüdener as to convey the idea that falseness was her predominant characteristic. She was, if the paradox may be pardoned, throughout life consistently to her character inconsistent, and if she deceived others she deceived herself as well into admiration of herself; whilst her real genius, her talents, and her power of influence have justly saved her from the ridicule to which her vanity would otherwise have exposed her.

### ALMA-MATER ON SEA.

THERE is perhaps no other city, certainly not within the three kingdoms, which unites in itself the characteristics of a seaside "season" residence and those of a grave, grey, time-honoured university, as they are blended in this old Alma-mater, seated on her dull grey crag, lulled and raged against alternately by the restless waters of the German Ocean, and difficult of access even in these locomotive days.

Approach from north or south is alike barred by the wide embouchure of a river, which must be crossed in a steamboat; after this comes a short run by rail, and the further irritation of waiting for a very deliberate train, which makes its way to the ancient university on a single line of rails from an obscure and desolate little junction, not worth the notice of their high mightinesses the directors, and where no train up or down conveniently connects.

Then the traveller speeds slowly across green flats, stretching between gently rising, sparsely wooded slopes and the sea; over a stream, bridged by stone arches lichen-grown and timestained; on past sandy links, covered with short soft sward, with patches of sweet, yellow-blossomed gorse, and tufts of long, coarse, bleached grass, sometimes spreading out broad and breezy, sometimes receding till the sea washes the railway bank and the gulls may be seen poising themselves on the crests of the waves; to a diminutive unfinished station, towards which the town has overflowed in driblets of dark stone houses down an abrupt hill. modern development, but profitable withal, for here are the favourite quarters of summer visitors. This hill surmounted, we are in the original city, once inclosed by walls, with a defensible gate at the end of each of the three principal streets, which diverged from the once magnificent cathedral, whose roof of copper gleaming in the sunlight could be discerned far away at sea. Of these sates only one remains, the Westport, surmounted by a

the celebrated boar whose chase an gift of lands to the Church.

ten days after his landing at the mouth of the Spey, Charles II. received the silver keys of the gate. "When he came opposite the entrance of St. Mary's College," says Lamont in his Diary, "Principal Rutherford made him an oration, running much upon the duties of kings." His Majesty must have found his experience of the Scotch Alma-mater by no means exhilarating or encouraging. "Next day," continues the Diarist, "Mr. Robert Blair preached, and after the sermon the King honoured the preacher with a visit at his own house. As soon as he entered the room, Mrs. Blair ran to offer him a seat. 'My heart,' said her husband, 'he is a young man, and can draw one for himself.'"

This was the last visit paid by any sovereign of Great Britain to St. Andrews.

At this side, the approach is through the gently undulating, carefully cultivated country, parts of which were the scene of various adventures experienced by that Scotch Haroun Al Raschid James V., under the name of the "gude mon o' Ballengiech."

Here is the principal entrance of the city, and walking through it, down the South Street, the best aspect of the town presents itself. Wide and sunny (when there is any sunshine), the houses, though generally modern, are sufficiently irregular, and the line is further broken by a lovely morsel of ruin, the last remnant of a Dominican chapel, draped with luxuriant ivy. Behind this, on the site of the Dominican monastery, are the buildings of the Madras College, erected (1832) and endowed by the late Dr. A. Bell, D.D., for the benefit of his native town, and on very moderate terms to those able to pay. Beyond, the vista is closed by some trees and the three remaining turrets of the cathedral.

Here are the shops, the town-hall, the post-office, the university library, containing many treasures, St. Mary's College, grey and timeworn, the quaint windows of its once monkish halls looking upon the street, whereat in these happier days the bright young faces of the principal's daughters may sometimes be seen smiling down on friends and acquaintances as they pass. Under the low arched entrance, a delightful glimpse of foliage and greenery hints at more extensive grounds than the street front suggests: enter and admire the unpretending beauty of the old quadrangle, the rich ivy, the mullioned windows, the rugged, picturesque masonry, mellowed by time. Look at that old thorn-tree, which stands at the end of the building next the shrubbery, so black, so seemingly dead in winter, so perennially renewed and beautified in spring. It was planted by the beautiful queen of romance, whose story is ever new, whose

fame, ever reviving in fresh researches and discussions, still attracts chivalrous defenders, as well as vigorous assailants; farther on, still at the same south side of the street, behind which are large and pleasant gardens occupying the once extensive premises of the priory, is a low, wide, solid stone house; a passage through it leads into a small pleasure ground, at the opposite side of which are the graceful ruins of St. Leonard's Chapel. This small inclosure is full of associations; here vestiges of the past are blended with evidence of the modern care and culture which reveres these relics of early human effort and aspiration. It is a place to sit and dream in, for here, occasionally, was the residence of Mary Stuart before her marriage with Darnley.

Randolph, the ambassador of Elizabeth, whose mission it was to propose Leicester as a suitable husband for the young Queen of Scots, then in her twenty-first year, describes, in a letter to Cecil, how Mary amused herself in the garden of her house shooting at butts with the Master of Lindesay (who afterwards treated her so brutally) against Lord Mar and one of her ladies. Randolph also writes to his royal mistress early in the following year, describing his reception by Mary, who seems to have been most gracious, and continues his report thus: "Her Grace lodged in a merchant's house, her train were very few, and there was small repair from any part." He then goes on to say that Mary ordered him to dine and sup with her while he remained at her court; but when he began to speak of the object of his mission, she exclaimed, "I see now well, that you are weary of this company and treatment. I sent for you to be merry, and to see how like a 'bourgeois' wife I live with my little troop, and you will interrupt our pastime with your grave, great matters. I pray you, Sir, if you be weary here, return to Edinburgh, and keep your gravity till the Queen come thither; for I assure you, you shall not get her here, nor do I know myself what has become of her."

How charming must have been these gracious playful words from royal lovely lips, and sad too, this pleading of girlhood for a glimpse of natural life before the fatal fetters of queenliness and responsibility closed round her once more.

It was on her way to this rugged Alma-mater, having landed at Burntisland after crossing the stormy Firth of Forth, that the crazed poet Chastelard dared to enter the chamber of his Queen, and paid forfeit for this temerity with his life.

Previous to the visits of Queen Mary, John Knox, that Boanerges of the Reformation, in spite of the efforts of Archbishop Hamilton and the dissuasions of the Lords of the Congression, persisted in preaching on the 11th of June, 1559, and three following days, in the cathedral, for so many ages the metropolitan church of Scotland, a series of discourses on the subject of Christ's purifying the Temple of Jerusalem.

He so inflamed his hearers that the mob rose and demolished not only the cathedral but also the monasteries of the Black and Grey Friars, and the ancient church of St. Regulus.

The next year the Protestant leaders signified their approbation of this vandalism by passing an Act "for demollishing cloysters and abbey churches, such as were not yet pulled down;" thus, in all probability, the cathedral was reduced nearly to the state in which we now see it.

At the end of South Street, on the right, is a fine pointed arch leading into a passage terminating in another arch; between these, there are evident marks of three others which supported apartments above, where probably the porter lodged. This, as well as a very solid wall twenty feet high and about a mile in extent, with thirteen towers, each of which has two or three canopied arches, from which the figures of the saints that formerly occupied them have long since disappeared, was built by Prior John Hepburn. This wall, most of which remains, commencing at the north-east buttress of the cathedral, surrounded the priory, ending at the above-described gateway now called "The Pends." This was the main entrance to the priory. The arms of the prior may be seen on various parts of the wall—two lions pulling a rose between them, upon a chevron, with the head of a crosier for a crest—the motto "Ad vitam," and the initials J. H.: one of these bears the date 1520.

A few paces to the left, passing the modern priory, a pleasant abode shaded by trees and sheltered by fragments of massive walls, with a pretty peep at the sea and east cliffs, is the gate of the cemetery which surrounds the ruined cathedral. Before it is a considerable space flanked by a couple of very old and solid houses. From this square has the "smoke of the sacrifice" on the altar of free thought often risen to the wide heavens.

The once stately edifice is a mere wreck. One arch with a turret window still stands at this end—evidently the chief entrance; beneath it, a broad gravelled walk, the bases of clustered columns showing more or less above the grass at either side, and indicating the nave, leads to the east gable. This still stands. It is pierced by three oblong, round-headed lights, surmounted by a large window in the same style, from which all tracery has been broken away. At each side are turrets, terminating in octagonal pinnacles. Beside these, the wall on the

south side of the nave, and that on the west side of the south transept, remain. In this last may be seen some interlaced arches, and the ruins of the steps by which the canons descended from the dormitory to the church to perform their midnight services. The bases of the four massy piers on which the great central tower was built also may be traced; and this is all, save three empty open stone coffins. These were discovered projecting from under the floor of the high altar, when, by order of the Exchequer in 1826, the stones and rubbish accumulated by the demolition of the cathedral were removed. They are still in the same place, the bones they contained having been taken out and buried. Beside these coffins was found a skeleton, with a deep cut in the skull: this, it has been conjectured, might be the remains of the young and accomplished Archbishop Alexander Stewart, natural son of James IV., who fell, with his gallant father, at Flodden: as he would in all probability have been interred in his own cathedral church.

The wall on the south side of the nave contains thirteen windows, of which seven, nearest the east end, have semicircular arches, and six of a later period are pointed with single mullions.

The aspect of these poor relics of what was once so grand is unspeakably sad and desolate. So little is left, and that is so bare, that imagination can scarce find enough, even of the skeleton, to clothe with visions of the past.

About a hundred feet to the south-east, and within the circuit of Prior Hepburn's wall, is an edifice supposed to be the most ancient in Scotland. It is a square tower 110 feet high, built of extremely hard brownish grey stone, unlike any to be found in the neighbourhood. There are still the walls of a small church standing on the east of the tower, and traces of the sloping roof of an ante-chapel on the opposite wall. According to tradition, this church and tower were erected over the original cell of St. Rule or Regulus, a Greek monk of Achaia, by whom the relics of St. Andrew were preserved and watched. He was warned in a dream to take a few bones and teeth of the deceased saint, and to "carry them westward to the utmost part of the world." He seems to have made a fair division, and left enough to endow Milan and Brescia.

Regulus was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; so putting the selection of relics into a box, and taking with him a priest, two deacons, eight hermits, and three devoted virgins, he set sail for the unknown land. After being "long tossed with grievous" they were driven into this bay, and wrecked the cliff on which the cathedral now

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all but the bones. With these, and the reputation they swiftly obtained for exalted piety and miraculous power, they gained great influence over the wild inhabitants and their king, and laid the foundation of Christian community.

This original church was subsequently enriched by various royal and other donations, notably the wide lands once harried by a famous and gigantic boar, which, after its depredations became intolerable, was set upon by a multitude and killed, after having been chased over a district afterwards bestowed upon the Church by Alexander I. Why, does not appear, unless, indeed, the mighty boar was in any way identified with that industrious spirit "the de'il," when, of course, a priestly landowner would be the best defence.

Alexander seems to have been in a bounteous mood, for in the quaint "Original Chronykle of Scotland," wherein A. de Wyntoun, Canon of St. Andrews and afterwards Prior of Lochleven (1395), describes the ceremony by which the king conveyed this grant to the projected priory, it is recorded that—

"Before the Lordis all, the Kyng
Gart them to the Altar bryng.

Hys comely steed of Araby
Saddled and bridled costlyly
Covered with a fayre mantlet
Of pretious and fyne velvet.

With his armory of Turkey
That prince then used generally
And chused maist for their delight
Wyth shield and spear of sylver whyte."

All these "goodlie gifts" were added to the above—we hope to the benefit of giver and receiver. This scene was enacted in the chapel of St. Rule about the beginning of the twelfth century, and the foundations of the cathedral were laid towards its close.

Beneath the cliff, nearly fronting the castle, and somewhat difficult of access, is a cave, supposed to have been the first abode of the missionary monk, which was at one time a place of pilgrimage. The Palmer in "Marmion" tells that sinful nobleman,

"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way
To fair St. Andrew's bound,
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St. Rule his holy lay
From midnight to the dawn of day
Sung to the billows' sound."

At present it is generally known as "Lady Buchan's Cave," that lady having occasionally used it for a very different purpose—namely, for entertaining her friends at tea when she resided here upwards of a hundred years ago, with her two sons, then students in this marine Alma-mater, one of whom was afterwards Lord Chancellor Erskine.

Outside Prior Hepburn's wall, and close to it, nearly on the verge of the cliff near the harbour, are the traces of an old Culdean establishment, known as the provostry of Kirkheugh, or "the Church of St. Mary on the Rock." There is a tradition that the Scotch king Constantine III., "fatigued with the savageness of the times," retired to this church, and became a canon in the tenth century. It was probably from this circumstance that our "Alma-mater on Sea" was called in Gaelic "Kilremont," i.e. "the cell of the King upon the Hill."

There were many of these Culdean houses in Scotland. They appear to have acknowledged the Abbot of Iona as their head, who, although only a presbyter, exercised a kind of primacy over the Christians of Ireland as well as of Scotland.

The Culdees seem to have professed a purer and more primitive Christianity than the gorgeous Churchmen who succeeded them. Their priests married, and their sons often succeeded them in the priestly office. What connection the Culdees had with St. Rule cannot be ascertained with any certainty, but it is evident they did not at the beginning of the ninth century acknowledge the supremacy of Rome, nor did they enjoy Pontifical favour. Finally, they disappeared under the chilling influence of Romish disapprobation. A bull of Pope Clement III. (1187) addressed "to his beloved sons the Prior and Canons of St. Andrew's," after many directions and injunctions, desires "also that the regular canons of your church be substituted for the Culdees as they die off, and their lands and rents be applied to your use."

That the Culdees were in high favour with bishops, kings, and nobles may be gathered from the various gifts and grants recorded in the Register of St. Andrew's Priory, and also noticed in Wyntoun's "Chronykyl."

Among these patrons we find the famous, or rather infamous, Macbeth. He bestows upon them the lands of Kirkness, soliciting in return the benefit of their prayers, of which, no doubt, he had much need. The document begins thus: "Macbe" and Gruoch, daughter of Bodhe, King and to the omnipotent God, and the Culcaccording to the boundaries, which

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Gruoch is better known as "Lady Macbeth." Wyntoun speaks very favourably of her husband, except as regards the murder, which was so common an occurrence in those barbarous days that little importance was attached to it. Wyntoun asserts that "Gruoch" had been the wife of Macbeth's uncle, observing, with naïveté and without comment,

"Little in honour then had he The degrees of affinity."

After the death of David I., however, popes, kings, and bishops seem to have entered into a compact to check the progress of Culdeeism, and substitute Romish monks for the simpler brotherhoods.

The great Catholic cathedral was begun by Arnold, nineteenth bishop, about the middle of the twelfth century; its construction was continued under the direction of no fewer than eleven prelates, and it was not finished till one hundred and fifty-eight years after its commencement.

It was, however, the constant practice, in all ecclesiastical structures of that period, to begin with the east end, and to finish the choir as rapidly as possible for the performance of divine service. Each succeeding bishop or prior added a portion till the whole was complete, and thus the development of taste and skill often produced a different style by the time the west end was reached.

These eleven bishops, having built, battled, bribed, intrigued with popes and foreign sovereigns to gain ecclesiastic rank-opposed or served their own kings, and probably done some good and generous deeds, not many of which are recorded, throughout the century and a half which ensued-it fell to the lot of William de Lamberton to consecrate the completed cathedral church. He seems to have vacillated between Bruce and Baliol with very little regard to the promises made to each in turn, as indeed was not uncommon in those "good old times," but finally—patriotism being in the ascendant he assisted to crown Bruce at Scone. The conqueror of Bannockburn, four years after the battle, came with a gallant following to assist at the grand ceremony of the dedication, as did also seven bishops, fifteen abbots, and most of the barons in the kingdom, all of whom presented gifts and offerings. The presence of Robert Bruce on such an occasion, while still under a Papal sentence of excommunication, is somewhat remarkable, and is an indication that Papal influence was less potent in Scotland than on the Con-

The history of St. Andrews, however, being more or less the

history of Scotland, it is only possible to glance at a few of the most striking scenes enacted there.

Fifty years after the completion of the church a great part of it was much damaged by fire. Boethius says the fire was caused by a jackdaw carrying a burning twig into its nest; he does not add that the reprehensible bird was "solemnly cursed," as its infinitely less guilty brother of Rheims was, by the great Lord Cardinal of that well-known legend. The injury was repaired by the joint efforts of Bishop Landel and Prior Stephen de Pay.

The thirty-seventh and last Bishop of St. Andrews, James Kenedy, grandson of Robert III. on the mother's side, appears to have been above the average in piety, generosity, and learning. He was appointed Chancellor of the Kingdom in 1444, but, finding the arduous duties of that office interfered with those of his see, he resigned it. He founded the Monastery of Franciscan or Grey Friars, near the Market Gate—not a trace of which remains. St. Andrews was raised to the rank of an archbishopric when the next prelate, Kenedy's half-brother, succeeded to the see.

The fourth archbishop was the accomplished and learned Alexander Stewart, natural son of James IV. He was placed under the care of the celebrated Erasmus (1505), who, in one of his published letters, thus describes him: "I was at one time domesticated with him in the town of Sienna, where I instructed him in Greek and rhetoric. Good heavens! how quick, how attentive, how persevering in his studies! How many things he accomplished!

. And in the afternoon he applied himself to music, to the virginals or the lute, accompanying them sometimes with his voice. His morals were pure, and his mind noble and far above sordid affections."

In 1510 Stewart returned to Scotland, and, though no more than eighteen, he was not only settled in the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, but made Lord Chancellor as well as Abbot of Dunfermline and Prior of Coldingham in commendam. These dignities were enjoyed by the youthful primate till 1513, when he fell with his father on the fatal field of Flodden.

It was in this cathedral that James V. was married to Mary of Guise, who landed at Balcomie, near Crail, about ten miles southeast of St. Andrews. "Then the king rode forth to meet her with the lords spiritual and temporal, then convened at St. Andrews, in their best array. She was received at the abbey gate by the poet, Sir David Lindesay, of the Mount, Lyon Herald, who made her an oration—exhorting her to serve God, obey her husband, and

her body clean according to God's will and commandments." Such is the description of an eye-witness, Lindesay of Pitscottie. This being done, the queen was received into the New Inn (novum hospitium), one of the priory buildings—the gateway is still standing, surmounted with the Royal Arms of Scotland and those of the Priory. "On the morn the queen passed through the town, and the provost and burgesses were presented to her; and when she came again to the king, she said 'she had never seen so many fair personages of men, women, young babes and children as she saw that day,' at which the king greatly rejoiced."

If her Majesty could revisit this scene of her first progress in her new dominions—especially when a golf "medal day" attracts town and country people to the Links—she would not find the race

deteriorated.

James the Fifth's first son was born here; but this infant and a second son died within two days of each other, making way for their sister, the far-famed Mary Stuart.

From the Kirkheugh may be seen the rugged pier and the harbour, where only a few fishing boats now put in. The dangers of the approach to our sea-girt "Alma-mater" are great, and it is puzzling to think of French galleys bringing troops to attack the castle when low tide displays the serrated edges of the black rocks that stretch their spines far out beneath the water.

As early as the first half of the twelfth century a considerable trade seems to have been carried on here. The merchants are said to have been chiefly foreigners, but whether the merchandise arrived by water, or by land from some more accessible port, does not appear. Now the wide bay is seldom enlivened by a sail. The steamers which ply to busy Dundee keep away to the Forfarshire coast, only a line of smoke upon the distant sky indicating their passage. It is affirmed, however, by Martini, Provost of St. Salvator's College, 1577, that during the Senzie fair (Senzie, from assize, or consistory court held at the same time), which began the second week after Easter and lasted fifteen days, the harbour was crowded with between two and three hundred ships. This seems almost incredible—they must have been very light craft.

A pale phantom of the Senzie fair is still evoked each year between Easter and Whitsuntide. A few shabby, unsteady stalls uprear themselves in the Market-place, where, by the way, no market is ever held, and a beggarly account of gingerbread, dusty sweets, toys, knitted shawls, and carpet slippers are set forth and despondingly watched over by melancholy women who seem amazed when a customer accosts them.

From the Kirkheugh the east cliffs, with the cruel knife-like reefs which lie at their base, may be seen stretching away to the right. These, without being strikingly bold, are picturesque, sometimes rising dark and abrupt, furrowed by rifts and hollows clothed with short green sward, and thickly tufted in spring with primroses and wild hyacinths. Straight out in front is the open sea; occasionally, on rare smooth summer days, most exquisitely blue, spreading an unbroken plain of water to the coasts of Norway and Denmark.

But our "Alma-mater" did not trust for safety only to the prayers of her priests, or the peals of her blessed bells, for which latter she was renowned. Tons of the holy bell metal were sold and exported by the "cannie" Reformers, who, certain of their own sanctification and election, could afford to dispense with such merely physical aids to devotion as bell and candle.

About five minutes' walk west of the ruined cathedral stands the wreck of the castle—a little less desolate and slightly more picturesque than the former.

This fortress is strongly situated on a rocky promontory, so that on two sides it was defended by the sea; on the west, next the town, is a deep moat now dry and grass-grown. This is crossed by a footbridge leading to an archway, once the principal entrance. The greater part of the wall here still stands; a half-effaced scutcheon and some carvings about the windows are visible, but there are few indications of grandeur or beauty in the remains. The side of one tower landward, the lower part of those to the sea with the wall between them, pierced with three or four windows now frayed by time and storm into shapeless holes; the fragment of a round turret at the south-east angle, with the first steps of a winding stair; these are all that remain of what has been the theatre of many a stirring scene, the object of many a bloody struggle, the prison of Catholic and Protestant, Jacobite and Whig.

At present, the space of green turf occupying the centre of the dismantled fortress serves in summer for a tennis ground, and very pretty the groups of gaily dressed girls and "flannelled" men look on a bright day under the grey battered walls, with blue sea and sky and rugged cliffs for a background, the solemn tower of St. Regulus dominating all.

This structure served as a fortress, a state prison, and an episcopal palace. It has been besieged, taken, demolished, rebuilt and repaired during the various civil and foreign wars which prevailed from the time of its erection (1200) to the revolution.

The unfortunate Duke of Rothesay was imprisoned here by his uncle Albany and his brother-in-law Douglas, previous to being taken, on a wet tempestuous day, a coarse cloak thrown over his shoulders, and mounted on a common work horse, to his terrible death in Falkland Palace, about eighteen miles inland; and here James I. was educated, previous to his captivity in England.

It was in this castle that Bishop Kenedy illustrated his advice to his sovereign James II., respecting the course to be taken with the all-powerful Douglases, by first vainly attempting to break a bundle of arrows, and then untying it and snapping each separately with ease. Here James III. was born. And his son and grandson both sought refuge from the tyrannical nobles who held them in tutelage. Here, too, Archbishop James Beaton (1523 to 1539) practised such magnificent hospitality that he had to provide nightly accommodation for over "twenty-one score horses," not to mention their riders; and here, in 1528, after arranging various difficulties with his opponents the Douglases, he invited them and the king to spend Easter holidays, when, says Lindesay of Pitscottie, "He made them great banquetting and merriness, and also propined (conciliated) them with great gifts, that he might better obtain their favour. So the king stayed there a while hunting and hawking by the river Eden, till at last "-the Douglases dispersing to attend to their own affairs-"the king made his escape to Stirling, and summoning his faithful barons, forbade any of the Douglas family to come within six miles of his person on pain of high treason."

In this castle too Cardinal David Beaton, the Wolsey of Scotland, was assassinated by four determined men, despite the presence of a hundred workmen and fifty servants, whom the conspirators managed to dismiss before rousing the cardinal from his sleep to send him to his final rest.

The murderers were besieged here by the Earl of Arran, Governor of Scotland.

Henry VIII. supplied them liberally with many provisions and military stores; this assistance was continued by Somerset after Henry's death. After a truce of some months, the siege was renewed in 1547, and in the spring of that year John Knox, with his pupils Francis and George Douglas, arrived at the castle. It was in this "Alma-mater on Sea" that he preached the first of those sermons which wrought so great a change in the minds of his countrymen.

Meantime the French Government despatched twenty-one galleys with a force to back up the Catholic besiegers. This fleet was under the command of a warrior-priest, Leon Stronzius, Prior of Capua. The French engineers mounted their ordnance in the college tower and on the roof of the abbey kirk, "so that no man durst walk in the castle close," says Lindesay. These batteries made such breaches in the wall that the defenders were quickly obliged to capitulate, whereupon the French entered and "spoiled the castle very vigorously, wherein they found great store of vivers, clothes, armour, plate, and silver," and took away many prisoners, among them John Knox, who was carried to France and obliged to serve there three years on board the galleys.

At present the fragments of the tower afford pleasant elevated resting-places on a summer's day, and command views full of quiet beauty across the wide bay.

Opposite is a range of hills, wooded and cultivated, sloping down to a nearly invisible line of beach. Over these rise the hoary Grampians, streaked here and there with snow, though a bright May morning was smiling as we looked. To the west these hills sink somewhat abruptly, rising again after a little space to a greater height. In this hollow is a small conical hill known as the "Law of Dundee," at the foot of which lies the busy, prosperous town of the same name. Between it and a nearer wooded ridge rolls the Tay-or rather the estuary of the Tay-a dim white haze rising above the ridge indicates the course of the river. The hills sweep gently round the bend of the bay, leaving a wide space of rich undulating land between them and the sea. A fair scene, and none the less fair for the light and shade of our northern atmosphere and colouring-soft greys, tender greens, faint fleecy mists, the wonderful effect of sunbeams shooting out from beneath dark masses of cumuli, the variety of changing shadows from swift-sailing clouds-as compared with the less variable loveliness of southern climates.

But when winter, "stern and wild," closes round, the outlook is harsh and pitiless; great swirls of dark rain-mist drive across the bay, chased by furious blasts from vast stores of eastern storm, and deluge the land with fierce showers of angry tears.

For doomed ships caught by the wind at such times there is no escape, and whole crews have perished almost within speaking distance of the cliffs. Frost and snow seldom last long, and the cold in midwinter is less bitter than in spring, when many of the residents go away till the short summer of this latitude begins.

Looking landward, the Tower of St. Salvator's College Church to

seen rising above the trees which surround it. This is the oldest of the three colleges which once existed in this wave-washed "Alma-mater"—or rather the oldest foundation. The college itself, except the chapel, was entirely rebuilt about fifty years ago.

Here is a museum, a large hall, and various class-rooms—notably the Greek—where, in the long winter's evenings, the profound and elegant scholar who now holds the Greek chair adds to his other work the supererogatory task of superintending and assembling the students for dramatic readings of Greek masterpieces, translated by himself, of Shakespeare's plays, and other dramas. Admission is eagerly sought by the society of the collegiate town, and the benefit of this training to the young men, who are thus accustomed to the sound of their own voices before a considerable audience, is very great.

The university or pedagogium of St. Andrews was founded by Bishop Wardlaw in 1413. Henry Ogilvy, Master of Arts, made his entry into the city on the 3rd of February in that year amid ringing of bells and tumultuous welcoming from all classes, for he was the bearer of a Papal Bull which endowed the infant seminary with the high privileges of a university. Nearly fifty years elapsed before the erection of the first college of St. Salvator by Bishop Kenedy, during which time there does not appear to have been any particular building for educational purposes, rooms in different parts of the city having been devoted to this object as the generosity of individuals prompted. The old church or chapel occupies one side of the quadrangle, and contains the tomb of the builder. This has been a very fine piece of Gothic work, but is now sorely defaced. A beautiful silver mace, four feet long, and decorated with golden figures of the Saviour and angels, was found in this tomb and is shown by the janitor. A label attached to it states that it was made in Paris in 1461. Here, too, is preserved John Knox's pulpit, a very simple construction in black oak. In this church are preserved two silver arrows which were shot for annually, together with the medals which the winners were entitled to have attached to them; figures of the archers in the act of shooting are engraved on their respective medals: some of these are very curious.

The body of archers here alluded to existed from 1618 to 1751, with a break during the great rebellion. Many of those who composed it belonged to the first families in the country. A list of the winners includes the names of Lord Robert Douglas, Archibald Lord Lorn, afterwards the first Marquis of Argyle (of whom his father predicted to Charles I. that "he would wind him a pirm"

if he trusted him), the Earls of Morton, Rothes, Wemyss, and Elgin, Lords Leslie and Carnegie, Bethunes of Balfour, Heriot of Ramornie, and many more of the county lairds.

With St. Salvator's is now united St. Leonard's College. Of this latter nothing remains but the graceful ruins of the chapel and a building which has been converted into a residence for one of the professors. Here was the room or rooms occupied by George Buchanan, when principal of the college and preceptor to the young prince afterwards James VI., and tradition says his learned ghost still wanders there o' nights. Ruin and house are embowered in trees, standing well back behind South Street, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." This was a monastic institution where theology, philosophy, and music were taught, especially the latter. The singers trained here were celebrated, and many of them, after the Reformation, found means of existence in teaching their art.

St. Leonard's College was distinguished for its opposition to Romanism. To have "Drunk of St. Leonard's well" became a proverbial phrase for having imbibed Reformed ideas.

St. Mary's College is farther west, and opens directly from South Street. It was founded by Cardinal Beaton, who built a great part of it at his own expense; and was finished by Hamilton, the last Romish Archbishop of St. Andrews. The chapel has completely disappeared, but the buildings which remain, with their mullioned windows and ivy-clad walls, have all the picturesque charm of graceful age.

Since 1579 this college has only taught divinity; the principalship and three professorships connected with it were in the gift of the archbishops, and are now in that of the Crown.

The students of this northern "Alma-mater" are very different from those of the more favoured institutions in the south—rough looking lads, with slouching gait and small distinction of figure or feature; they are generally sons of small shopkeepers, or smaller farmers, with a sprinkling of ministers' sons. The perseverance with which they pursue their winter studies, having between the sessions probably followed the plough or otherwise earned the means of continuing their studies, is admirable and touching. Their life is hard enough; for them no "common hall" spreads its excellent board, no college rooms offer comfortable abodes; they lodge here and there in such modest quarters as can be found in the older part of the town, and fare not sumptuously in their "bunks," as their lodgings in students' slang.

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But these unpolished boys have good stuff in them. At the dramatic readings before mentioned, it is surprising to find how many declaim rather than merely read their parts. The accent may be broad, the voice rough and unsoftened by the training of a refined home, but sympathetic perception of sense and spirit is often revealed in the ringing tone, the sudden unsteady huskiness, which gives effect to a noble or a touching passage. Each year, before they disperse, the students give a theatrical entertainment, to which the professors and their wives contribute what assistance they can, and it is generally a great success.

The cost of education at St. Andrews is very moderate. Graduation may be obtained at a trifle over thirty pounds. This includes all fees, both class and matriculation. The session begins in November and ends the third week of April.

The University of St. Andrews has always been on a somewhat limited scale, the largest number of students having been attracted there in the first quarter of this century by the extraordinary influence of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, then professor of moral philosophy.

But though limited as compared to the universities of England or the Continent, St. Andrews has produced many remarkable and brilliant men. Among her scholars are found the names of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, the popular poet of his day; James Stewart, prior of St. Andrews, John Knox, the Admirable Crichton, George Buchanan, John Napier of Merchiston, inventor of logarithms; the two Melvilles, John Graham, Lord Dundee, Rutherford, author of "Lex Rex"; the Duke of Lauderdale, Lord Chancellor Erskine, the Playfairs, and the late Lord Chancellor Campbell, and many others.

From the list of remarkable men educated at St. Andrews must not be omitted that of James Sharp, afterwards its archbishop. He was previously minister of Crail, a small fishing town on the coast of Fife, in 1648. Three years after he was taken prisoner by some of Monk's forces and sent to London, but was fortunate in obtaining his liberty. Having gained the confidence of his party, he was sent by them to London to plead their cause before Cromwell, which he did to such effect as to draw a rare "bon mot" from the stern Protector, who remarked to the bystanders, "This gentleman, atter the Scotch way, should be called 'Sharp of that ilk.'"

He afterwards succeeded in creating a very lively hatred in the hearts of his non-conforming brethren, towards whom he is accused of extreme harshness. Moreover, he was sent in 1660, by some of the leading ministers of Edinburgh, to communicate their views

to Charles II, at Breda, and to induce his Majesty not to alter the Presbyterian government. He, however, failed to carry out the directions of his principals, and gained for himself the Archbishopric of St. Andrews. Seventeen years after he was murdered on Magus Moor, about three miles south of the city, by a party of furious fanatics.

The last Archbishop of St. Andrews, Arthur Ross, saw the abolition of "Prelacy" by the "Convention of Estates," and died at Edinburgh in the year 1704. After which a long and stormy period ensued before a titular Bishop of St. Andrews was again appointed.

In the long list of gifts, grants, and bequests to the Church and Monastery of St. Andrew, contained in the registry of the priory, are some curious items; perhaps the most startling is a grant from one Christina Corbett, who confirms by charter the gift of "Martini, son of Unisti, together with his sons and daughters." This gift, the charter adds, was "in pure and perpetual charity to God, and to the church of St. Andrew's, for the well-being of the souls of Walter Corbett, my father; Aliz de Valoris, my mother; and William, my husband; also for the well-being of my predecessors and successors!" It is to be hoped that the family of Martini was numerous if each soul was to be balanced by a slave. This act of piety was performed about the year 1190.

Leaving the castle, and walking westward along the "Scores," as the place is here called, probably from the Scotch term "Scaur," a steep, broken bank, past some handsome stone mansions, which shut out the sea view for a little way, to where the cliff trends outwards, a grassy space is reached between the verge and a range of houses. In the third of these were spent the last years and final moments of one of "Scotland's worthies," whose diligent and conscientious work did more for the advancement of free thought and general education than many a noisier champion.

"Alma-Mater on Sea" was the favourite residence of Dr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who is gratefully and affectionately remembered here. His memorial stone is to be seen in the roofless chapel of St. Regulus, but it is understood that it will soon be

replaced by a monument more worthy of his memory.

Here the look-out, in summer weather, is full of quiet beauty-of a refreshing sense of space—of changing colour—of remoteness and freedom. A little farther, and the rocky platform rounds with a sudden decline to the flats crossed by the railway. At the beginning of this descent stands a grey monument of obelisk form, comrative of the martyrs, Patrick Hamilton, Henry For

Wishart, and Walter Mille, who were burnt in this city for their faithful adherence to what they considered the truth. Of these sufferers the story of Patrick Hamilton, the young, sweet-natured, high-born, highly cultivated abbot of Ferne, is perhaps the most interesting. He had learned liberality of thought in the theological wars between the scholars of the Sorbonne (that citadel of old doctrines) and their vigorous assailants, the Lutherans; also from the teaching of Erasmus, whom he followed to Lousaine. Hamilton took his master's degree when but a stripling of sixteen (1520), and three years after appeared at St. Andrews.

Here he became suspected of heresy, and early in 1527 he departed to Germany, visited Luther at Wittenberg, and witnessed the inauguration of the first Evangelical University at Marburg. Late in the autumn of the same year he returned to Scotland a confirmed Lutheran. In the following January the Archbishop (Beaton) inveigled him to St. Andrews on the plea of conferring with him respecting reform in the Church. Here Prior Campbell, of the Dominican monastery, feigning to be himself favourably inclined to the same views, drew from him a confession of his faith, which he afterwards used as an accusation against him. Hamilton was thrown into the prison of the castle and tried by a conclave of bishops, deans, priors, and abbots. Being found guilty of heresy, he was burned before the gate of St. Salvator's College, and died with great courage and constancy.

Hamilton was the St. Stephen of the reforming movement in Scotland; but the last of the martyrs, at least of those that perished by fire, showed even a more memorable example of fortitude, for he had considerably passed the allotted age of man.

Fox, in his book of Martyrs, describes Walter Mille as having learned reformed doctrines in Almaine, and not only did he preach them, but he married a wife. After long watching he was taken by two priests, and imprisoned in St. Andrews. Here all means of persuasion were tried in vain, so the stake was fixed and the faggot prepared for the last time in 1858; but with difficulty, for, continues Fox, "his boldness and constancy so moved the hearts of many, that the Archbishop's servant, the Provost of the town, refused to be his temporal judge, also the Archbishop's chamberlain would in no wise take upon him so ungodly an office; yea, the Archbishop's servants could not get for their money so much as one cord to tie him to the stake, or a tar-barrel to burn him, but were constrained to cut the cords of their master's own pavilion to serve their turn." The old man, though bodily so feeble that he had to be lifted to his place by the stake, suffered with amazing courage. The following year John

Knox's "Rascal Multitude," to use his own term, tore down the cathedral. It is to be regretted that their wrath had not been excited a few months sooner, in time to save Walter Mille from such an agonising death.

Beyond, at the foot of the sudden declivity, stands the Golf Clubhouse—an erection more useful than ornamental; and before it stretch away the wide open, breezy, sunny links, so famous as the best field for the national game in Scotland.

These are the grass-grown flats on one side of which the railway runs, uneven ground with hollows and hillocks, and unsuspected holes, more or less deep, technically termed "bunkers," to exercise the golfers' skill withal, and great masses of yellow-blossomed honeysweet gorse; on the right a border of golden sands, up to the mouth of the Eden, fringed with white foam even on the finest summer's day; and only in such weather should strangers visit this "Almamater." The softly rounded hills seen from the castle close in to the west; on the left, the wooded rising ground of Mount Melville, beyond the railway, the trees of Strathtyrum, formerly the summer residence of the late Mr. John Blackwood, of Edinburgh, where he was wont to gather round him a charming literary and artistic circle.

These links are the playground, not only of "Alma-mater," but at times of all Scotland, for here is the special haunt of the golfer. Every one plays golf, "young men and maidens, old men and children," from venerable grandfathers of eighty and upwards, down to wee flaxen-haired "laddies," and tiny girls with glowing cheeks and profuse sunny locks (the children are wondrous fair in St. Andrews).

Twice a year there are competitions for the medal, and great excitement prevails, numbers from remote localities flock in, and a dinner and ball wind up the proceedings.

The fascinations of golf are not easily perceptible to the uninitiated, nevertheless its attractions seem great, for many men elderly men who have done their work, it must be admitted—spend the rest of their lives on the links.

So far as an outsider may venture to describe the game, the object is to drive a ball into a succession of nine holes, three to four hundred yards apart, with the fewest number of strokes.

The holes are marked with alternate red and white flags, and the course is five miles, which many enthusiasts go round twice a day. A stroke with a long-handled club sends the ball flying in the desired direction; the player then walks after it and puts it into the l with one, two, or three strokes, according to his skill

then taken out, and again driven forward. Various implements, all of the "stick" order, are used—a "cleek" to get the ball out of bunkers—a "niblick" to pick it out of long grass, &c.—these are carried by an attendant, called a "caddie." Skill at golf consists in judgment which allows for inequality of ground, quickness of eyes, and strength of arm, all of which are implied in the golfers' motto, "Far and sure." This has been the favourite national game for centuries. So far back as 1450, James II. (of Scotland) passed a law against it as an "unprofitable sport," yet it still flourishes. To suppress the expression of popular taste in the matter of play is a task most Governments find "above their might."

There is also a portion of the common ground allotted to the "Ladies' Links," where the gentlemen often intrude, and where very good play may sometimes be seen.

In the summer bathing season, too, Alma-mater has a character of its own. The town is filled, not with showily dressed crowds of visitors from the capital, or the great mercantile centres; year after year the same families from the counties round about, with a sprinkling of friends and connections from a distance, appear towards the end of July; then groups of sturdy boys and fresh-looking, dainty girls pervade the sleepy, pleasant old place with their simple, suitable serge or cotton dresses, shady hats, and active, healthy country ways.

Then the dark, rock-girt pool, close under the grey ruins of the castle, which is the ladies' bathing place, is thronged from the first moment of tidal possibility, till the last wavelet of the ebbing water retreats beyond the guardian stones, by a changing crowd of children, girls, ladies of all ages, while the cliff, and the old walls that crown it, ring with the shrill merriment of the little ones and the gay chaff and laughter of their elder sisters. Then, tea and tennis parties abound.

Brothers and relatives on their way to the mountain or the moor at this holiday-time stop here for a few days to see "mother and the girls," or "uncle and my cousins";—and so a sprinkling of cavaliers is secured, for it must be admitted that the one thing wanting at Almamater is the presence of young men.

This, however, is unavoidable; except for a student in session time, there is literally no occupation; only an idler would stay in St. Andrews.

By the time the short drear days of November close over the old archiepiscopal city, the visitors have disappeared, and the students have gathered to their winter's work, But "Alma-mater" is not dull; if "not many rich, not many great" are to be found there, it has a society considerably beyond the average. The presence of the principals and professors, with their families, gives it an agreeable, cultured tone, while the general residents, retired Indian and colonial men, old naval and military officers, younger members of the county families, attracted by educational advantages for their children and golf for themselves, contribute a flavour of travel and knowledge of the world.

The sunsets here over the woods of Strathtyrum, and the hills beyond, are wonderfully fine. Such colouring is rarely seen in these latitudes: gorgeous flaming crimson, richest orange, deep purple—changing to rose and gold, to palest green and blue, with the delicate lustre of mother-of-pearl, casting their glories over field and trees, touching the glimpse of water, where the Eden runs into the sca at the head of the links, with fire, and slowly retreating before the downy darkness of the short summer night. When you have watched the death of day, and read your book or paper by the lingering light till ten o'clock, should you be still wakeful, you may see the first flush of dawn a few minutes after what we are accustomed to consider midnight.

Much more might be said about a place so rich in associations with the most stirring periods of Scottish history, but this paper has already outrun its appointed limits.

In examining the old chronicles, charters, and records which furnish materials for it, it is curious to notice how the old races have endured through feud and war, persecution and military oppression. Even now, the Duffs are Earls of Fife—the Leslies, Lords of Rothes—the Lindsays, of Balcarres—the Monypennys hold Pittmillie, the lands granted them in 1211 by the Prior of St. Andrews—the Anstruthers still look out over the beautiful Firth of Forth from their ancestral home of Balcaskie; the Erskines of Cambo—the Bethunes of Balfour—the Wemysses of Wemyss Castle, continue to possess the lands of their fathers.

The old glories of St. Andrews have indeed departed, but there is, we hope, the germ of a new and different life slowly developing, as, in a forest, trees of a dissimilar kind spring up to replace those that die or fall. The number of students in the session just closed has been greater than in any year since the exceptional period of Dr. Chalmers's teaching; and the threatened suppression of the University has called forth so hearty an expression of the national mind that the danger has passed over. It would have been be sweep away so interesting a relic of the past. No

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Scotland was the conflict between the old and the new lines of thought more bitterly fought out—to no other stronghold of her power, in these realms, did Rome cling more tenaciously.

Even still, as an eminent dignitary of the Catholic Church lately told a student of his University, detailed plans of all the subterranean passages in and about the cathedral and abbey are preserved among the Papal archives at Rome; where also a belief exists that the plate and treasures of the abbey are hidden in some receptacle beneath the ruins—and among them a golden boar's head, which used to stand on the altar in memory of the famous "Cursis Apri."

A. ALEXANDER.

# FERNANDO MENDEZ PINTO.

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!"

Congreve, Love for Love, Act 2, Scene 5.

"H AVE you read the story of China, written by a Portuguese, Fernando Mendez Pinto, I think his name is?—'tis as diverting a book of the kind as ever I read, and is as handsomely written. You must allow him the privilege of a traveller, and he does not soar above it. His lies are as pleasant and harmless as lies can be, and in no great number, considering the scope he has for them."

So wrote Mistress Dorothy Osborne, in the year 1653 or 1654, to her accepted lover, Mr. (not yet Sir) William Temple, the perverseness of elder Osbornes keeping a young gentleman of such uncertain prospects aloof as yet from his lady's side. But we are not at present concerned with Mistress Dorothy, consoling herself with romances and poetry and Pinto's travels in the absence of her lover; nor with the great Sir William in uncertain youth, with all the possibilities before him; nor yet with Macaulay, king of reviewers, who, reading their letters when they were first printed by Mr. Courtenay in 1836, found them strong to touch a reviewer's heart, and fell in love with Dorothy a hundred and fifty years after she was dead and buried. For present purposes Dorothy is chiefly interesting to us because she was reading and enjoying Pinto's book in the old days when his fame was some two centuries fresher than it is now. The book was much in the mouths of men in those times, but the author was rather hardly dealt with in the nature of the fame he acquired. Like the mythical Munchausen, Pinto's name became proverbial for a liar. We have seen him gibbeted by Congreve; Johnson has a similar reference to him somewhere; and Carlyle, in the "French Revolution," brackets him with Cagliostro as a foil to the superlative mendacity of Barrère. Tastes and fashions change, and it has become increasingly difficult since 1653 for young ladies, or any other type of that frivolous being known as the general reader, to get much diversion out of a closely printed folio. So Pinto's book

to be read, but his fame remained, and his reputation grew worse as there were ever fewer to expostulate on behalf of an author whom they found diverting. His fame has become extremely dim nowadays, whether for good or evil. Nobody cares now whether he lied or not, and few will have the curiosity to wade through his yellow pages and discover what he had to tell that gained him such an unenviable notoriety. Nevertheless there is much that is interesting in Pinto. His narrative, although often confused and often exaggerated, has the vivacity that comes of direct contact with the facts. no scientific observer, but an unlettered adventurer, and his untruthfulness is of a kind that must not be confounded with the moral obliquity of deliberate deceit. Many of the marvels he recounts, indeed, incredible as they were to his contemporaries, have been confirmed by the reports of subsequent travellers. The rest are generally such as our scientific age has learnt to distinguish from intentional perversions of the truth. He expected to see wonders; he saw them, and they appeared to him very wonderful. Nor did they lose any of their strangeness from being viewed through the haze of crowded memories when the time came to sit at home and write them down. His book contains abundant evidence of ignorance, confusion, inaccuracy; here and there, the chronology is impossible; here and there he seems to mix up accounts which belong to different parts of the story. But there is nothing incompatible with a conscientious desire to tell the truth. We cannot accept his narrative as evidence of the highest class concerning the state of the countries he describes-not because he meant to give a misleading account, but because to give an exact account was beyond his powers. Such a writer is now judged from a new standpoint. In the seventeenth century he was read with avidity, and abused as a liar. Now that he has ceased to be reproached, he is neglected.

Pinto's "Peregrination," as he called it, was first published at Lisbon in 1614, when, as will be seen, the author must have been dead some years. It speedily became popular. A Spanish translation was published at Madrid in 1620, a French one at Paris in 1628, an English one in London in 1653, and one into German ("Hochteutsche," High German, not Dutch) at Amsterdam in 1671. There are many reprints, both of the original work and the several translations. Bibliographical Dibdin gives the date of the English translation, 1663; but bibliographical Dibdin is mistaken. The edition of 1663 was the second edition, and differs from the first only in some minute points of typography. Pinto had been introduced to the English reader as early as 1625, by Samuel Purchas,

the industrious compiler of the five huge folios of "Purchas his Pilgrimes"; an epitome of the "Peregrination," with amusing marginal comments, forms part of the third volume.

Was Dorothy Osborne reading the French translation or the English in those days of true love not running smoothly? The French is a little more likely; but I prefer to think of her as musing over the pages, fragrant with the delightful fragrance of books fresh from the press, of the same edition which to-day exhales its venerable mustiness before me. It is a volume in small folio, not very thick, tolerably well printed, and introduced, after the fashion of the time, by a title-page as long as a moderate essay. On the title-page the translator is modestly veiled under initials; but he plucks up courage to sign his full name at the foot of his dedication, and reveals the identity of "H. C. Gent." in the person of Henry Cogan. He supplies his author with an elaborate Apologetical Defence; for have there not been "some who in regard of the stupendious things which he delivers, will seem to give no credit thereunto?" Such incredulous persons shall be refuted by citations from "many several authentick Authors," confirming Pinto's marvels, and shall doubt no more. Then he gives a very copious list of authorities, by book and chapter, making a really dazzling show of research. If only incredulity were banished from the world, and one could feel quite sure that Cogan did not get his authorities at second hand! All things have an end, and so has the Apologetical Defence, the sceptics being left in a sadly battered condition; while Cogan handsomely bows his author in :-

"By all this now is my Author thoroughly vindicated from all aspersions of falsehood, that may be cast upon this his Work, which, were it otherwise, and meerly devised, yet it is so full of variety, and of strange, both Comick and Tragic Events, as cannot chuse but delight far more then any Romance, or other of that kind. But being accompanied with the truth, as I have sufficiently proved, it will no doubt give all the satisfaction that can be desired of the Reader."

Pinto begins the "rude and unpolished discourse" which he purposes to leave to his children for a memorial and an inheritance with a brief and business-like account of his life up to the commencement of his voyages. He was born of poor parents in the little town of Montemoro Velho, and lived there miserably enough until the age of eleven or twelve, when an uncle took compassion on him, and got him a place in the service of a "very honoral" at Lisbon. This, he informs us, was in 1521; wh

his birth in 1509 or 1510. He remained in this service a year and a half, when an accident befell him, the nature of which he does not mention. The ungentle reader may imagine something discreditable if he pleases. Pinto says that the accident put him in peril of his life, which looks rather suspicious. He ran away from the honourable lady to a small port, when he embarked in a vessel going to Setuval. The voyage soon terminated in disaster. They were boarded by a French pirate, and those who were not slain were clapped under hatches with a view to the Barbary slave-market. Luckily for them, the pirates fell in with a much richer prize, and, having taken it, turned their course towards France to enjoy their ill-gotten gains at ease. Pinto and some of his companions were stripped naked, and put ashore. They obtained some relief from the country people, and Pinto pushed on to Setuval, whither he had been bound originally. He fell on his legs, as he always had a knack of doing after a disaster, and found a gentleman who took him into his service. Five years and a half of this way of life convinced him that he was not earning enough to live on, and he made up his mind to take his chances among the adventurous fellow-countrymen who were at that time wooing fortune in the mysterious East.

He set sail in 1537, he says. A year and a half with the honourable lady; a reasonable interval for the voyage and capture by pirates, and search for employment at Setuval; five years and a half in service at Setuval: which can hardly be made into much more than seven years, and brings us from 1521 to—1537! Let not the reader of Pinto make haste to execrate; he will become accustomed to chronological curiosities. Time, which flew so fast in Portugal, in China travels backwards for a year and a half.

They sailed round the Cape in a fleet of five, and touched at Mozambique. There the fleet separated—two ships going to Goa, three, one of which was Pinto's, going to Diu: these were the two principal Portuguese settlements in India. There was great excitement and apprehension among the settlers, who were threatened with an invasion of the Turks. At Goa, Pinto found an expedition on the point of starting for the Red Sea, to make inquiries as to the enemy's purpose, and joined it. Things went fairly with the expedition at first. They caught a renegade Christian of piratical habits, who had turned Mahometan for love of a Mahometan bride, and "gently perswaded him to acquit this abominable belief." But he was a contumacious renegade, and answered with a brutish obstinacy; wherefore they tied a great stone about his neck and cast him alive into the sea. They landed at Massuah, and went over-

land to visit the mother of Prester John. When they got back on board ship, their troubles began. They met three Turkish galleys, and a terrible fight took place. All the Portuguese were killed except nine, Pinto among them, who were carried off to Mocha and there sold as slaves. Pinto fell to a Greek renegade, whose cruelty nearly drove him to suicide. At last he was bartered to a Jew for a consignment of dates, and accompanied his new master to Ormuz. There he was delivered by the kindness of two Portuguese officials, who raised money to buy him and set him at liberty.

He got back to Goa, not without further adventures, and in the next year (1539) joined the train of Pedro de Faria, newly appointed Captain of Malacca. There was plenty of employment for Pinto at Malacca. First there was a mission to the King of Batas, in the island of Sumatra. Returning from this mission, the ship put in at Now, the king of Quedah had recently murdered his father, and was holding a great feast to celebrate his own marriage to his mother. This indecent doubling of the parts of Hamlet and Hamlet's Uncle was the subject of some imprudent remarks at a dinner where one of Pinto's companions was present, and the guests were arrested on the information of spies. Their feet, hands, and heads were sawn off, and the king, feeling it necessary that some explanation of the proceedings should be offered to the captain of Malacca's envoy, sent for Pinto. Nothing could give a stronger im-pression of the good faith of his narrative than the straightforward simplicity with which he describes his abject terror when he obeyed the summons. So dire was his distress on coming into the presence of the king and the dead bodies that a quarter of an hour had to be expended in bringing him round with cold water and fans before the story could be told. He was in no mood to criticize the explanation, and, having got away from the king with a promise to stay another week, was glad enough to hoist sail without a minute's delay, and ship off back to Malacca.

After no long interval, Pedro de Faria sent him again, to convey a present of arms and ammunition to another native potentate of Sumatra. On the return voyage a storm arose, the vessel was wrecked, and only five survivors were cast on shore. One shortly died from injuries sustained in the shipwreck, and two others attempting to swim across a river were swallowed by alligators. Pinto's description of these "great Lizards" as big as a boat with scales on their backs and mouths two foot wide was no doubt regarded afterwards as a choice example of long-bow practice. Pinto and the other survivor were at last taken off by a barque, the crew of which

rather unreasonably suspected them to be the owners of concealed treasure, and whipped them in the hope of discovering where it was hid. Pinto being nearly dead after the beating escaped the fate of his companion, who was supposed to have swallowed his gold and had a particularly nasty emetic administered to him, whereupon "he cast up both his lungs and his liver, so as he dyed within an hour after." When they landed, Pinto was found useless as a slave, and turned out of doors. He appealed with many tears to a Mahometan merchant, promising that a ransom would be paid by Pedro de Faria on his safe return. The Mahometan trusted him, bought him for the moderate sum of seventeen and sixpence, took him to Malacca, and got a handsome reward.

The next expedition was the beginning of the greatest and most famous of Pinto's many voyages. He was sent round to Pahang, on the eastern side of the Malay Peninsula, to convey a cargo of goods to one Tome Lobo, Faria's factor there. Then he was to go on to Patani in Siam, on diplomatic business. Soon after he arrived at Pahang, a riot arose in the town, Tome Lobo's house was wrecked, and he and Pinto lost all their goods, barely escaping with their lives. They got away to Patani, and, with the cordial approval of the Portuguese community of that place, righted themselves by summary reprisals on the ships and goods of certain unlucky inhabitants of Pahang.

Soon after there arrived at Patani one Antonio de Faria, who may have been a relation of Pedro's. He brought with him a large cargo of woollen and linen stuffs, which he had obtained on credit at Malacca and hoped to sell at Patani. But finding no market there he took the advice of experienced merchants and sent his goods to Ligor, farther up the coast. Pinto was one of sixteen adventurers who went on the same vessel with the hope of picking up something for themselves at Ligor. They were doomed to disappointment. At the mouth of the "river" of Ligor (that is, I suppose, the narrow channel between the island of Tantalam and the mainland) they fell in with a terrible Mahometan pirate, one Coia Acem, who cherished resentment against the Portuguese forasmuch as a captain of that nation had killed his father and two of his brothers. Coia Acem set on with vigour and soon had captured the cargo, sunk the ship, and slain all the Portuguese except three. Those who escaped were the captain of the ship, Pinto, and a merchant who shortly died of the privations they underwent on shore. Pinto and the captain were saved by a vessel that happened to pass up the "river" or channel, and taken to Ligor, whence they got back to Patani and announced

the collapse of his hopes to Antonio de Faria. He, with the high spirit of his race, "seeing himself stripped of the 12,000 duckets he had borrowed at Malaca, resolved not to return thither, because he had no means to pay his Creditors"; but he swore a solemn oath to pursue the pirate and be revenged, and got together five and fifty men for the adventure. Pinto made one of them, though sadly out of spirits, and apparently out of condition too-" having been able to save nothing but my miserable carcass, wounded in three places with a Javelin, and my skull crackt with a stone, whereby I was three or four times at the point of death."

Coia Acem was reported bound for the island of Hainan, and they pursued him, coasting along the Camboya and Cochin China coast. Their rule was if they met a strange ship to fight it, on the hypothesis that it might contain Coia Acem or somebody else as bad. By this system, as their engagements were all victorious, they succeeded in visiting several scoundrels with their deserts as well as in shedding a good deal of perfectly innocent blood. What was of more practical importance, they acquired a great deal of plunder, and began to go so fine in China silks as to arouse the suspicions of the inhabitants of the coast towns. Pinto relates with gusto how they made a quite unprovoked assault on a vessel containing a bridal party who were awaiting the bridegroom's arrival by sea; they seized and carried off the bride and some of her relations, and as they stood out to sea met the bridegroom coming exultantly with his party in five ships adorned with flags and banners. A band of music struck up merrily, the poor fellow, unconscious of the captive maiden under their hatches, saluted them with exuberant friendliness, and they passed on hugely relishing the joke.

They cruised about in this way-inquiring everywhere after Coia Acem, but never hearing anything of him-until they had amassed 500,000 crowns without any diminution of their indignation at the wickedness of piracy, when the pirate happens to be a heathen. All these gains, however, were lost in a storm, which wrecked them on the appropriately named Island of Thieves-Ladrone Island, near the mouth of the Canton River. In the extremity of their distress the consolations of piety were not wanting. Antonio de Faria reminded them that God "never permitted any evil but for a greater good; moreover how he firmly believed, that though we had now lost five hundred thousand crowns, we should ere it were long get above six hundred thousand for them." They listened with tears to this assurance of the divine mercy. "After fifteen days," Pinto proceeds, "it pleased God, who never forsakes them that truly put their trust in him, miraculously to send us a remedy, whereby we escaped out of that misery we were in." The miracle was the appearance of a Chinese vessel, the crew of which landed to collect water and wood. The Portuguese hid in the forest, and waited until the Chinamen were fully engaged with their work, when Faria gave the signal (the name of Jesus cried aloud three times) and they rushed to the beach, boarded and shoved off the ship, and fired upon the owners on land with a gun they found in her; "which made them fly into the Wood, where no doubt they passed the rest of the day in lamenting the sad success of their ill-fortune as we had done ours before." On board they found a little boy, an old man acting as cook, and the dinner ready—"whereunto we fell with good stomacks, as being not a little hungry. Dinner done, and thanks rendered to God for his gracious mercy to us, an Inventory was taken of the goods that were in the Lantea"-the plunder amounting to the value of 4,000 crowns. Antonio de Faria entered into conversation with the boy, a son of the owner of the vessel, and promised to treat him as his own son. The boy replied that they had robbed his father of the savings of thirty years without fear of the divine justice, and that he would rather die with his father than live with such wicked people. Being gently rebuked for this strong language: "Would you know, replyed he, why I said so? it was because I saw you after you had filled your bellies, praise God with lifted up hands, and yet for all that like hyprocrites never care for making restitution of that you have stolen." This speech was heard, and is recorded by Pinto, evidently without any other feeling than admiration for such excellent sentiments. They immediately invited the boy to become a Christian, and Faria began to instruct him in the doctrines of that religion. The boy heard him patiently to the end, and then raising his hands and eyes to heaven, said weeping: "Blessed be thy Power, O Lord, that permits such people to live on the Earth, that speak so well of thee, and yet so ill observe thy Law, as these blinded Miscreants do. who think that robbing and preaching are things that can be acceptable to thee!" Then he lay in a corner, weeping, and refused food for three days. One would like to hear more of this most enlightened boy, but he drops out of the story.

The mariners now made for "Liampoo," by which Pinto means Ning-po, not without occasional opportunities for piracy and abduction on the way. They fell in with a Chinese pirate named Quiay Panian, who was friendly to the Portuguese, and had several promising young pirates of that nation among his crew. With him they struck up an alliance and swore friendship on the gospels. It is to be observed,

that while words are scarcely strong enough to describe Pinto's abhorrence of the detestable crime of piracy, as practised by Coia Acem, Quiay Panian's skill and experience in the same profession are noted with much approval.

It was not long before the joint force discovered and engaged the enemy. They picked up a small fishing-boat, containing a few wounded Portuguese, the sole survivors of a crew who had been attacked by Coia Acem. By inquiries made near the scene of the combat they learned that the pirate was sheltered in a river not far off. After carefully reconnoitring his position, they attacked, and a tremendous fight ensued, which ended in the death of Coia Acem and the extermination of his crew. A house on shore, which had been used by the pirates as a kind of infirmary, and which contained a large number of sick men, was set on fire, and the inmates burnt The goods taken from the Portuguese who had been rescued in the boat were thus recovered, and Faria braced himself up for an astounding effort of liberality. He made the men he had saved a free present of their own property, and expressed a touching confidence that such beneficence would without doubt secure his eternal salvation. His countrymen seem to have taken a similar view. When the vessels arrived at Ning-po, and his bounty was made known by the grateful recipients, the Portuguese colony at that place organised a grand reception with a special service of great magnificence at the church, as a tribute to so much virtue and generosity.

At Ning-po, Quiay Panian, who had been a useful friend to Faria, died. Faria, casting about to find new scope for his enterprising genius, fell in with one Similau, a pirate, who made a suggestion of dazzling brilliancy. Similau could show them the way to an island, called Calempluy, where seventeen kings of China were interred in tombs of gold, surrounded by golden idols, treasures of gold and jewels, potentialities of plunder beyond the dreams of avarice. Similau was engaged as pilot, and the expedition, consisting of fifty Portuguese and about ninety native sailors and slaves, in two vessels, started at once for Calempluy. The length of the voyage excited suspicions of Similau's good faith. After two months and a half of voyaging through totally unknown seas, Faria delivered an ultimatum; the pilot was to bring them to their destination within three days, or forfeit his life. That night they were in a river, and Similau slipped over the ship's side and escaped. When this was discovered, and Faria had gone ashore to hunt the fugitive, the meater part of the native sailors seized the oppor

example. In spite of these difficulties, Faria managed, by capturing and separately questioning the crew of a small barque, to find his way to the golden island. It lay in the middle of a river, and was about a league in circuit. Around it went a wall or platform of jasper, whose stones were so exquisitely cut that the whole wall appeared as one piece; on the wall was a balustrade of turned copper, having at intervals pillars of the same metal surmounted by statues. Within the balustrade a circle of monsters cast in metal held each other by the hand, and seemed to encompass the whole island in the manner of a dance. Encircled by these, and by a row of arches in rich mosaic, was a grove of orange trees, and in it a hundred and sixty hermitages. And in the middle of the island, surrounded by the orange grove, rose the golden pinnacles of the temples and shrines of the kings.

The jasper wall was pierced by eight entrances. At one of these Antonio de Faria landed with a part of his men, leaving the rest as a guard for the ships. Cautiously and in silence they advanced to the nearest hermitage, and one of the Chinese who accompanied the party knocked at the door. Entering, they found themselves in the presence of a venerable hermit, who manifested great alarm at their appearance. To his inquiries who they were and what they wanted, Faria replied through his interpreter that he was a Siamese merchant, who had lost all his property in a shipwreck from which himself and his crew had escaped with their lives; that they had come in pursuance of a vow then made, on a pilgrimage to that holy island, hoping also to obtain alms, which they would assuredly repay when they should have repaired their fortunes. To this the hermit replied with considerable dignity that his tale was manifestly false and his intention robbery. He continued to threaten the Portuguese with eternal damnation, and to appeal to heaven against the wickedness of men, while they proceeded to ransack the place, breaking open coffins for the sake of the silver coins placed in them, and scattering the bones of the departed saints upon the floor. Faria listened to the hermit's denunciations with calm politeness, and the same impartial approbation of his moral views which he had displayed towards the captured boy. On his return to the ships he was imprudent enough, contrary to the advice of some of his band, to leave the hermit behind, believing that his age and infirmities would prevent him from giving the alarm. But this expectation was disappointed. Before long the island was in a tumult, with bells ringing and beacons blazing as a signal of distress to the dwellers on the banks of the river. All hopes of comfortably looting the golden shrines were at an end. dash into the grove enabled them to plunder another hermitage, but the booty was only silver, and they were obliged to set sail, Faria "tearing his hair and beard for very rage, to see that through his negligence and indiscretion he had lost the fairest occasion that ever he should be able to meet withall."

As Purchas puts it, his heat was soon cooled. They had not voyaged very far before they encountered the terrible Typhoon. Pinto, by the way, is said to have been the first to introduce this name for the wind which the Chinese call tai-fung into Europe. In vain they lightened the ships by throwing overboard their chests of silver and cutting away the masts; in the middle of the night those who were in the same ship with Pinto heard from the other vessel, which Faria commanded, a cry of "Lord, have mercy upon us!" and when the morning came they had disappeared. Pinto's ship struck on the coast about ten o'clock in the morning of Monday the 5th of August, 1542, and went to pieces, fourteen Portuguese escaping with their lives.

Then began Pinto's wanderings by land over the Celestial Empire, lasting nearly two years, and furnishing him with material for the detailed and marvellous descriptions of the cities and manners of China which did more than any other part of his book to win him his fame as an explorer, and which provided the scoffers with their most formidable weapons for the assault against his credibility. most wonderful of his wonders are now known not to be more wonderful than the truth, and when the necessary allowance has been made for his "personal equation," there will remain very little ground for impugning his good faith. His accounts certainly lack the cutand-dried flavour that commands the respect of the duller kind of critics. Everything is suffused with a glow of romance, as from a man who had seen the splendid vision of Badroulbadour passing to the bath, and spoken with Aladdin in the street. The vast cities, the rich palaces with their quaintly ordered gardens, the gorgeous pageants, the thronging population of the country, the strange customs of that still mysterious land, lost nothing of their impressiveness when described by such a traveller. To attempt to give an example of these descriptions by a quotation of any permissible length would be to imitate the fool in the Greek exercise book who brought a brick into the market as a sample of the house he wished to sell. Pinto's style, never particularly terse, here revels in diffuseness; a procession trails through his pages as it trailed through the streets of Pekin, in evervarying magnificence and grotesqueness. We can tell what Pinto suffered, but must leave Pinto himself to tell what he has seen.

One thing ought to be remarked, as it has helped to discredit

narrative, though attributable to no fault of the narrator. It is impossible to follow his wanderings completely, as the majority of the names of places he mentions are quite unrecognisable; which will not be wondered at when it is considered that the names were Chinese, and that he was in most cases entirely without guidance in writing down his phonetic recollection of the word as he had heard it spoken years before. His description of the island of Calempluy, for instance, naturally excited the greatest curiosity among subsequent explorers, but the place has never been satisfactorily identified.

The little party of Portuguese wandered about begging from door to door and from village to village, until, being taken up and condemned as rogues and vagabonds, they exchanged their mendicancy for the labour of galley-slaves. As prisoners they were sent first to Nan-kin, and thence upon appeal to Pekin, where they were sentenced to one year of a kind of mild penal servitude. In this condition they might have been tolerably comfortable if they could have kept the peace among themselves. Pinto ascribes the quarrel which took place to the malignancy of the "divel" himself; irritated at the sight of their brotherly affection, "he so wrought that two of our company fell into a quarrel . . . . about the extraction of the Madureyras and the Fonsecas, for to know which of these two houses was in most esteem at the King of Portugals court; the matter went so far, that from one word to another they came at length to terms of oyster-wives, saying one to another, Who are you? and again, who are you? So that thereupon they suffered themselves to be so transported with choller that one of them gave the other a great box on the ear, who instantly returned him a blow with his sword," and so on, until seven out of nine were wounded in the fray. Condemned in consequence of this scandal to perpetual slavery, "we did not a little detest amongst ourselves both the Fonsecas and the Madureyras, but much more the divel that wrought us this mischief." Accordingly they took a solemn oath to live together lovingly for the future, and arranged to appoint a chief from among their number in monthly rotation, whom the rest should obey.

Their deliverance from slavery was brought about by an invasion of the Tartars with a huge army, including 80,000 "rhinocerots" to draw the baggage. After storming Pekin, the invaders marched upon Quansy or Quinçay, as Pinto calls the place of his captivity (there is a Quang-si about 250 miles from Nan-kin), took the place, and carried off the Portuguese among their prisoners. In a few days their progress was impeded by the difficulty of taking a strongly fortified castle, One of the Portuguese boldly offered to accomplish

the task, and was intrusted with a command for the occasion. The attempt was brilliantly successful, the Portuguese were released, treated with great honour, taken in triumph to Pekin, and presented to the Tartar king. To assist them on their way home they were allowed to form part of the suite of an ambassador about to start for Cochin-China, and the king of that country provided them with a ship and escort to pursue their voyage.

They threw away their own good fortune, as before. A trifling dispute was the occasion of a quarrel, which proceeded to such extremities as Pinto refuses for very shame to relate in detail. Their conductor, thoroughly disgusted, landed them on a small island and left them to their fate. After further troubles, which reduced the number of Pinto's companions to two, they arrived in the vessel of a friendly pirate at Tanega-sima, one of the most southerly of the smaller Japanese islands. Being hospitably received by the chief man of the place, and questioned about their country, they proceeded to lie with characteristic freedom and breadth of style concerning the power and resources of Portugal, and succeeded in impressing him deeply with a sense of their importance. Their reputation was largely increased when one of their party was seen to shoot ducks with an arquebus, firearms having been previously unknown in Tanega-sima. The fame of the strangers spread, and the king of the neighbouring kingdom of Bungo, on the island of Kin-sin, wrote to request that one of them might be sent to him for his diversion. Pinto was selected, on the ground of being the cheerfullest of the party. He found the monarch of Bungo ill in bed with the gout, and had the good fortune not only to amuse him, but also to cure his disease by means of a Chinese remedy. There was excellent shooting to be had in Bungo, and Pinto's arquebus created an immense sensation. Nothing would content the second son of the king, a boy of about sixteen, but that Pinto should teach him to shoot. It was granted after much persuasion that he should have "a couple of charges for the satisfying of his mind." The prince thought, as any boy would under the circumstances, that a couple of shots was but a shabby allowance, and made up his mind to get one or two extra while the owner of the gun was asleep. Taking an attendant with him to hold the match, he got the arquebus, charged it with powder "two spans deep," put in a bullet, and aimed at a tree. The match was applied and the gun burst, nearly taking off the prince's thumb. Pinto woke up and saw him lying insensible on the ground. The king and queen rushed to the spot, followed by courtiers, magistrates, and bonzes or priests. While one of the magistrates tried by alternate cursing and kicking to extract a confession from the weeping Pinto, and the bonzes exerted themselves to shift from one to the other the responsibility of suggesting a treatment for the wound, the boy came to himself, and took the matter into his own hands. Pinto was blameless, and Pinto and no other should cure him, if cure were possible, "for I had rather die under the hands of this poor wretch, that hath wept so much for me, than be touched by the *Bonze* of *Facataa*, who at the age he is of, of ninety and two years, can see no further than his nose." The bonzes fumed and expostulated, but the lacerated thumb was sewn up and bandaged by Pinto. In three weeks it was healed, and he returned loaded with gifts to Tanega-sima.

Returning thence to Ning-po, Pinto excited the cupidity of the Portuguese merchants of that place by his glowing description of the wealth of Japan and the profits that might be made there by traders. An expedition was arranged in great haste, and nine ships set sail, ill-found and unprovided with pilots. A storm came on, and all the vessels were wrecked. The few men who were saved, Pinto being one of them, were cast up on one of the Loo-choo islands. inhabitants received them and relieved their wants with great benevolence. But on being brought up before the Broquen, or magistrate of the chief town in the neighbourhood, they discovered that their countrymen were not in very good odour in Loo-choo. The Broquen animadverted with justifiable severity on Portuguese notions of the development of trade, and remanded them for further inquiries. They were careful to make themselves look as miserable as they could, and to speak in an extremely humble and pious manner; whereby the heart of the Broquen was touched, and they would have been released but for the inopportune arrival of a Chinese pirate, whose evidence as to the characteristic practices of Chinese "merchants" turned the scale in favour of severity. In consequence of this man's statement, which Pinto is pleased to call lies-they were lies that had an inconvenient resemblance to truth-they were sentenced to be cut each into four quarters and displayed in the public streets. But the good offices of the women of the place averted this unpleasant termination to the adventure. In the house of the Broquen's daughter lodged the wife of one of the Portuguese captives, who, when she heard the news of the sentence, tore her cheeks with her nails, till her face was nothing but "gore bloud." The natives, who had never seen grief expressed in the European manner, were moved with astonishment and compassion. The women flocked to the house to see and sympathise. They drew up a petition, and prevailed on the

king to remit the sentence of death. The Broquen received instructions to give his prisoners alms and a ship, and send them out of the country. They were entertained in the houses of the townsfolk with the greatest kindness for forty-six days, and then sent back in safety to Ning-po. All this kindness was rewarded by Pinto, when he came to write his book, by a long paragraph describing the wealth of Loochoo and the unwarlike character of its inhabitants, which he thinks would make it easy for Portugal to seize upon the country. He is not without hopes "to awaken the courages of the *Portugals*, and incite them to an Enterprise, of so much service to our King, and profit for themselves."

From Ning-po, Pinto returned without accident to Malacca, whence he had started five years before (1540). This was not his last voyage by many; but his later adventures may be more lightly passed over. He was sent as an envoy to Pegu, and found the country when he got there in the midst of a bloody war with the neighbouring King of Burmah, into whose hands Pinto and his companions fell. They were made slaves, and in that capacity accompanied a Burmese embassy to a mysterious potentate, the Calaminham, which is, being interpreted, Lord of the World. country of the Calaminham is supposed to have been Tibet, but none of the places mentioned by Pinto can now be identified. gives copious accounts of the religious institutions and ceremonies of these regions, "for to show how little we Christians do to save our souls, in comparison of that much these wretches do to lose theirs," There were institutions that looked like traces of Christian doctrine; "when they sneeze they used to say, the God of Truth is three and one, whereby we may judge that these people have had some knowledge of the Christian religion." The Portuguese, in their turn, astonished the natives by their mighty prowess in drinking. They managed at last to escape from their captivity, and after many vicissitudes of fortune reached Goa.

From Goa the insatiable Pinto started on a fresh voyage, intending to cruise about the coasts of China and Japan, "trading" on his own account, "to see if in those countries where I had so many times lost my coat, I could not find a better then that I had on." This adventure was interrupted by excursions first to Java, and then to Siam. When the voyage had been accomplished, and Pinto had got back safely to Goa, he determined at last to give up his roving life and go home. He was, however, destined to accomplish one more voyage. A few days after his arrival at Goa, came a letter from the King of Bungo (appare

sovereign whom Pinto had cured of the gout) to the Portuguese vice-roy, requesting that the great missionary Francis Xavier, who had already preached in his country, should be sent to visit it again. Xavier was dead; but Father Belguior, rector of the Jesuit college, consented to undertake the voyage, and Pinto, as an old acquaintance of the people of Bungo, was requested to go with him. After some pressure he consented, and may be supposed to have enjoyed a novel pleasure in starting with such an eminently respectable motive. The voyage lasted nearly three years. The missionary met with an extremely polite reception in Bungo, but apparently failed to make any religious impression.

This was the last of Pinto's voyages, except the voyage home. He reached Lisbon in 1558, bringing with him documents from the Viceroy attesting his services, which he hoped would establish his claim to some reward from the government. He had his experience of hope deferred, and ultimate disappointment, which he speaks of with resignation, and not without dignity, in the book that amused his declining years. If he was not, he well might have been, sincere in attributing the neglect from which he suffered to divine justice on his sins. But the morality of the best of us is so largely based upon convention that it is hard to frown on him very severely for doing that which all his fellows did; nor can the nation whose sons are engaged at the present day in spreading the sweet influences of civilisation among the islands of the South Pacific afford to cast the first stone at the sixteenth-century Portuguese.

Portugal is still proud of the "Peregrination"; and, indeed, the book is good enough to have made its mark in a literature far more fertile of masterpieces. Perhaps it may one day find an editor capable of answering the questions it suggests, and clearing up the difficulties and inconsistencies which have brought what I cannot but believe to be undeserved reproach upon the much-enduring author. Until that good fortune happens to it, it will be more amusing than instructive to the unlearned reader. But however little respect we may entertain for Pinto's facts, his work, nevertheless, preserves an historical as well as a literary interest. Such vivid and natural portraiture of manner and life among the earliest European colonisers of the east has a value almost entirely independent of scientific accuracy.

P. R. HEAD.

# SCIENCE NOTES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TOAST AND WATER.

Is there really any good reason for using toast and water? I made some experiments about fifteen years ago with the object of answering this question. It is well known that charcoal is an antiseptic, but its action is limited, and usually supposed to be due to the gases that are condensed within its pores. The quantity of actual charcoal on the surface of the bread as ordinarily toasted is so small that its action as charcoal must be but infinitesimal.

My attention was first directed to the subject by observing that when a piece of highly toasted bread is floated on water, little streams of brown liquid descend from the toast, and if the water is not disturbed they form a brown stratum at the bottom. This is a sort of caramel, evidently formed by the dehydration of the starch of the bread. The diffusion of this throughout the water produces the well-known colour.

I found that a strong solution of caramel, made either by toasting bread or by baking sugar, has decided antiseptic properties; that water which had been left stagnant, and had become offensive, lost its bad odour on the addition of such solution. This led me to suppose that somehow or somewhere long ago some of our observant ancestors who were compelled to use stagnant water had discovered that a piece of burnt bread rendered it drinkable, and therefore they used this simple disinfectant.

Further experiments showed me that it is quite possible to make bad water worse by means of the toast, and that such is actually done by many who make toast and water.

If a thick piece of bread be lightly toasted, then put into hot water and left there, some of the starch in its non-toasted state is dissolved out of the crumb of bread, and a sort of bread-broth is made. If this is kept a little time in warm weather, decomposition of the organic matter thus put in solution takes place; or otherwise stated, the germs of life, whatever they may be, that exist in the water are nourished by the food thus sure

chief becomes considerable.

To make good useful antiseptic toast and water the bread should be cut very thin, and so toasted that it shall be charred right through, without any soft bread in the middle. If blackened outside no harm is done. Such well-toasted bread tinges the water deeply without making it at all turbid. Good toast and water should be clear and bright.

I have used roasted bread-crumbs, oatmeal, maize, wheat, barley, malt, &c., instead of slices of bread, and prefer them. They may be easily prepared by placing the material to be roasted in a frying pan, heating the pan over a fire, and shaking it about. This is the method I have seen adopted by some of the primitive Norwegian peasants (in the Tellemark, for example) for roasting coffee. If a proper coffee-roaster is available it is better. I also treated minced carrot in the same way, and found that it made a sort of coffee substitute when used after the manner of coffee. The carrot and the malt give darker infusions than the grain; this is probably due to the sugar they contain. All of them produced an infusion more like coffee than toast and water in appearance. The waste crumbs that fall from bread in the course of cutting may be conveniently and economically used.

I refer to these experiments now, because in this hot weather and with threatenings of cholera—which we now know to be carried by water—it is most desirable that in every household raw water should be strictly prohibited. When exposed to the mercies—by no means tender—of ignorant domestics the enforcing of this rule is not easy, unless the result of the boiling is visible.

The Chinese practice, described in the preceding note, is objectionable on account of the stimulating properties of the tea. This objection also applies to coffee, but the infusion of roasted breadcrumbs, or oatmeal or grain or malt (made in the same way as infusion of coffee, but poured off the grounds after a few minutes) becomes a definite preparation that shows itself, and which combines the enforced boiling of the water, with the antiseptic action of the caramel—or what I suppose to be caramel.

## TEA AND CHOLERA.

DOES cholera rage in China? Is Canton specially decimated by it? If not, why not? I do not ask these questions concerning Tonquin, but restrict them to China proper.

I have never visited China, but the published accounts, the crowding, the filth, and the general habits of the inhabitants of

large Chinese towns, especially where, as at Canton, a vast population lives afloat on the mouth of a sewage-laden river, show that the most favourable conditions for the propagation of this disease are scrupulously fulfilled.

We do not hear of any terrible visitations at Canton. Had such occurred at any time within the last half-century the fact must have been trumpeted far and wide by the havoc it must have made in the tea trade. A general quarantine of our tea ships would be an

appreciable fact.

If I am right concerning the practical immunity of this Eastern country from the special plague of the East, the fact is very instructive. The Chinese are drinkers of boiled water, and they drink it hot before it has had time to cool down and receive any fresh supply of disease germs. Their ordinary everyday domestic beverage is tea made on a large scale in a large teapot kept in a padded basket to retain the heat of the infusion. The whole family is supplied from this reservoir whenever thirsty. Over and above this there is the complimentary or luxurious beverage made in small quantities on special occasions. The big pot to which I refer is that of the common poor people, just those who would supply the victims if cholera were epidemic.

Besides the boiling of the water there is probably another antiseptic agent in such a beverage—viz. the astringent constituent of the tea, which must be largely extracted in the family teapot, and another still, due to the roasting of the leaves, the nature of which forms the subject of my next note.

## SMALL-POX AND BLUEBOTTLES.

In the Gazzetta degli Ospitali of August 1883 is a paper by Dr. Grassi on flies as carriers of infection, in which he describes a number of experiments proving that these domestic animals are our deadly enemies. They settle down on every kind of pestiferous filth, and, having wallowed knee deep in the midst of it and trailed their bodies through it, fly off merrily and drop down upon our sugar, commit suicide in our milk, make soup of themselves by rashly plunging in our hot tea and coffee, and otherwise defile our food.

Dr. Grassi placed parasitic germs of various kinds and the eggs of tape-worms within reach of flies, and found that they swallowed these seeds of injury and passed them through their bodies whole depositing them in the well-known full stops \*

mirrors and everything else in summer time.

It has long been known in Egypt that the inflammatory ophthalmia so common there is communicated by flies that carry the infection from eye to eye.

Dr. Grassi does not mention small-pox, but it is evident enough that a fly that is capable of biting or sucking with sufficient energy to tease us as we sit, and to spoil our siesta, must possess considerable power of inoculation after regaling upon the virus of a mature pustule.

These facts should be kept in view by all concerned in the management of small-pox hospitals. A war of extermination should be waged therein against all winged intruders, in order that once they enter they should never escape alive.

## FLIES IN QUARANTINE.

7RITING the above note reminds me of my experience of quarantine, and the absurdity of all its machinery. Having, at Athens, taken passage by a French steamer for Syra, I found, ofter getting on board, that it had a foul bill of health. This fact was carefully concealed at the booking office. On arriving at Syra, I was taken in custody together with my travelling companion, and a strange lady (a Russian governess), and all three located in one small apartment in the lazzaretto, where we had to eat, drink, and sleep without regard to sex or decency. A guardian was set to watch us, and we had to pay his wages. A multitude of other victims, of various nationalities and colours, were similarly lodged in sleeping cells according to date of arrival and length of sentence. All were allowed to wander promiscuously in the promenade or playground, but, if any one having to serve ten days touched one that was to be "pratique" to-morrow, the victim of such contact received a new sentence, and was condemned to the ten days of the other prisoner, and so on for all periods. It was curious to observe how all made way for the new-comers. We thought it was politeness until the regulation was explained.

This was about midsummer, and the place was infested with flies, communicating very freely between the victims. If you only brushed the hem of another's garment you must share his term, however hale and healthy both might be, but if he were covered with plague ulcers the bluebottles of the establishment might crawl over him and then settle upon your face or hands, or promenade over your pillow, without let or hindrance, or effecting any alteration of your term of imprisonment.

On another occasion, when I was in quarantine on board of the

hulk of H.M. frigate "Bacchante," in Stangate Creek, where our letters were received in a copper fork, dropped in a copper box and then pickled or fumigated before posting, the gnats had free "pratique," and were so active that one of my fellow-passengers who had lived some years in Turkey without suffering any particular trouble from mosquitoes was nearly blinded by an English gnat on the first night of his sleeping on English water. The bite was so poisonous that his eye was closed by the swelling of the bitten lid.

We had come from Constantinople in a little schooner with only two passengers on board and a crew of about eight men including officers and boy, had been eight weeks on the passage with no symptoms of any plague, nor any communication with the shore, and yet had to spend from 1st to 6th September on the hulk of the old frigate carefully located in a Medway swamp, where gnats armed with lancets specially adapted for carrying infection by inoculation were especially abundant.

#### QUASSIA.

RINCES, potentates, and millionaires have been complimented and made immortal by discoverers of animals, plants, minerals, islands, continents, and planets giving the names of their patrons to the objects of their discovery, but there are few examples of such honour being done to faithful servants, perhaps only one to a negro slave. This negro, Quashy or Quassy, was thus immortalised by Linnæus, who gave the poor nigger's name to a whole genus of plants possessing considerable medicinal virtues—the Quassia tribe. The Quassia excelsa is one of these that grows in Jamaica. Its wood is imported to us in billets, then cut into chips which may be bought of any druggists under the name of quassia chips.

The wood is colourless and scentless, but intensely bitter. Its infusion is used legitimately as a febrifuge, and illegitimately by publicans for adding bitterness to beer, and thus enabling them to dilute it. From the point of view of "the trade," it has the further

merit of making those who drink it very thirsty.

The bipeds of the bar are not its only victims. Flies are also poisoned by it. For the reasons stated in the preceding note, I have lately made some experiments with it. I first tried the infusion or decoction as sold by the druggists, and found it ineffectual. Then spread some chips in a plate, sprinkled sugar over them, and moistened the whole just sufficiently to dissolve the sugar.

The consequences were curious. The flies sipped the bitter beer thus prepared for them, and became visibly drunk, flying about in a very irrational tumble-down fashion; then returning for another drink, and growing worse. At this stage of the revels they settled down in the neighbourhood of the place of entertainment in such a happy condition that I could approach them deliberately and touch them with my finger; then they started, and flew a few inches only. After this they became "dead drunk," turned over on their backs, kicked their heels in the air uproariously, tried to walk on their heads, just tumbled over when touched, and in the course of about an hour died outright.

I find that the quassia chips thus used lose their potency in the course of about twenty-four hours, and must be renewed in order to continue the raid successfully.

This fact is interesting, as it indicates the existence of some volatile constituent not yet understood and isolated. It is not the bitter principle, for that remains, is stronger on the second day when the flies are no longer attracted than it was at first when the fascination operated effectively. The inefficacy of the infusion is probably due to the driving away of this volatile principle by the heat. I found a home-made decoction, as ineffective as was that which I purchased: also that the addition of a little alcohol to the moistened and exhausted chips renews their potency.

## SOLID NITROGEN.

I N all treatises on chemistry more than four or five years old oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are described as "permanent incondensible gases." By combined pressure and cooling they have since been liquefied, and nitrogen, which seemed the most obstinate of the three, has been solidified.

The method of solidifying nitrogen is curious, showing how one discovery leads to another. Oxygen is liquefied, and the liquid allowed to boil, its boiling-point being —186° C., or 367° degrees o four thermometer below the freezing-point. In the act of boiling it takes away heat from the bodies around it, this heat being absorbed in doing the work of ebullition or expansion from the liquid to the gaseous state.

By thus abstracting heat from nitrogen, i.e. cooling it down to -186° C. under pressure, and then allowing it to expand and thereby become still colder, snow-like crystals of solid nitrogen of considerable size are formed.

Solid carbonic acid in similar condition was made long ago. I was present at a lecture delivered by Mr. Addams when the experiment with Thilorier's apparatus was a new one. The lecturer had

been unfortunate in his first attempts to produce the carbonic acid snow, and presented himself in a sadly shattered condition, head bound up, and wounds on his face strapped with sticking-plaster. He told us that the cylinder he first made burst when he turned the tap to liberate the gas, but that the one now on the front of the platform was much stronger and likely to resist. In spite of his mangled face he laughed heartily at the clearance of the front-benches which followed this announcement.

Now the experiment is an every-day one, and the snow thus formed is used, by its expansion, to freeze mercury, which is thus commonly shown in solid condition and hammered like lead in presence of lecture-audiences.

Thus solid carbonic acid by its expansion may assist in liquefying oxygen, the liquid oxygen thus formed is able, by its expansion, to produce still more intense cold to solidify nitrogen, and the solid nitrogen may—what?—this remains to be shown.

If it enables us to obtain a temperature lower than  $-273^{\circ}7$  Centigrade, it will do good service to sound science by experimentally refuting another of the dreams of the transcendental molecular mathematicians, who have settled the whole question of absolute heat by the mathematical demonstration of a non-mathematical problem, and decided, absolutely, that the absolute zero of temperature—that beyond which further cooling is impossible—is  $-273^{\circ}7$  Centigrade, or  $-460^{\circ}66$  Fahrenheit. Mark the precise fractions!

When this is refuted the whole of the Kinetic theory of gases will refute itself, the dancing molecules will be at rest, and their dancing masters may possibly, though not probably, cease fiddling to them on their formulæ; may possibly, though not probably, re-learn the lesson which Bacon taught to their scholastic predecessors, and modestly confess their ignorance of all physical problems that have not been solved by physical research—by questions put directly to nature and answered by herself.

#### ANOTHER SOURCE OF ALCOHOL.

SOME of our blue-ribbon friends may at first be shocked to learn that the spirit made from artichokes is somewhat cheaper than that from potatoes. As "brandy" made from the latter is sold for export to the poor Caffres at 4s. 6d. per dozen bottles, i.e. about 2s. 9d. per gallon, the prospect of reducing this price startling. But let us hope that the bulk of the artiche!

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used as a solvent, in the manufacture of varnishes, &c., in the cheapening of Pears' and other transparent soaps—which should be named alcohol soaps rather than "glycerine soaps," as their peculiarity (when genuine) depends upon the use of alcohol, plus more or less fusel oil, as a solvent.

The artichoke is very hardy, will grow where potatoes only rot, and may be made available when the potato disease prevails.

This is now rather important to us, seeing that we are so extending our soap-works that we are likely to become ere long soap-makers to all mankind, or that portion of mankind that is sufficiently civilised to wash itself, and to buy its soap in the best market.

## ANOTHER THEORY OF HAIL.

October 1882, discuss Svedoff's theory of the formation of hailstones, which he ascribes to the condensation of cosmic water. Another theory has been recently propounded by M. Andries, who contends that they are formed during ascending whirlwinds.

Theoretically regarded, this appears plausible, as the quantity of water held in the warmer regions of the lower atmosphere is much greater than in those above, which are so much cooler. Therefore, we may suppose that as a given quantity of air ascends and is cooled by its own expansion, the water that it contained when below will be condensed. But we must also remember that this given quantity of air which carries up the given quantity of water occupies more space when it rises, and also that it is not the air, but the space, that has to be saturated with aqueous vapour before condensation can begin to take place.

Still, after making due allowance for this, there remains a sufficient margin of condensation in excess of expansion to account for the formation of either snow, hoar frost, or hail.

The question of which of these is actually formed must be determined by observation. It happened, curiously, that the morning after reading of M. Andrie's theory, as I lay awake thinking about it, a smart hailstorm occurred (if I remember rightly, it was on July 6). I rose and found large hailstones descending in the midst of a profound calm. If this theory is correct, such hailstorms should be usually accompanied with violent squalls, for, excepting to those standing in the very centre of the whirlwind, the amount of atmospheric agitation must be excessive.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

# TABLE TALK.

## THE INUTILITY OF FINES.

HILE averse from creating offences and augmenting the severity of punishment, I am disposed to wish that our legislators would reconsider in earnest the matter of the imposition of fines. Owing to the altered condition of affairs the amounts that magistrates or even judges are able to inflict become so trivial as to be inoperative. Take a single instance. In October 1881 a certain ship left Liverpool for New Zealand. Before she sailed her crew were subjected to six weeks' imprisonment for refusing to go in her. She started, and was wrecked at Penzance, two of her crew being drowned. In evidence it came out that her cargo was 64 per cent. above her gross tonnage, that her loadline in three consecutive alterations had been lowered six inches. this deliberate and systematic fraud, accompanied by the risk of murder, the punishment was £ 100 and costs. Why, one ship which thus well provided for went down would pay a score or a hundred such fines. A tradesman doing a large dishonest business can afford to be fined at the customary rate oftener than the authorities will care to prosecute him. Take again another line: what penalty is it for an aristocratic patron of prize-fighting or cock-fighting, or any degrading pursuit such as again and again strives to hold up its head, to fine him five shillings or forty shillings? A fortnight's imprisonment once or twice inflicted would put a stop to such practices for ever. If we are in earnest in legislation, we must make the punishment such as will secure obedience and involve degradation; if we are not, let us blot the superfluous prohibitions from our books.

#### HISTRIONIC CAPACITY AND SCENIC DISPLAY.

JUDGING by recent exhibitions, it seems as though the study of archæology would have henceforward to be conducted theatres. In no existing work can there is fashionable life in the last quarter of the civil and so animated as is supplied in the

Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." Existence in Bath, in the period of silk and powder, is set before the public with a veracity the effect of which is irresistible, and the memory is content to charge itself with recollection of Lucy tripping through the dimly lighted streets to the circulating library, of Julia in her chair escorted by link men to the Assembly Rooms, and of all the youth and fashion of the city of King Bladud moving at minuet pace through a gavotte. The price we have to pay for such pleasures is, however, dear. If I except Mrs. Stirling, who alone among modern actresses preserves the traditions of the past and illustrates all that is best in the grand school of comedy, the acting at the Haymarket, compared with the decoration, is as unimportant as is to the spectator of a panorama the comment with which some hired illustrator accompanies its progress. Fully to commend to the playgoer the new system of decorations it is necessary that the acting should be in keeping with the pictures. When actors are unable to enter into the life of a period, accuracy in accessories but makes their shortcoming more aggressive. No amount of luxury in the exhibition of the life of to-day needs be feared, since our actors are quite capable of presenting a faithful reflection of our colourless existence. Life in the last century, however, though artificial, was not colourless, and to place modern manners in the midst of eighteenth-century surroundings is an anachronism kindred with that witnessed on the French stage when a hero of ancient Greece was shown in the flowing peruke of the time of Louis XIV. Among the wants of the day a genuine academy of acting is one of the most pressing.

# A COMMENTATOR ON MILTON.

SHAKESPEAREAN emendation having reached the limits of conceivable extravagance the turn of Marine While less hopelessly corrupt than that of Shakespeare, the text of Milton, owing to the blindness of the poet and his consequent inability to supply adequate revision, offers to the critic more than one crux. A small treatise entitled "Emendations and Renderings of Passages in the Poetical Works of Milton"1 is before me. It is in itself moderate enough, its improvements consisting largely of alterations in punctuation. Of these one at least has my warm approval. It seems, however, to point the road down which mad conjecture will shortly travel. Our author himself seems inclined more than once to mount his hobby, and, like the Laird o' Cockpen, "ride

<sup>1</sup> Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

cannily." In one passage of Lycidas he thus proves Milton a prophet in anticipating the punishment of Laud. So distinctly a portion of poetic gift is prophecy, this may pass. When, however, a passage from "Paradise Regained" is said to contain to the author's mind "a precise and admirable description of the process of constructing a railroad," the writer shows alarming symptoms of the customary commentator's fever. To Milton's known avocations of musician, schoolmaster, secretary, &c., shall we ever have conjectural additions, or will any luminary ever discover that the real author of Milton's poems was Andrew Marvell or Oliver Cromwell?

## ASPECTS OF SUBURBAN LONDON.

O the lover of Nature the beauties of suburban London are not without drawbacks. Beauty enough is there. Unlike Oxford in Mr. Arnold's divine description, London needs "May for beauty's heightening." Within three miles of Charing Cross, however, exquisite natural effects can be found. The thrush may be seen hiding itself with a flight that is almost a run in the coppice, and the nightingale in the period of bloom sings undismayed, almost encouraged, it might seem, by the buzz of near voices and the hum of remote traffic. All the beauty is, however, in well-preserved gardens. The moment you get where the public is admitted without restriction, not all the passion of bloom which plant and shrub exhibit suffices to satisfy the craving to pluck and to destroy. The hedges thick with promise of hawthorn are broken down before the bud has time to unclose; the prickly fence of the bramble is no protection against its destruction, and the furze alone is able to keep up a faint pretence of blossom. Hundreds of acres of park and field cannot produce a single daisy. All are cropt by little hands before the flower is half ready to open. Does it occur to the reader how many miles he will have to go in spring-time to find a celandine, or, as it is ordinarily now called, a buttercup? While regretting this state of affairs, I find I cannot blame the instinct of the child. no fault with it. stupendous is the ignorance of those who pour forth into the fields on a holiday few can guess. I have seen lads carrying home nettles and discussing them as dandelions, and have heard exclamations of astonishment in presence of ducks at the discovery that hens could swim. To me these things are wholly pathetic. I ever, among our parks we could keep one or two

wild flowers were protected.

## THE BULL-FIGHT IN FRANCE.

HE French Government is about, somewhat tardily, to wipe from itself a reproach under which it has long lain. The fiat has at length gone forth that the bull-fights which have been established in southern France, and notably in such cities as Nîmes and Toulouse, are to be put down. In all points of bloodthirstiness and cruelty these exhibitions are no less flagrantly offensive than those which make Spain the rebuke of the civilised world. How loathsome a spectacle is a bull-fight those only who have seen one can believe. A few Englishmen have been found to apologise for these atrocities and have advanced on their behalf the plea that bullrings were becoming established in France. This excuse or palliative will now be removed, and to Spain and her colonies will be left the dishonour of being last to shake off savagery and barbarism. The southern Frenchman has always been more bloodthirsty than the northern. It is a significant fact that the cities in which bullfights are established are not seldom those in which the most fearful human massacres have taken place. In explanation of the long delay that has taken place in dealing with these so-called sports, it is stated that the municipal councils of the towns which draw a profit from these exhibitions have placed obstacles in the way of their suppression.

# CRUELTY TO DOGS IN MARSEILLES.

LLUSTRATION of what I have said concerning cruelty in the South of France is afforded in the treatment accorded to dogs in the great city of Provence. I do not purpose to horrify my readers by a description of the manner in which, with every revolting accompaniment, stray dogs, according to an eye-witness, are put to death in Marseilles, so absolutely sickening are the details. How cruel men can be to each other it is a chief function of history to teach. What Hood calls "the simple accident of birth" on one side or the other of a border real or imaginary, a difference of opinion as to the manner in which reverence is best shown, or any similar reason, has converted men from brethren into deadly and unscrupulous enemies. The power to understand the motive of violence, and the willingness of the victim, if the rôles were reversed, to inflict what is suffered, have furnished a species of palliation for dreadful deeds. With the dog, however, the case is different. He is not an alien, nor a heretic, he is, so far at least as his master is concerned, no sceptic. He is, on the other hand, the most staunch and faithful friend that man has

To inflict upon him needless torture should be outside yet found. the possibilities of human nature. In this case, again, the municipal council is responsible for the outrage. There is but too much reason to fear that municipal institutions under the present régime work worse than indifferently in France, and that some change of system in this respect will before long be discovered to be imperative.

## BIRD SLAUGHTER.

FARMERS' Club at Wirral has, it is said, issued a notice offering a price for sparrows and sparrows' eggs sufficient to send bird's-nest-hunting and bird-shooting every idler and scamp in the district. The present are days of lectures. Cannot some effort be made by means of popular lectures to convey to these and similar bumpkins the knowledge that these practices are suicidal, and that calamity such as France has experienced in her wine-producing districts is in store for us should these muddle-headed schemes succeed? The balance of power in Europe was a favourite expression in the early part of the century. The balance of power in nature is a much more substantive reality.

## THE WILL OF CHARLES READE.

BY a clause in his will which has already caused some controversy, Charles Reade has left a circular troversy, Charles Reade has left a singular legacy to certain of his readers. This consists in the power to enter into his mental workshop and scrutinise his method of workmanship. His notebooks and scrap-books are by this provision to be open during two years for inspection and copying to professional writers-to writers especially of dramatic or narrative fiction. They are to be seen only at the house of the novelist's god-son and executor, Mr. Charles Liston, who is requested, by means of advertisement, to give publicity to this curious bequest. At the end of the period, the collection is to be proffered to some public library, "if in his (Mr. Liston's) opinion there should be any public library in Great Britain disposed to treat them with respect." So far no attempt to carry into effect the wishes of the dead novelist has been made, the reason being that a long period must elapse before the chaotic mass of papers can be brought into such order as will render easy their scrutiny. So far, one enterprising journalist alone, who was bent on getting before his fellows, appears to have seen them. He, even, has not investigated them, and the contents of the note-books, by far the most interesting of the remains, are scarcely indicated. A journal which

unfortunately for the world, appears to have been most actively kept at the least interesting stage of Charles Reade's life, is among the remains. Whether any great interest will in future times attend the experiment depends upon whether Charles Reade will live. My own estimate is that a work like the "Cloister and the Hearth" will last as long as the language in which it is written. The opportunity to contemplate the action of a writer of fiction in turning into a whole and crystallising material taken out of newspaper reports and the like should have extreme value. Charles Reade's method was that of every fertile producer of fiction. No single individual has, however, furnished such opportunity for study of his character and powers as is now afforded. What would it be for literature if, we will not say a Shakespeare, but a Fielding or a Balzac, had been inspired by the same idea?

#### SPECIAL FEATURES IN READE'S WORKMANSHIP.

NE apparently indispensable condition of continuous success in fiction is keeping a series of commonplace books. To be thoroughly useful, and, indeed, to be anything except lumber, these require to be fully indexed. Thanks to a second communication, assumably from the same journalist to whom I have previously referred, evidence is afforded that Reade was in this respect commendably and characteristically assiduous. Very significant are some of the headings he employs in his index. Thus under Nigri Loci; or, the Dark Places of the Land, are included police cells, prisons, milliners' work-rooms, emigrant ships, workhouses, convents, factories, mines, &c., places generally in which the weak may find themselves at the mercy of the strong. What use Reade made of this portion of his collection is known. Under H comes Humores Diei; or, Humours of the Day, a heading to embrace popular crazes and fashionable follies, Ritualism, vegetarianism, cremation, baby shows, barmaid shows, and what not. F supplies Fæmina vera, or Woman as she is; Fœmina ficta, or Woman as drawn by writers, and so forth. Another matter of interest consists of ordinary phrases collected with a view to being put in the mouth of personages in humble stations of life. Strangely familiar are some of these: "Won't you catch it, though !" "I'll tell Ma!" "Who's afraid of you?" "I never did see in all my born days," etc. A lesson of highest value to those contemplating the pursuit of literature is furnished in the proof afforded at the cost of how strenuous and persistent labour success and distinction are obtained.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1884.

# PHILISTIA.

By CECIL POWER,

CHAPTER XXV.

HARD PRESSED.

WEEK or two later, while "The Primate of Fiji" was still running vigorously at the Ambiguities Theatre, Arthur Berkeley's second opera, "The Duke of Bermondsey; or, the Bold Buccaneers of the Isle of Dogs," was brought out with vast success and immense exultation at the Marlborough. There is always a strong tendency to criticise a little severely the second work of a successful beginner: people like to assume a knowing air, and to murmur self-complacently that they felt sure from the beginning he couldn't keep up permanently to his first level. But in spite of that natural tendency of the unregenerate human mind, and in spite, too, of a marked political bias on the author's part, "The Duke of Bermondsey" took the town by storm almost as completely as "The Primate of Fiji" had done before it. Everybody said that though the principles of the piece were really quite atrocious, when one came to think of them seriously, yet the music and the dialogue were crisp and brisk enough to float any amount of social or economical heresy that that clever young man, Mr. Arthur Berkeley, might choose to put into one of his amusing and original operas.

The social and economical heresies, of course, were partly due to Ernest Le Breton's insidious influence. At the same time that Berkeley was engaged in partially converting Ernest, Ernest was engaged in the counter process of partially converting Berkeley. To say the truth, the conversion was not a very difficult matter to eff the neophyte had in him implicitly already the chief savin of the socialistic faith, or, if one must put it converse.

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the disease were constitutionally implanted in his system, and only needed a little external encouragement to bring the poison out fully in the most virulent form of the complaint. The great point of "The Duke of Bermondsey" consisted in the ridiculous contrast it exhibited between the wealth, dignity, and self-importance of the duke himself, and the squalid, miserable, shrinking poverty of the East-end purlieus from which he drew his enormous revenues. a little about the East-end from practical experience; he had gone there often with Ronald, on his rounds of mercy, and had seen with his own eyes those dens of misery which most people have only heard or read about. It was Ernest who had suggested this light satirical treatment of the great social problem, whose more serious side he himself had learnt to look at in Max Schurz's revolutionary salon; and it was to Ernest that Arthur Berkeley owed the first hint of that famous scene where the young Countess of Coalbrookdale converses familiarly on the natural beauties of healthful labour with the chorus of intelligent colliery hands, in the most realistic of grimy costumes, from her father's estates in Staffordshire. The stalls hardly knew whether to laugh or frown when the intelligent colliers respectfully invited the countess, in her best Ascot flounces and furbelows, to enjoy the lauded delights of healthful mine labour in proprià personà: but they quite recovered their good humour when the band of theatrical buccaneers, got up by the duke in Spanish costumes, with intent to deceive his lawless tenants in the East-end, came unexpectedly face to face with the genuine buccaneers of the Isle of Dogs, clothed in real costermonger caps and second-hand pilot-jackets of the marine-store-dealers' fashionable pattern. It was all only the ridiculous incongruity of our actual society represented in the very faintest shades of caricature upon the stage; but it made the incongruities more incongruous still to see them crowded together so closely in a single concentrated tableau. Unthinking people laughed uproariously at the fun and nonsense of the piece; thinking people laughed too, but not without an uncomfortable side twinge of conscientious remorse at the pity of it all. Some wise heads even observed with a shrug that when this sort of thing was applauded upon the stage, the fine old institutions of England were getting into dangerous contact with these pernicious Continental socialistic theories. And no doubt those good people were really wise in their generation. "When Figaro came," Arthur Berkeley said himself to Ernest, "the French revolution wasn't many paces behind on the track of the ages."

"Better even than the Primate, Mr. Berkeley," said Hilda

Tregellis, as she met him in a London drawing-room a few days later. "What a delightful scene, that of the Countess of Coalbrookdale! You're doing real good, I do believe, by making people think about these things more seriously, you know. As poor dear Mr. Le Breton would have said, you've got an ethical purpose—isn't that the word?-underlying even your comic operas. By the way, do you ever see the Le Bretons now? Poor souls, I hear they're doing very badly. The elder brother, Herbert Le Breton-horrid wretch!he's here to-night; going to marry that pretty Miss Faucit, they say; daughter of old Mr. Faucit, the candle-maker-no, not candles, soap I think it is-but it doesn't matter twopence nowadays, does it? Well, as I was saying, you're doing a great deal of good with characters like this Countess of Coalbrookdale. We want more mixture of classes, don't we? more free intercourse between them ; more familiarity of every sort. For my part, now, I should really very much like to know more of the inner life of the working classes." "If only he'd ask me to go to lunch," she thought, "with his dear old father, the superannuated shoemaker! so very romantic, really !"

But Arthur only smiled a sphinx-like smile, and answered lightly, "You would probably object to their treatment of you as much as the countess objected to the unpleasant griminess of the too-realistic coal galleries. Suppose you were to fall into the hands of a logical old radical workman, for example, who tore you to pieces, mentally speaking, with a shake or two of his big teeth, and calmly informed you that in his opinion you were nothing more than a very empty-headed, pretentious, ignorant young woman—perhaps even, after the plain-spoken vocabulary of his kind, a regular downright minx and hussey?"

"Charming," Lady Hilda answered, with perfect candour; "so very different from the senseless adulation of all the Hughs, and Guys, and Berties! What I do love in talking to clever men, Mr. Berkeley, is their delicious frankness and transparency. If they think one a fool, they tell one so plainly, or at least they let one see it without any reserve. Now that, you know, is really such a very delightful trait in clever peoples' characters!"

"I don't know how you can have had the opportunity of judging, Lady Hilda," Arthur answered, looking at her handsome open face with a momentary glance of passing admiration—Hilda Tregellis was improving visibly as she matured—"for no one can possih" have thought anything of the sort with you, I'm certain: can say quite candidly, without the slightest tinge of flattery or adulation."

"What! You don't think me a fool, Mr. Berkeley," cried Lady Hilda, delighted even with that very negative bit of favourable appreciation. "Now, that I call a real compliment, I assure you, because I know you clever people pitch your standard of intelligence so very, very high! You consider everybody fcols, I'm sure, except the few people who are almost as clever as you yourselves are. However, to return to the countess: I do think there ought to be more mixture of classes in England, and somebody told me"-this was a violent effort to be literary on Hilda's part, by way of rising to the height of the occasion-" somebody told me that Mr. Matthew Arnold, who's so dreadfully satirical, and cultivated, and so forth, thinks exactly the same thing, you know. Why shouldn't the Countess of Coalbrookdale have really married the foreman of the colliers? she'd have been a great deal happier with a kind-hearted sensible man like him than with that lumbering, hunting, pheasant-shooting, horse-racing lout of a Lord Coalbrookdale, who would go to Norway on a fishing tour without her-now, wouldn't she?"

"Very probably," Berkeley answered: "but in these matters we don't regard happiness only—that, you see, would be mere base, vulgar, commonplace utilitarianism:—we regard much more that grand impersonal overruling entity, that unseen code of social morals, which we commonly call the convenances. Proper people don't take happiness into consideration at all, comparatively: they act religiously after the fashion that the convenances impose upon them."

"Ah, but why, Mr. Berkeley," Lady Hilda said, vehemently, "why should the whole world always take it for granted that because a girl happens to be born the daughter of people whose name's in the peerage, she must necessarily be the slave of the proprieties, devoid of all higher or better instincts? Why should they take it for granted that she's destitute of any appreciation for any kind of greatness except the kind that's represented by a million and a quarter in the three per cents., or a great-great-grandfather who fought at the battle of Naseby? Why mayn't she have a spark of originality? Why mayn't she be as much attracted by literature, by science, by art, by . . . by beautiful music, as, say, the daughter of a lawyer, a doctor, or-or-or a country shopkeeper? What I want to know is just this, Mr. Berkeley: if people don't believe in distinctions of birth, why on earth should they suppose that Lady Mary, or Lady Betty, or Lady Winifred, must necessarily be more banale and vulgar-minded and commonplace than plain Miss Jones, or Miss

Brown, or Miss Robinson?- You admit that these other girls may possibly care for higher subjects: then why on earth shouldn't we, can you tell me?"

"Certainly," Arthur Berkeley answered, looking down into Lady Hilda's beautiful eyes after a dreamy fashion, "certainly there's no inherent reason why one person shouldn't have just as high tastes by nature as another. Everything depends, I suppose, upon inherited qualities, variously mixed, and afterwards modified by society and education.—It's very hot here, to-night, Lady Hilda, isn't it?"

"Very," Lady Hilda echoed, taking his arm as she spoke. "Shall

we go into the conservatory?"

"I was just going to propose it myself," Berkeley said, with a faint tremor thrilling in his voice. She was a very beautiful woman, certainly, and her unfeigned appreciation of his plays and his music was undeniably very flattering to him.

"Unless I bring him fairly to book this evening," Hilda thought to herself as she swept with him gracefully into the conservatory, "I shall have to fall back upon the red-haired hurlyburlying Scotch professor, after all—if I don't want to end by getting into the clutches of one of those horrid Monties or Algies!"

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### IRRECLAIMABLE.

The occasional social articles for the Morning Intelligence supplied Ernest with work enough for the time being to occupy part of his leisure, and income enough to keep the ship floating somehow, if not securely, at least in decent fair-weather fashion. His frequent trips with Ronald into the East-end gave him something comparatively fresh to write about, and though he was compelled to conceal his own sentiments upon many points, in order to conform to that impersonal conscience, "the policy of the paper," he was still able to deal with subjects that really interested him, and in which he fancied he might actually be doing a little good. A few days after he had taken seriously to the new occupation, good Mrs. Halliss made her appearance in the tiny sitting-room one morning, and with many apologies and much humming and hawing ventured to make a slight personal representation to wondering little Edie.

"If you please, mum," she said nervously fumbling all the while with the corner of the table-cloth s

table, "if I might make so bold, mum, without offence, I should like to say as me an' John 'as been talkin' it hover, an' we think now as your good gentleman 'as so much writin' to do, at 'is littery work, mum, as I may make bold to call it, perhaps you wouldn't mind, so as not to disturb 'im with the blessed baby-not as that dear child couldn't never disturb nobody, bless 'er dear 'eart, the darling, not even when she's cryin', she's that sweet and gentle, -but we thought, mum, as littery gentlemen likes to 'ave the coast clear, in the manner of speakin', and perhaps you wouldn't mind bein' so good as to use the little front room upstairs, mum, for a sort o' nursery, as I may call it, for the dear baby. It was our bedroom, that was, where John an' me used to sleep; but we've been an' putt our things into the front hattic, mum, as is very nice and comfortable in every way, so as to make room for the dear baby. An' if you won't take it as a liberty, mum, me an' John 'ud be more'n glad if you'd kindly make use of that there room for a sort of occasional nursery for the dear baby."

Edie bit her lip hard in her momentary confusion. "Oh, dear, Mrs. Halliss," she said, almost crying at the kindly meant offer, "I'm afraid we can't afford to have three rooms all for ourselves as things go at present. How much do you propose to charge us for the

additional nursery?"

"Charge you for it, mum!" Mrs. Halliss echoed, almost indignantly; "charge our lodgers for any little hextry accommodation like the small front room upstairs, mum-now, don't you go and say that to John, mum, I beg of you; for 'is temper's rather short at times, mum, thro' bein' asmatic and the rheumatiz, though you wouldn't think it to look at 'im, that you wouldn't; an' I'm reely afraid, mum, he might get angry if anybody was to hoffer 'im anythink for a little bit of hextry accommodation like that there. Lord bless your dear 'eart, mum, don't you say nothink more about that, I beg of you; for if John was to 'ear of it, he'd go off in a downright tearin' tantrum at the bare notion. An' about dinner, mum, you'll 'ave the cold mutton an' potatoes, and a bit of b'iled beetroot; and I'll just run round to the greengrocer's this moment to order it for early dinner." And before Edie had time to thank her the good woman was out of the room again, and down in the kitchen at her daily preparations, with tears trickling slowly down both her hard red cheeks in her own motherly fashion.

So from that time forth Ernest had the small sitting-room entirely to himself, whenever he was engaged in his literary labours, while Edie and Dot turned the front bedroom on the first floor into r

and commodious nursery. As other work did not turn up so rapidly as might have been expected, and as Ernest grew tired after a while of writing magazine articles on "The Great Social Problem," which were invariably "declined with thanks" so promptly as to lead to a well-founded suspicion that they had never even been opened by the editor, he determined to employ his spare time in the production of an important economical volume, a treatise on the ultimate ethics of a labouring community, to be entitled "The Final Rule of Social Right Living." This valuable economical work he continued to toil at for many months, in the intervals of his other occupations; and when at last it was duly completed, he read it over at full length to dear little Edie, who considered it one of the most profoundly logical and convincing political treatises ever written. The various leading firms, however, to whom it was afterwards submitted with a view to publication, would appear, oddly enough, to have doubted its complete suitability to the tastes and demands of the reading public in the present century; for they invariably replied to Ernest's inquiries that they would be happy to undertake its production for the trifling sum of one hundred guineas, payable in advance; but that they did not see their way to accepting the risk and responsibility of floating so speculative a volume on their own account. In the end, the unhappy manuscript, after many refusals, was converted into cock-boats, hats, and paper dollies for little Dot; and its various intermediate reverses need enter no further into the main thread of this history. It kept Ernest busy in the spare hours of several months, and prevented him from thinking too much of his own immediate prospects, in his dreams for the golden future of humanity; and insomuch it did actually subserve some indirectly useful function; but on the other hand it wasted a considerable quantity of valuable tenpenny foolscap, and provided him after all with one more severe disappointment, to put on top of all the others to which he was just then being subjected. Clearly, the reading public took no paying interest in political economy; or if they did, then the article practically affected by the eternal laws of supply and demand was at least not the one meted out to them from the enthusiastic Schurzian pen of Ernest Le Breton.

One afternoon, not long after Ernest and Edie had taken rooms at Mrs. Halliss's, they were somewhat surprised at receiving the honour of a casual visit from a very unexpected and unusual quarter. Ronald was with them, talking earnestly over the prospects of the situation, when a knock came at the door, and to their great astonishment the knock was quickly followed by the entrance of Herbert. He had never been there before, and Ernest felt sure he had come now for some very definite and sufficient purpose. And so he had indeed; it was a strange one for him; but Herbert Le Breton was actually bound upon a mission of charity. We have all of us our feelings, no doubt, and Herbert Le Breton, too, in his own fashion, had his. Ernest was after all a good fellow enough at bottom, and his own brother (a man can't for very respectability's sake let his own brother go utterly to the dogs if he can possibly help it); and so Herbert had made up his mind, much against his natural inclination, to warn Ernest of the danger he incurred in having anything more to do or say with this insane, disreputable old Schurz fellow. For his own part, he hated giving advice; people never took it; and that was a deadly offence against his amour propre and a gross insult to his personal dignity; but still, in this case, for Ernest's sake, he determined after an inward struggle to swallow his own private scruples, and make an effort to check his brother on the edge of the abyss. Not that he would come to the point at once; Herbert was a careful diplomatic agent, and he didn't spoil his hand by displaying all his cards too openly at the outset; he would begin upon comparatively indifferent subjects, and lead round the conversation gradually to the perils and errors of pure Schurzianism. So he set out by admiring his niece's fat arms-a remarkable stretch of kindliness on Herbert's part, for of course other people's babies are well known to be really the most uninteresting objects in the whole animate universe-and then he passed on by natural transitions to Ernest's housekeeping arrangements, and to the prospects of journalism as a trade, and finally to the necessity for a journalist to consult the tastes of his reading public. "And by the way, Ernest," he said quietly at last, "of course, after this row at Pilbury, you'll drop the acquaintance of your very problematical German socialist."

Edie started in surprise. "What? Herr Schurz?" she said

Edie started in surprise. "What? Herr Schurz?" she said eagerly. "Dear simple, kindly old Herr Schurz! Oh no, Herbert, that I'm sure he won't; Ernest will never drop his acquaintance, whatever happens."

Herbert coughed drily. "Then there are two of them for me to contend against," he said to himself with an inward smile. "I should really hardly have expected that, now. One would have said a priori that the sound common-sense and practical regard for the dominant feelings of society which is so justly strong in most women, would have kept her at any rate—with her own social disabilities, too—from aiding and abetting her husband in such a piece of egregious folly.—I'm sorry to hear it, Mrs. Le Breton," he went on aloud;—he never

called her by her Christian name, and Edie was somehow rather pleased that he didn't: "for you know Herr Schurz is far from being a desirable acquaintance. Quite apart from his own personal worth, of course—which is a question that I for my part am not called upon to decide—he's a snare and a stumbling-block in the eyes of society, and very likely indeed to injure Ernest's future prospects, as he has certainly injured his career in the past. You know he's going to be tried in a few weeks for a seditious libel and for inciting to murder the Emperor of Russia. Now, you will yourself admit, Mrs. Le Breton, that it's an awkward thing to be mixed up with people who are tried on a criminal charge for inciting to murder. Of course, we all allow that the Czar's a very despotic and autocratic sovereign, that his existence is an anomaly, and that the desire to blow him up is a very natural desire for every intelligent Russian to harbour privately in the solitude of his own bosom. If we were Russians ourselves, no doubt we'd try to blow him up too, if we could conveniently do so without detection. So much, every rational Englishman, who isn't blinded by prejudice or frightened by the mere sound of words, must at once frankly acknowledge. But unfortunately, you see, the mass of Englishmen are blinded by prejudice, and are frightened by the mere sound of words. To them, blowing up a Czar is murder (though of course blowing up any number of our own black people isn't); and inciting to blow up the Czar, or doing what seems to most Englishmen equivalent to such incitement, as, for example, saying in print that the Czar's government isn't quite ideally perfect and ought gradually and tentatively to be abolished-why, that, I say, is a criminal offence, and is naturally punishable by a term of imprisonment. Now, is it worth while to mix oneself up with people like that, Ernest, when you can just as easily do without having anything on earth to say to them?"

Edie's face burnt scarlet as she listened, but Ernest only answered more quietly—he never allowed anything that Herbert said to disturb his equanimity—"We don't think alike upon this subject, you know, Herbert; and I'm afraid the disagreement is fundamental. It doesn't matter so much to us what the world thinks as what is abstractly right; and Edie would prefer to cling to Herr Schurz, through good report and evil report, rather than to be applauded by your mass of Englishmen for having nothing to do with inciting to murder. We know that Herr Max never did anything of the kind; that he is the gentlest and best of men; and that in Russian liways been on the side of the more merciful me

would have meted out to the Czar the

"Well," Herbert answered bravely, with a virtuous determination not to be angry at this open insult to his own opinion, but to persevere in his friendly efforts for his brother's sake, "we won't take Herr Max into consideration at all, but will look merely at the general question. The fact is, Ernest, you've chosen the wrong side. The environment is too strong for you; and if you set yourself up against it, it'll crush you between the upper and the nether millstone. It isn't your business to reform the world; it's your business to live in it; and if you go on as you're doing now, it strikes me that you'll fail at the outset in that very necessary first particular."

"If I fail," Ernest answered with a heavy heart, "I can only die once; and after all every man can do no more than fill to the best of his ability the niche in nature that he finds already cut out for him

by circumstances."

"My dear Ernest," Herbert continued quietly, twisting himself a cigarette with placid deliberateness, as a preliminary to his departure; "your great mistake in life is that you will persist in considering the universe as a cosmos. Now the fact is, it isn't a cosmos; it's a chaos, and a very poor one at that."

"Ah, yes," Ernest answered gravely; "nobody recognises that fact more absolutely than I do; but surely it's the duty of man to try as far as in him lies to cosmize his own particular little corner

of it."

"In the abstract, certainly: as a race, most distinctly so; but as individuals, why, the thing's clearly impossible. There was one man who once tried to do it, and his name was Don Quixote."

"There was Another, I always thought," Ernest replied more solemnly, "and after His name we've all been taught as children to call ourselves Christians. At bottom, my ideal is only the Christian ideal."

"But, my dear fellow, don't you see that the survival of the fittest must succeed in elbowing your ideal, for the present at least, out of existence? Look here, Ernest, you're going the wrong way to work altogether for your own happiness and comfort. It doesn't matter to me, of course; you can do as you like with yourself, and I oughtn't to interfere with you; but I do it because I'm your brother, and because I take a certain amount of interest in you accordingly. Now, I quite grant with you that the world's in a very unjust social condition at present. I'm not a fool, and I can't help seeing that wealth is very badly distributed, and that happiness is very unequally meted. But I don't feel called upon to make myself the martyr of the cause of readjustment, for all that. If I were a

working-man, I should take up the side that you're taking up now; I should have everything to gain, and nothing to lose by it. But your mistake is just this, that when you might identify your own interests with the side of the 'haves,' as I do, you go out of your way to identify them with the side of the 'have-nots,' out of pure idealistic Utopian philanthropy. You belong by birth to the small and intrinsically weak minority of persons specially gifted by nature and by fortune; and why do you lay yourself out with all your might to hound on the mass of your inferiors till they trample down and destroy whatever gives any special importance, interest, or value to intellectual superiority, vigour of character, political knowledge, or even wealth? I can understand that the others should wish to do this; I can understand that they will inevitably do it in the longrun; but why on earth do you, of all men, want to help them in pulling down a platform on which you yourself might, if you chose, stand well above their heads and shoulders?"

- "Because I feel the platform's an unjust one," Ernest answered, warmly.
- "An excellent answer for them," Herbert chimed in, in his coldest and calmest tone, "but a very insufficient one for you. The injustice, if any, tells all in your own favour. As long as the mob doesn't rise up and tear the platform down (as it will one day), why on earth should you be more anxious about it than they are?"
- "Because, Herbert, if there must be injustice, I would rather suffer it than do it."
- "Well, go your own way," Herbert answered, with a calm smile of superior wisdom; "go your own way, and let it land you where it will. For my part, I back the environment. But it's no business of mine; I have done my best to warn you. Liberavi animam meam. You won't take my advice, and I must leave you to your own devices." And with just a touch of the hand to Edie, and a careless nod to his two brothers, he sauntered out of the room without another word. "As usual," he thought to himself as he walked down the stairs, "I go out of my way to give good advice to a fellow-creature, and I get only the black ingratitude of a snubbing in return. This is really almost enough to make even me turn utterly and completely selfish!"
- "I wonder, Ernest," said Ronald, looking up as Herbert shut the door gently behind him, "how you and I ever came to have " a brother as Herbert!"
- "I think it's easy enough to understand, R' ditary principles."

Ronald sighed. "I see what you mean," he said; "it's poor mother's strain—the Whitaker strain—coming out in him."

"I often fancy, Ronald, I can see the same two strains, in varying intensity, running through all three of us alike. In Herbert, the Whitaker strain is uppermost, and the Le Breton comparatively in abeyance; in me, they're both more or less blended; in you, the Le Breton strain comes out almost unadulterated. Yet even Herbert has more of a Le Breton in him than one might imagine, for he's with us intellectually; it's the emotional side only that's wanting to him. Even when members of a family are externally very much unlike one another in the mere surface features of their characters, I believe you can generally see the family likeness underlying it for all that."

"Only you must know how to analyse the character to see it," said Edie. "I don't think it ever struck me before that there was anything in common between you and Herbert, Ernest, and yet now you point it out I believe there really is something after all. I'm sorry you told me, for I can't bear to think that you're like Herbert."

"Oh no," Ronald put in hastily; "it isn't Ernest who has something in him like Herbert; it's Herbert who has something in him like Ernest. There's a great deal of difference between the one thing and the other. Besides, he hasn't got enough of it, Edie, and Ernest has."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### RONALD COMES OF AGE.

"STRANGE," Ronald Le Breton thought to himself, as he walked along the Embankment between Westminster and Waterloo, some weeks later—the day of Herr Max's trial—"I had a sort of impulse to come down here alone this afternoon: I felt as if there was an unseen Hand somehow impelling me. Depend upon it, one doesn't have instincts of that sort utterly for nothing. The Finger that guides us, guides us always aright for its own wise and unfathomable purposes. What a blessing and a comfort it is to feel that one's steps are continually directed from above, and that even an afternoon stroll through the great dreary town is appointed to us for some fit and sufficient reason! Look at that poor girl over there now, at the edge of the embankment! I wonder what on earth she can have come here for. Why... how pale and excited she looks. What's she going so near the edge for? Gracious heavens! it can't be... yes... it is... no, no, but still it must be... that's what the

Finger was guiding me here for this afternoon. There's no denying it. The poor creature's tempted to destroy herself. My instinct tells me so at once, and it never tells me wrong. Oh, Inscrutable Wisdom, help me, help me: give me light to act rightly! I must go up this very moment and speak to her!"

The girl was walking moodily along the edge of the bank, and looking in a dreamy fashion over the parapet into the sullen fast-flowing brown water below. An eye less keen than Ronald's might have seen in a moment, from her harassed weary face and her quick glance to right and left after the disappearing policeman, that she was turning over in her own mind something more desperate than

and, firm in his conviction that the Finger was guiding him aright, spoke out at once with boldness on the mere strength of his rapid

instinctive conjecture.

"Stop, stop," he said, laying his hand gently on her shoulder:
"not for a moment, I beg of you, not for a moment. Not till you've at least told me what is your trouble."

any common everyday venture. Ronald stepped up to her hastily,

Selah turned round sharply and looked up in his face with a vague feeling of indefinable wonder. "What do you mean?" she asked, in a husky voice. "Don't do what? How do you know I was going to do anything?"

"You were going to throw yourself into the river," Ronald answered confidently; "or at least you were debating about it in your own soul. I know you were, because a sure Guide tells me so."

Selah's lip curled a little at the sound of that familiar language. "And suppose I was," she replied defiantly, in her reckless fashion; "suppose I was: what's that to you or anybody, I should like to know? Are you your brother's keeper, as your own Bible puts it? Well, yes, then, perhaps I was going to drown myself: and if I choose, as soon as your back's turned, I shall go and do it still; so there; and that's all I have to say about it."

Ronald turned his face towards her with an expression of the intensest interest, but before he could put in a single word Selah interrupted him.

"I know what you're going to say," she went on, looking up at him rebelliously. "I know what you're going to say every bit as well as if you'd said it. You're one of these city missionary sort of people, you are; and you're going to tell me it's awfully wicked of me to try and destroy myself, and ain't I afraid of a terrible hereafter! Ugh! I hate and detest all that mummery."

Ronald looked down upon her in return with a sort of siler

wondering pity. "Awfully wicked," he said slowly, "awfully wicked! How meaningless! How incomprehensible! Awfully wicked to be friendless, or poor, or wretched, or unhappy! Awfully wicked to be driven by despair, or by heartlessness, to such a pitch of misery or frenzy that you want to fling yourself wildly into the river, only to be out of it all, anywhere, in a minute! Why, you poor, unhappy girl, how on earth can you possibly help it?"

There was something in the tone of his earnest voice that melted for a moment even Selah Briggs's pride and vehemence. It was very impertinent of him to try and interfere with her purely personal business, no doubt, but he seemed to do so in a genuinely kindly rather than in a fussy interfering spirit. At any rate, he didn't begin by talking to her that horrid cant about the attempt to commit suicide being so extremely wicked! If he had done that, Selah would have felt it was not only an unwarrantable intrusion upon her liberty of action, but a grotesque insult to her natural intelligence as well.

"I've a right to drown myself if I choose," she faltered out, leaning faintly as she spoke against the parapet, "and nobody else has any possible right to hinder or prevent me. If you people make laws against my rights in that matter, I shall set your laws aside whenever and wherever it happens to suit my personal convenience."

"Exactly so," Ronald answered, in the same tone of gentle and acquiescent persuasion. "I quite agree with you. It's as clear as daylight that every individual human being has a perfect right to put an end to his own life whenever it becomes irksome or unpleasant to him; and nobody else has any right whatever to interfere with him. The prohibitions that law puts upon our freedom in that respect are only of a piece with the other absurd restrictions of our existing unchristian legislation-as opposed to the spirit of the Word as the old rule that made us bury a suicide at four cross roads with a hideously barbarous and brutal ceremonial. They're all mere temporary survivals from a primitive paganism: the truth shall make us free. But though we mayn't rightly interfere, we may surely inquire in a brotherly spirit of interest, whether it isn't possible for us to make life less irksome for those who, unhappily, want to get rid of it. After all, the causes of our discontent are often quite removable. Tell me, at least, what yours are, and let me see whether I'm able to do anything towards removing them."

Selah hung back a little sullenly. This was a wonderful mixture of tongues that the strange young man was talking in! When he spoke about the right and wrong of suicide, ethically considered, it might have been Herbert Walters himself who was addressing her:

when he glided off sideways to the truth and the Word, it might have been her Primitive Methodist friends at Hastings, in full meeting assembled. And, by the way, he reminded her strangely, somehow, of Herbert Walters! What manner of man could he be, she wondered, and what strange sort of new gospel was this that he was preaching to her!

"How do I know who you are?" she asked him, carelessly. 
"How do I know what you want to know my story for? Perhaps

you're only trying to get something out of me."

"Trust me," Ronald said simply. "By faith we live, you know. Only trust me."

Selah answered nothing.

"Come over here to the bench by the garden," Ronald went on earnestly. "We can talk there more at our leisure. I don't like to see you leaning so close to the parapet. It's a temptation; I know it's a temptation."

Selah looked at him again inquiringly. She had never before met anybody so curious, she fancied. "Aren't you afraid of being seen sitting with me like this," she said, "on the embankment benches? Some of your fine friends might come by and wonder who on earth you had got here with you." And, indeed, Selah's dress had grown very shabby and poor-looking during a long and often fruitless search for casual work or employment in London.

But Ronald only surveyed her gently from head to foot with a quiet smile, and answered softly, "Oh no; there's no reason on earth why we shouldn't sit down and talk together; and even if there were, my friends all know me far too well by this time to be surprised at anything I may do, when the Hand guides me. If you will only sit down and tell me your story, I should like to see whether I could

possibly do anything to help you."

Selah let him lead her in his gentle, half-womanly fashion to the bench, and sat down beside him mechanically. Still, she made no attempt to begin her pitiful story. Ronald suspected for a second some special cause for her embarrassment, and ventured to suggest a possible way out of it. "Perhaps," he said timidly, "you would rather speak to some older and more fatherly man about it, or to some kind lady. If so, I have many good friends in London who would listen to you with as much interest and attention as I should."

The old spirit flared up in Selah for a second, as she answered quickly, "No, no, sir, it's nothing of that sort. I can tell you as well as I can tell anybody. If I've been unfortunate, it's been through no fault of my own, thank goodness, but only through the hard-hearted.

ness and unkindness of other people. I'd rather speak to you than to any one else, because I feel somehow—why, I don't know—as if

you had something or other really good in you,'

"I beg your pardon," Ronald said hastily, "for even suggesting it; but you see, I often have to meet a great many people who've been unhappy through a great many different causes, and that leads one occasionally for a time into mistaken inferences. Let me hear all your history, please, and I firmly believe, through the aid that never forsakes us, I shall be able to do something or other to help you in your difficulties."

Thus adjured, Selah began and told her whole unhappy history through without pause or break into Ronald's quietly sympathetic ear. She told him quite frankly and fully how she had picked up the acquaintance of a young Mr. Walters from Oxford at Hastings: how this Mr. Walters had led her to believe he would marry her: how she had left her home hurriedly, under the belief that he would be induced to keep his promise : how he had thrown her over to her own devices : and how she had ever since been trying to pick up a precarious livelihood for herself in stray ways as a sempstress, work for which she was naturally very ill-fitted, and for which she had no introductions. She slurred over nothing on either side of the story; and especially she did not forget to describe the full measure of her troubles and trials from her Methodist friends at Hastings. Ronald shook his head sympathetically at this stage of the story. "Ah, I know, I know," he muttered, half under his breath; "nasty pious people! Very well-meaning, very devout, very earnest, one may be sure of it—but oh! what terrible soul-killing people to live among! I can understand all about it, for I've met them often-Sabbathkeeping folks; preaching and praying folks; worrying, bothering, fussy-religious folks; formalists, Pharisees, mint-anise-and-cummin Christians: awfully anxious about your soul, and so forth, and doing their very best to make you as miserable all the time as a slave at the torture! I don't wonder you ran away from them."

"And I wasn't really going to drown myself, you know, when you spoke to me," Selah said, quite apologetically. "I was only just looking over into the beautiful brown water, and thinking how delicious it would be to fling oneself in there, and be carried off down to the sea, and rolled about for ever into pebbles on the shingle, and there would be an end of one altogether—oh, how lovely!"

"Very natural," Ronald answered calmly. "Very natural. Of course it would. I've often thought the same thing myself. Still,

one oughtn't, if possible, to give way to these impulses: one ought to do all that's in one's power to prevent such a miserable termination to one's divinely allotted existence. After all, it is His will, you see, that we should be happy."

When Selah had quite finished all her story, Ronald began drawing circles in the road with the end of his stick, and perpending within himself what had better be done about it, now that all was told him. "No work," he said, half to himself; "no money; no food. Why, why—I suppose you must be hungry."

Selah nodded assent

"Will you allow me to offer you a little lunch?" he asked, hesitatingly, with something of Herbert's stately politeness. Even in this last extremity, Ronald felt instinctively what was due to Selah Briggs's natural sentiments of pride and delicacy. He must speak to her deferentially as if she were a lady, not give her alms as if she were a beggar.

Then for the first time that day Selah burst suddenly into tears. "Oh, sir," she said, sobbing, "you are very kind to me."

Ronald waited a moment or two till her eyes were dry, and then took her across the gardens and into Gatti's. Any other man might have chosen some other place of entertainment under the circumstances, but Ronald, in his perfect simplicity of heart, looked only for the first shop where he could get Selah the food she needed. He ordered something hot hastily, and, when it came, though he had had his own lunch already, he played a little with a knife and fork himself for show's sake, in order not to seem as if he were merely looking on while Selah was eating. These little touches of feeling were not lost upon Selah: she noticed them at once, and recognised in what Ernest would have called her aboriginal unregenerate vocabulary that she was dealing with a true gentleman.

"Walters," Ronald said, pausing a second with a bit of chop poised lightly on the end of his fork; "let me see—Walters. I don't know any man of that name, myself, but I've had two brothers at Oxford, and perhaps one of them could tell me who he is. Walters—Walters. You said your own name was Miss Briggs, I think, didn't you? My name's Ronald Le Breton."

"How curious!" Selah said, colouring up. "I'm sure I remember Mr. Walters talking more than once to me about his brother Ronald."

"Indeed," Ronald answered, without even a passing tinge of suspicion. That any man should give a false name to other people with in a thing that would never have entered into

his simple head-far less that his own brother Herbert should be

guilty of such a piece of disgraceful meanness.

"I think," Ronald went on, as soon as Selah had finished her lunch, "you'd better come with me back to my mother's house for the present. I suppose, now you've talked it over a little, you won't think of throwing yourself into the river any more for to-day. You'll postpone your intention for the present, won't you? Adjourn it sine die till we can see what can be done for you."

Selah smiled faintly. Even with the slight fresh spring of hope that this chance rencontre had roused anew within her, it seemed rather absurd and childish of her to have meditated suicide only an hour ago. Besides, she had eaten and drunk since then, and the profoundest philosophers have always frankly admitted that the pessimistic side of human nature is greatly mitigated after a good dinner.

Ronald called a hansom, and drove up rapidly to Epsilon Terrace. When he got there, he took Selah into the little back breakfast-room, regardless of the proprieties, and began once more to consider the prospects for the future.

"Is Lady Le Breton in?" he asked the servant: and Selah noticed with surprise and wonder that this strange young man's mother was actually "a lady of title," as she called it to herself in her

curious ordinary language.

"No, sir," the girl answered; "she have been gone out about an hour."

"Then I must leave you here while I go out and get you lodgings for the present," Ronald said quietly; "you won't object to my doing that, of course: you can easily pay me back from your salary as soon as we succeed in finding you some suitable occupation. Let me see, where can I put you for the next fortnight? Naturally you wouldn't like to live with religious people, would you?"

"I hate them," Selah answered vigorously.

"Of course, of course," Ronald went on, as if to himself. 
"Perfectly natural. She hates them! So should I if I'd been bothered and worried out of my life by them in the way she has. I hate them myself—that kind: or, rather, it's wrong to say that of them, poor creatures, for they mean well, they really mean well at bottom, in their blundering, formal, pettifogging way. They think they can take the kingdom of Heaven, not by storm, but by petty compliances, like servile servants who have to deal with a capricious, exacting master. Poor souls, they know no better. They measure the universe by the reflection in their muddy mill-pond. Nasty pious

people is what I always call them; nasty pious people: little narrow souls, trying hard to be Christians after their lights, and only attaining, after all, to a sort of second-hand diluted Judaism, a religion of cup-washing, and phylacteries, and new moons, and sabbaths, and daily sacrifices. However, that's neither here nor there. I won't hand you over, Miss Briggs, to any of those poor benighted people. No, nor to any religious people at all. It wouldn't suit you: you want to be well out of it. I know the very place for you. the Baumanns: they'd be glad to let a room: Baumann's a German refugee, and a friend of Ernest's: a good man, but a secularist. They wouldn't bother you with any religion: poor things, they haven't got Mrs. Baumann's an excellent woman-educated, too; no objection at all in any way to the Baumanns. They're people I like and respect immensely-every good quality they have; and I'm often grieved to think such excellent people should be deprived of the comfort and pleasure of believing. But, then, so's my dear brother Ernest; and you know, they're none the worse for it, apparently, any of them : indeed, I don't know that there's anybody with whom I can talk more sympathetically on spiritual matters than dear Ernest. Depend upon it, most of the most spiritually minded people nowadays are outside all the churches altogether."

Selah listened in blank amazement to this singular avowal of heterodox opinion from an obviously religious person. What Ronald Le Breton could be she couldn't imagine; and she thought with an inward smile of the very different way in which her friends at Hastings would have discussed the spiritual character of a wicked secularist.

Just at that moment a latch-key turned lightly in the street door, and two sets of footsteps came down the passage to Lady Le Breton's little back breakfast-room. One set turned up the staircase, the other halted for a second at the breakfast-room doorway. Then the door opened gently, and Herbert Le Breton and Selah Briggs were face to face again in blank astonishment.

There was a moment's pause, as Selah rose with burning cheeks from the chair where she was sitting; and neither spoke a word as they looked with eyes of mutual suspicion and dislike into each other's faces. At last Herbert Le Breton turned with some acerbity to his brother Ronald, and asked in a voice of affected contempt, "Who is this woman?"

"This lady's name is Miss Briggs," Ronald answered pointedly, but, of course, quite innocently.

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"I need in this will who this man is," Selah said, wife later emphasis. "It's Herbert Walters."

A hornible light burst in upon Ronald instantaneously is the uttered the name: but he could not believe it; he would not

Selah gazed into Herbert's slinking eyes with a concennent expression of scorn and disgust. "Then he gave me a false name," she said slowly, fronting him like a tigress. "He gave me a false name, it seems, from the very beginning. All through, the false wretch, all through, he actually meant to deceive me. He had he wile scheme for it beforehand. I never wished to see you again. We measured to see you again that's your real name at he. I never wished to see you again that I have measured to inflict upon you the humiliation of known that I have measured the utmost depth of your infamy! You measured to the bottom the copyle of your infamy!"

"Oh, don't," Ronald said imploringly, laying his hand upon he acce. "He deserves it, no doubt: but don't glory over his hum'a"The had no need to ask whether she spoke the truth; his hand and scarlet face was evidence enough against him.

Membert, however, answered nothing. He merely turned anging Pottald. "I won't bandy words," he said constrainedly in his content tone, "with this infamous woman whom you have brought to the purpose to insult me; but I must request you to ask her to the house immediately. Your mother's home is no place to the to bring people of such a character."

As he spoke, the door opened again, and Lady Le Breton, 2"tarted by the sound of angry voices, entered unexpectedly. What does all this riot mean, Herbert?" she asked imperiously. Who on earth is this young woman that Ronald has brought into the young house, actually, without my permission?"

Here whispered a few words quietly into her ear, and then left the room hurriedly with a stiff and formal bow to his brother Ronald Lady Le Breton turned round to the culprit severely.

"Disgraceful, Ronald!" she cried in her sternest and most angly voice; "perfectly disgraceful! You aid and abet this wretched creature—whose object is only to extort money by false preterrout of your brother Herbert—you aid and abet her in her about stratagems, and you even venture to introduce her clandestin

my own breakfast-room. I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself. What on earth can you mean by such extraordinary, such un-Christian conduct? Go to your own room this moment, sir, and ask this young woman to leave the house immediately."

"I shall go without being asked," Selah said proudly, her big eyes flashing defiance haughtily into Lady Le Breton's. "I don't know who you all may be, or what this gentleman who brought me here may have to do with you: but if you are in any way connected with that wretch Herbert Le Breton, who called himself Herbert Walters for the sake of deceiving me, I don't want to have anything further to say to any of the whole pack of you. Please stand out of my way," she went on to Ronald, "and I shall have done with you all together this very instant. I wish to God I had never seen a single one of you."

"No, no, not just yet, please," Ronald put in hastily. "You mustn't go just yet, I implore you, I beg of you, till I have explained to my mother, before you, how this all happened; and then, when you go, I shall go with you. Though I have the misfortune to be the brother of the man who gave you a false name in order to deceive you, I trust you will still allow me to help you as far as I am able, and to take you to my German friends of whom I spoke to you."

"Ronald," Lady Le Breton cried, in her most commanding tone, "you must have taken leave of your senses. How dare you keep this person a moment longer in my house against my wish, when even she herself is anxious to quit it? Let her go at once, let her go at once, sir."

"No, mother," Ronald answered firmly. "We are commanded in the Word to obey our parents in all things, 'in the Lord.' I think you've forgotten that proviso, mother, 'in the Lord.' Now, mother, I will tell you all about it." And then, in a rapid sketch, Ronald, with his back planted solidly against the door, told his mother briefly all he knew about Selah Briggs, how he had found her, how he had brought her home not knowing who she was, and how she had recognised Herbert as her unfaithful lover. Lady Le Breton, when she saw that escape was practically impossible, flung herself back in an easy chair, where she swayed herself backward and forward gently all the while, without once lifting her eyes towards Ronald, and sighed impatiently, from time to time audibly, as if the story merely bored her. As for poor Selah, she stood upright in front of Ronald without a word, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and waiting eagerly for the story to be finished.

When Ronald had said his say, Lady Le Breton looked up at

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last and said simply, with a pretended yawn, "Now, Ronald, will you go to your own room?"

"I will not," Ronald answered, in a soft whisper. "I will go with this lady to the rooms of which I have spoken to her."

"Then," Lady Le Breton said coldly, "you shall not return here. It seems I'm to lose all my children, one after another, by their extraordinary rebelliousness!"

"By your own act—yes," Ronald answered, very calmly. "You forgot that last Thursday was my birthday, I dare say, mother; but I didn't forget it: it was; and I came of age then. I'm my own master now. I've stopped here as long as I could, mother, because of the commandment: but I can't stop here any longer. I shall go to Ernest's for to-night as soon as I've got rooms for this lady."

"Good evening," Lady Le Breton said, bowing frigidly, without another word.

"Good evening, mother," Ronald replied, in his natural voice. "Miss Briggs, will you come with me? I'm very sorry that this unhappy scene should have been inflicted upon you against my will; but I hope and pray that you won't have lost all confidence in my wish to help you, in spite of these unfortunate accidents."

Selah followed him blindly, in a dazzled fashion, out on to the flagstones of Epsilon Terrace.

"Dear me, dear me," moaned Lady Le Breton, sinking back vacantly once more, with an air of resignation after her efforts, into the easy chair; "was there ever a mother so plagued and burdened with unnatural and undutiful sons as I am? If it weren't for dear Herbert, I'm sure I don't know what I should ever do between them. Ronald, too, who always pretended to be so very, very religious! To think that he should go and uphold the word of a miserable, abandoned, improper adventuress against his own brother Herbert! Atrocious, perfectly atrocious! Where on earth he can have picked up such a woman I'm positively at a loss to imagine. But it's exactly like his poor dear father: I remember once when we were stationed at Moozuffernugger, in the North-West Provinces, with the 14th Bengal, poor Owen absolutely insisted on taking up the case of some Eurasian woman, who pretended she'd been badly treated by young Walker of our regiment! I call it quite improper-almost unseemly—to meddle in the affairs of such people. I dare say Herbert has had something or other to say to this horrid girl; young men will be young men, and in the army we know how to make allowances for that sort of thing: but that Ronald should positively think of bringing such a person into my breakfast-room is not to be

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heard of. Ronald's a pure Le Breton—that's undeniable, thank goodness; not a single one of the good Whitaker points to be found in all his nature. However, poor dear Sir Owen, in spite of all his nonsense, was at least an officer and a gentleman; whereas the nonsense these boys have picked up at Oxford and among their German refugee people is both irreligious and, I may even say, indecent, or, to put it in the mildest way, indecorous. I wish with all my heart I'd never sent them to Oxford. I've always thought that if only Ernest had gone in for a direct commission, he'd soon have got all that absurd revolutionary rubbish knocked out of him in a mess-room! But it's a great comfort to me to think I have one real blessing in dear Herbert, who's just such a son as any mother might well be thoroughly proud of in every way!"

While Lady Le Breton was thus communing with herself in the breakfast-room, and while Herbert was trying to patch up a hollow truce with his own much-bruised self-respect in his own bedroom, Ronald was taking poor dazed and wearied Selah round to the refuge of the Baumanns' hospitable roof. As soon as that matter was temporarily arranged to the mutual satisfaction of all the parties concerned, Ronald walked over alone to Ernest's little lodgings at Holloway. He would sleep there that night, and send round a letter to Amelia, the housemaid, in the morning, asking her to pack up his things and forward them at once to Mrs. Halliss's. For himself, he did not propose, unless circumstances compelled it, again to enter his mother's rooms, except by her own express invitation. After all, he thought, even his little income, if clubbed with Edie and Ernest's, would probably help them all to live now in tolerable comfort.

So he told Edie all his story, and Edie listened to it with an approving smile. "I think, dear Ronald," she said, taking his hand in hers, "you did quite right—quite as Ernest himself would have done under the circumstances."

"Where's Ernest?" asked Ronald, half smiling at that naïve wifely standard of right conduct.

"Gone with Mr. Berkeley to the trial," Edie answered.

"The trial! What trial?"

"Oh, don't you know? Herr Max's. 'They're trying him to-day for uttering a seditious libel and inciting to murder the chief of the Third Section at St Petersburg."

"But he said nothing at all," Ronald cried in astonishmer read the article myself. He said nothing that mightn't have said under the same circum

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have written the libel, as they call it, myself, even, and I'm not much of a politician either! They can't ever be trying him in a country like England for anything so ridiculously little as that!"

"But they are," Edie answered quietly; "and dear Ernest's dreadfully afraid the verdict will go against him."

"Nonsense," Ronald answered with natural confidence. "No English jury would ever convict a man for speaking up like that against an odious and abominable tyranny."

Very late in the afternoon, Ernest and Berkeley returned to the lodgings. Ernest's face was white with excitement, and his lips were trembling violently with suppressed emotion. His eyes were red and swollen. Edie hardly needed to ask in a breathless whisper of Arthur Berkeley, "What verdict?"

"Guilty," Arthur Berkeley answered with a look of unfeigned horror and indignation. He had learnt by this time quite to take the communistic view of such questions.

"Guilty," Ronald cried, jumping up from his chair in astonishment "Impossible! And what sentence?"

"Twelve months' hard labour," Berkeley answered, slowly and remorsefully.

"An atrocious sentence!" Ronald exclaimed, turning red with excitement. "An aboninable sentence! A most malignant and vindictive sentence! Who was the judge, Arthur?"

"Bassenthwaite," Berkeley replied, half under his breath.

"And may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!" said Ronald solemnly.

But Ernest never said a single word. He only sat down and ate his supper in silence, like one stunned and dazed. He didn't even notice Ronald's coming. And Edie knew by his quick breath and his face alternately flushed and pallid that there would be another crisis in his gathering complaint before the next morning.

(To be continued.)

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# THE LEPER HOSPITALS OF BRITAIN.

MONG the painful subjects which invariably claim the attention of Oriental travellers, one of the very saddest is the prevalence in certain countries of divers forms of Leprosy. Hideous and most repulsive are its unhappy victims, as we see them clamouring for alms in the filthy but thronged streets of Chinese cities-each sufferer a centre of contagion, who may transmit his sore affliction to those around him. And not less sad, because the poor lepers are unseen, are the details which meet the traveller in what should apparently be the healthiest group of all the Pacific Isles-namely, the Hawaiian Archipelago, where so large a proportion of the comely but too quickly diminishing native race are touched by this dire calamity, and are in consequence compelled by law to forsake their beloved homes and their kindred, to share a lifelong banishment at that saddest of all colonies, the Leper Settlement on the Isle of Molokai. It is a colony of living death, for they who are here landed know that their fate is sealed, and that on this side of the grave they have but one prospect-slowly but surely to succumb to the horrible disease, which has already reduced most of those around them to so loathsome a condition.

It may be that the new comers have only recently become conscious of their doom, and only a few hard black spots on the skin indicate the mischief that is brewing within; the men and boys join a company of volunteers and play at being soldiers, and lads and lassies form a choir, where for a while they can keep up the memory of their village glees; but terribly soon the sweet voices become rough and rasping, the smooth skin becomes bloated and shining, the features distorted, the eyes bloodshot. Then comes the last awful stage, when the fell disease eats away flesh and bones, and, one by one, fingers and toes, hands and feet, drop off, and the unhappy leper literally dies piecemeal—revolting to himself and to all around him.

Such is the form of the disease known as "Chinese Leprosy."

For full details of the Lenser + of Molokai, see Fire-Fountains, by C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Its victims are certainly not "Lepers as white as snow," for on a fair skin its effect is to produce burning red blotches, while a dark skin seems to be intensified in hue. What the snowy leprosy of Judæa really was, appears to be uncertain, as the description certainly does not answer to that of the scaly form of leprosy, while this, which is medically termed tubercular elephantiasis, appears to be the common form of the disease in most parts of the world.

Here we arrive at a point which to many will present itself as a fact so little realised as to be positively startling—namely, the prevalence of this identical and most horrible disease in mediæval ages, not only throughout the continent of Europe, but also in our own British Isles, where not only were there many noted leper hospitals, specially endowed, where the sick were tended by the Knights of St. Lazarus (an order of knighthood specially instituted for this service), but, also, every burgh in the Kingdom of Scotland was obliged to have its own lazar-house, as is proved by the enactment of the Parliament held at Perth in A.D. 1427.

So completely has this terrible scourge died out in the last three or four centuries, in this, our favoured land, that its very memory is now only an archæological curiosity; and yet we know that from the tenth to the sixteenth century it prevailed in every corner of Europe, being sometimes described as "leprosie," sometimes as "elephantiasis," and often simply as "the mickle ail," or "la grosse maladie," the ailment above all others to be dreaded. And no wonder ! as any one will say who has read but a few of the multitudinous minute analyses of the dreaded lepra tuberculosa or Greek elephantiasis (quite a different disease from the elephantiasis of the Arabians) which have been recorded by many European physicians, as a guide to those persons on whom devolved the terrible duty of for evermore isolating the unhappy leper from all contact with his fellows, by consigning him to the dread seclusion of a leper hospital.

A great mass of most interesting evidence on this subject was collected from all manner of sources by the late Sir James Simpson (whose honoured name, immortal in medicine, is well-nigh as celebrated as an earnest archæologist, and who in this particular study found a subject after his own heart): the evidence of the most learned professors of medicine of the middle ages, and more especially during the fourteenth and two following centuries—descriptions penned by French, Italian, Spanish, German, and British physicians. All agree in detailing the horrid symptoms in much the same mann Then, as now in countries still subject to this scourge, the

<sup>1</sup> Lepra Grecorum.

<sup>-</sup> Lepra tuberculosa.

liminary red patches were followed by the development of shining tubercles of a fawn-coloured or dusky-red hue on the face, nose, ears, lips, &c. Sometimes the whole face is covered with large red bumps, only separated by deep furrows; the skin becomes thickened like that of an elephant, and oily as the plumage of a duck; ulceration sets in, and the breath of the unhappy sufferer becomes offensive to all around him; the eyes become bloodshot; all hair falls off; the voice becomes rough and husky, and finally the power of articulation is lost; the features become hideously distorted, sometimes the nose disappears, fingers and toes gangrene, and joint after joint falls off. Still the poor wretch survives these successive mutilations, and lingers on, perchance for years. Happily, the sense of smell and of touch are generally lost, so that in some respects the patients suffer less than might be expected.

In some forms of the disease, as described in the Shetland Isles, the first phase of extraordinary plumpness or puffy swelling of the body was followed by unnatural leanness, and the formation under the skin of innumerable lumps like small, hard seeds, each of which became a running sore, till at length the sufferer resembled nothing so much as a lump of worm-eaten cork; but, alas! retaining the sense of acute pain, both external and internal.

So terrible a picture of suffering as is here presented would be grievous even were it merely a description of an Oriental malady—a plague from which the favoured lands of Europe had always been exempt—but it acquires a peculiarly painful interest when we consider that it is a faithful account of a disease once so common in these Isles as to have called for special legislation of successive parliaments. To what blessed circumstance we may attribute our present happy exemption from its presence, it is impossible to say, as its development does not appear to involve any special condition of climate or manner of life.

Sir James Simpson has shown how at the present time it exists extensively in Asia, Africa, and America, at the most varying altitudes and most diverse temperatures—in short, under every conceivable condition. At Carthagena he finds a leper hospital on the sea-coast. On the table-lands of Mexico, thousands of feet above the ocean, the loathsome lepers linger in long anguish. In the beautiful Seychelle Islands, one of the group is set apart as a leper station. In Ceylon, Mauritius, Java, Madagascar, where all around

iful, the fell disease holds a place, and claims its hideous he malarious swamps of Batavia, as on the dry and in from tropical Sumatra to well-nigh Arctic Iceland, from the ice-bound shores of Asiatic Russia to the deadly jungles of Guiana and Sierra Leone; in the temperate regions of both hemispheres, from Southern Africa to Asia Minor; in Madeira and Morocco; and on various isles in the Indian, Chinese, Caribbean, and Mediterranean seas, leper hospitals are found, where these sorely afflicted sufferers are required to congregate.

Doubly blessed, therefore, may we deem the modern exemption of Europe from so dire a calamity. Of the extent to which it here prevailed in mediæval times we may gather some hints from casual references in many old records, from the civil laws enacted with reference to lepers, and from papal bulls enforcing the ecclesiastical separation of all infected persons. With regard to the period when leprosy first appeared in Western Europe, various writers have endeavoured to show that it was imported from Syria by persons returning from the Crusades. This, however, Sir James has altogether disproved, as several leper hospitals are shown to have existed in England before the first Crusaders left these shores in A.D. 1096. One, near Canterbury, was built in the reign of William the Conqueror by Lanfranc, Bishop of Canterbury, who died seven years before the first Crusade; and another, in Northampton, was founded at the same period; while one at Chatham dates from the reign of William Rufus.

In Wales, laws were enacted by King Hoel Dha, who died about A.D. 950, entitling married women whose husbands were thus afflicted to legal separation and restitution of their property, a similar statute having been established by King Pepin in France in the year 757. Rigid laws regarding the separation of the sexes marked the care taken at some periods to prevent the hereditary transmission of the disease. Thus, in an account of "the auld manneris" of the Scotch, prior to the reign of Malcolm Canmore, as related by "the nobil clerke, Maister Hector Boëce, Channon of Aberdene," who was born in 1465, we learn that " the woman that was fallin Lipper, or had any other infection of blude, was banist fra the company of men, and gif scho consavit barne under sic infirmitie, both scho and hir barne war buryit quik;" that is to say, "if she conceived a child under such infirmity, both she and her child were buried alive !"-a rough and ready mode of stamping out disease to have been practised by our own ancestors, though, perhaps, more excusable than the much more recent method of disposing of thousands of innocent women accused of witchcraft, and remorselessly burnt alive !

Almost equally remarkable was the prescription whereby Mich

Scott, the Fifeshire wizard, professed to cure the incurable. "It ought to be known," said he, "that the blood of dogs and of infants two years old and under, when diffused through a bath of heated water, dispels the leprosy without a doubt." In much later times it was deemed a grave accusation against a woman suspected of witchcraft that she should have dared to affirm that she could cure "leprosie, quhilk the maist expert men in medicine are not abil to do." Such was the indictment against Christian Livingstone, who was tried in Edinburgh in 1597, and was proved to have killed a red cock and baked a bannock with its blood, giving the same to the leper to eat.

Of the prevalence of leprosy in Western Europe in the twelfth and following centuries, we may form some idea from the code of laws promulgated by Louis VIII. in 1226, with reference to the leper hospitals, of which there were at that time two thousand in France alone! In the following century the number of lepers must have become still greater, for, in the history of the reign of Philip II. of France, Mezeray tells us that "Il n'y avoit n'y ville, n'y bourgade, qui ne fust obligée de bâtir un hospital pour les retirer." Precisely similar is the evidence concerning the necessity for leper hospitals in Italy. Denmark and other kingdoms of Northern Europe likewise suffered severely.

Persons thus afflicted were regarded both by civil and ecclesiastical law as being virtually already dead. From the moment when their malady was recognised, they lost all privileges of citizenship, all political rights. They were classed with lunatics and outlaws, as persons incapable of inheriting property, or of holding any responsible post, even in the conduct of their own family business, or the disposal of their own effects. From the day when the leper was driven forth from his home, either to live a hermit life in a secluded hut, or to enter a lazar-house, he was accounted dead. This was the law, both in England and France, so early as the eleventh century, as is shown by records of Lombardy, Normandy, and Brittany. The ancient laws of Wales classed lepers, natural fools, and alien serfs as persons to whom insult might be offered without their being entitled to claim saraad, i.e. fine for insult. The law, however, protected them from actual insult to person or property.

In France the Church lent its terrors to confirm the decree of death in life, and appointed a solemn funeral service to be performed on the day when the living dead was banished from his fellows, and

the lazar-hospital. This special ritual, with all the

erved, was retained till a comparatively recent.

period in the French service book. On the appointed day, a priest, robed in surplice and stole, and bearing the cross, went to the house of doom, and there exhorted the sufferer patiently to endure the incurable plague wherewith God had stricken him. Having sprinkled him with holy water, he led him to the church, while chanting the accustomed verses from the burial service. In church the unhappy sufferer was undressed, clothed with a funeral pall, and placed before the altar between two trestles. The Mass for the dead was then celebrated over him.

At its conclusion he was again sprinkled with holy water, and led to the place destined to be his future abode, where a special dress, cowl, stick, and a pair of clappers were bestowed upon him, the priest solemnly forbidding him ever to be seen without his leper's raiment; ever to enter an inn, a bake-house, a church, or other place of public resort; ever to wash his hands or clothes in a stream or fountain used by other men; ever to touch children, or give them anything he had touched, or to touch anything in the market except with his stick, to show what he wished to buy. He was interdicted from walking in narrow paths, where persons meeting him would have difficulty in passing without contact, and should any speak to him he must only answer in a whisper, lest they should be annoyed by his pestilent breath or infectious odour.

Having uttered this cheerful exhortation, the priest closed his ministration of comfort to the afflicted by throwing a shovelful of earth on to the body of the poor leper, further to typify that the grave had now closed over him for ever, and that his connection with earth was severed, and all interests outside the walls of the lazar-house sealed to him for ever.

Such being the light in which sufferers from this dread disease were regarded, we must feel how heroic was the devotion of those good Christians who consecrated their whole lives to the care of the lepers. Towards the close of the eleventh century an offshoot from the general order of Knights Hospitallers was formed into a special order for this service, and assumed the title of Knights of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem. Twelve of these nursing knights were brought to France by St. Louis and placed in charge of the leper hospitals of the land. Another company established themselves in Britain in the reign of King Stephen, their headquarters in England being at Burton-Lazarus, in Leicestershire, which soon became a very wealthy endowment, and so continued till it was dissolved by Henry VIII. According to their original rule, they were obliged always to elect a leper as their Grand-Master, but in course of time

a special bull was issued by Pope Innocent IV., empowering them to dispense with this obligation. Lepers were, however, admitted into the order, which became very numerous, especially, says Maimbourg, in Scotland and France. Few traces of their presence in Scotland can now be detected, except at Linlithgow, where there undoubtedly was an establishment of these Brothers of St. Lazarus. There is also some reason to believe that Loretto, near Edinburgh, was likewise the scene of their labours of mercy.

These knights were not the only persons who voluntarily undertook this charitable penance and meritorious nursing. Various persons of note, even kings and queens, took a share in the work. Robert II., the son of Hugh Capet, periodically visited the leper hospitals, and himself washed and fed the sufferers. So did Louis IX., of France, commonly called St. Louis, who did so four times a year. Henry III: of England was satisfied with one annual visit on Shrove Tuesday, as a pre-Lenten penance. But good Queen Maud or Matilda, wife of Henry I. of England, loved to fill her house with lepers, and to wash their feet, kissing them with the utmost devotion, recognising in them the representatives of the Eternal King, their Master.

This 'gode Queene Maud,' daughter of Macolm III. of Scotland, established the hospital of St. Giles, Bishopsgate, for the reception of forty lepers, with chaplain, clerk, and messengers.

This was founded in the year A.D. 1101, and was one of the very earliest houses of the sort. Within the next fifty years many others were established. In France the endowment of leper charities became a favourite act of merit, and the wealth of some of the hospitals became so great as to excite the avarice of the kings. Hence the barbarous persecution of lepers in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Philip V., who, profiting by the popular outcry, that the lepers had all agreed to poison the wells and waters, condemned them to expiate this "detestable sin" at the stake. Consequently a multitude were burnt alive, and the wealth of the hospitals was confiscated to the king himself. These afflicted "children of St. Lazarus" were again subjected to grievous persecution in the reign of Charles VI., of France, A.D. 1388.

The provision made for sufferers in Scotland was not such as to excite covetousness. The laws of King David I., which were framed in the early part of the twelfth century, contain certain regulations providing lodgment in hospital, and sustenance for the "lippermen" of the burghs of Edinburgh, Stirling, Berwick, and Roxburgh

1 Histoire des Croisades.

Those possessing property of their own were to keep themselves in hospital, but for the really poor a sum of "twentie shillin ges" was to be collected by the burgesses to provide them with "meat and claith." At a later date we have a remarkable record of the economy which prevailed in the commissariat of the lazar-houses. In the Parliament held at Scone in A.D. 1386 it was enacted that, "Gif ony man brings to the markit corrupt swine or salmond to be sauld, they sall be taken by the Bailies, and incontinent, without ony question, sall be sent to the lepper folke, and gif there be na lepper folke they sall be destroyed alluterlie" (utterly).

Even at a later period the inmates of Scottish leper houses were almost entirely dependent on casual alms, with certain trifling privileges. Some hospitals, such as that of Edinburgh, allowed each inmate four shillings (Scots) per week, i.e. a sum equal to about fourpence of English money. To supplement this, they were obliged to sit at the gate and ask alms of all passers-by. The leper house at Aberdeen was also so poorly supported that James VI. was moved with compassion towards these poor leprous persons, because that the smallness of their rent would "not sustene them in meat and fyre, quhair-throw they leif verie miserablie." He therefore instituted a form of primitive poor's rates, entitling the lepers to draw one peat from every load of fuel brought to the Aberdeen market.

Sometimes these needy beggars seem to have ventured on too great boldness in pleading their own cause. Hence such enactments, "Anent Lipper Folke," as that of the Parliament held at Perth in 1427, when it was ordered that "na lipper folke sit to thig (beg) neither in kirk nor kirkzaird, nor other place within the burrowes, but at their own hospital, and at the port of the town and other places outwith the burrowes." This allusion to the "kirkyairdis," as it is elsewhere spelt, reminds us that in former times the churchyards were the recognised resort of the beggars, who there assembled in misery and nakedness, to implore alms from all who came to worship, as at the present day they throng the approaches to foreign temples, or oriental temples. (Apparently the above prohibition did not long continue in force, as in 1528 we learn that James Houstoun, sub-dean of Glasgow, founder of what is now the Tron Kirk, ordered that twelve pennies should be distributed yearly on the anniversary of his death, to the lepers beside the bridge of Glasgow, and others who should appear in the churchyard of the Ladye College to say orisons for his soul.)

By the same act lepers were forbidden to enter towns, a specified hours on certain days, when they might come to by The ordinance ran thus: "Na lipper folk, nouther man nor woman, enter nor cum in ane Burgh of the Realm but thrise in the oulk (thrice in the week), that is to saie, Mondaie, Wednesdaie, and Fridaie, fra ten hours to twa after noone: and quhair faires and mercattis fallis on thay dayis, that they leave their entrie in the Burrowes, and gang on the morne to get their living."

This Act was virtually merely a confirmation of the much more ancient "Scottish Burrow Lawe's anent Lipper-folk," which rendered it criminal for any man to harbour such within the burgh. The general fear of contagion is clearly shown by various local statutes, such as one proclaimed at Berwick-upon-Tweed in "the Zeare of God 1283," which, after forbidding any leprous person to enter within the portes of the burgh, ordered that if any such person should nevertheless do so "his claithes wherewith he is cled sall be taken from him and sall be burnt, and he, being naked, sall be ejected farth of the burgh." It was, however, provided that "some gude man sall gather almes for them, that they may be sustained in ane place competent for them, without the burgh."

The towns and villages in the neighbourhood of the principal lazar-houses had especially strict local quarantine regulations. Such were the statutes of Prestwick in Ayrshire, which lay within half a mile of the leper hospital of Kingcase, thereby offering a temptation to petty tradesmen, which we can well understand, who know the difficulty of enforcing quarantine in the case of most infectious diseases among our poor of the present day, and the difficulty of ensuring the destruction of clothes and bedding. So the burgh records of Prestwick note the case of such offenders as a certain "Andro Sancè, who, in 1481, is fund daili reparand to Kingcase, and is abill till infect ye hale towne; and weris ye seik folkis claithis and bonnettis." Various women are convicted of likewise repairing to the town "for the selling of ale."

A statute, similar to that of Berwick-on-Tweed, was enacted in Edinburgh in 1530 desiring that "na manner of lipper person cum amangis uther cleine personis, nor be nocht fund in the kirk, fische merket, nor flesche merket, nor na other merket within this burghe, under the pane of burnyng of their cheik and bannasing off the loune."

Especially stringent regulations were enforced at the Greenside Hospital, Edinburgh, where, in 1591, it was enacted that "nane of the lepperis or their wyffes depart fra the said hospitall to na oyder wee. bot sit still thair and remayne thair in nicht and day, haly-day
.. and that they keip the dure of the said hospitall

fast and clois, fra the downpassing of the sone to the rising thairoff, under the payne of hanging."

That the latter clause was no empty threat is evident, inasmuch as by order of the commissioners a gallows was erected for the immediate execution of offenders—or, as the old statute has it, "For terrefying the said lepperis to transgress the samyn, there shall be ane gibbet set up at the said hospital." Only one leper at a time, each in his turn, was allowed to sit at the door to beg for the whole community, and he was straightly forbidden to cry aloud or ask for alms "utherways than be thair clapper."

The said clapper was a rattle formed of several tablets of wood, which the leper struck together, producing a loud clatter which was the recognised form of craving aid, while warning all men of his unclean presence. He also carried a cop or receiving dish into which the charitable dropped their alms without any risk of contact with the infected person. The cop and clapper are alluded to by many mediæval writers as the invariable symbol of the leper. They are known to have also been used in Italy and elsewhere. Thus the lepers in Palestine carry small buckets or "cops" wherein their benefactors may deposit their gifts. A curious form of the same precaution is alluded to in Evelyn's Diary in Holland, A.D. 1641, when he noted "divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water," who asked charity of passengers on the canals by casting out a floating box to receive their alms.

In Britain, on such occasions as lepers were allowed to enter or pass through towns, they were required to sound their clappers continuously that all men might shun their approach. This warning rattle is especially insisted on in an edict of the City of Glasgow, of the year 1610, which allows the leper of the Brigend Hospital entrance to the town, provided that they "sall gang only on the calsie syde (walk only on the side of the street) near the gutter, and sall haif clapperis, and ane claith upoun their mouth and face, and sall stand afar of, qahill they resaif almons" (while they receive alms).

At a much later date, in 1693, the municipal records of Prestwick tell of complaints anent the intruding of the lepers of Kingcase upon the privileges of the burghers and freemen in resorting to the shore and taking there timber and other wreck. This interference with the rights of flotsam and jetsam was put down with a high hand, and the lepers received one more convincing proof of their exclusion from the rights of citizens.

All lazar-houses, however, were not thus poverty-stricken; some,

both in England and Scotland, were largely endowed and their inmates well provided for. Thus, according to a census of the time of Henry VIII., while it was proven that the combined revenue of no less than forty-eight lazar-houses in the county of Norfolk amounted only to £158, certain individual hospitals possessed nearly double that sum, the revenues of Maiden Bradley being valued at nearly £200, and those of Burton Lazars at above £260, both very large sums according to the value of money in those days. The church, too, was so far merciful, that by a Bull of Pope Alexander III. all leper hospital possessions were exempt from the payment of tithes. These were nevertheless enforced in certain cases, as in that of the lazar-house of St. Lawrence at Canterbury, which "was taxed for payment of the perpetual tenth."

These wealthy houses were able to provide comparatively luxurious diet for their inmates. Thus, at the leper-house of St. Julian's near St. Albans, the diet-table provides that each inmate shall receive seven loaves a week, and either fourteen gallons of beer, or eightpence as an equivalent in beer-money. At Christmas, sobriety was deemed quite a superfluous virtue, for to each leprous brother is apportioned forty gallons of good beer or fortypence for the same. It is satisfactory to know that compensation was thus allowed for the blueribbon party of the age! Special allowances were made for great church festivals; thus, on Ascension Day each leper received one farthing for buying potsherbs; on the feast of St. John the Baptist two bushels of salt, and four shillings to buy clothes. On the feasts of St. Julian, St. Alban, and at Easter, "One penny for the accustomed pittance"-in addition to which the king's bounty of thirty shillings and five pence was to be annually divided among the inmates. But the great feast-day was St. Martin's, when to each leper was apportioned one pig from the common stall, or a sum of money equal to its value.

Regulations concerning the dress of the leper brethren ordained that they should wear a tunic and upper tunic of russet, with sleeves closed to the hand. The upper tunic was closed down to the ankles; a hood of the same russet cloth, a close cape of black cloth, and

shoes of a particular form, completed the uniform.

According to the diet-roll of the great lazar-hospital at Sherburne, in the county of Durham, its inmates must have fared better than those of St. Julian's, for though the allowance of beer was smaller, there was the allowance of flesh three times a week, and of fish, cheese, or butter on intermediate days, with a measure of salt, and occasionally beans, onions, or apples

were allowed—one to four persons—and on the feast of St. Cuthbert, fresh salmon. It was specially enjoined that no putrid or corrupt meat should be served, nor meat from any animal that had died of disease (therein marking a considerable improvement in feeding since the enactments of the Scone Parliament at the close of the fourteenth century)! All details of clothing and firing were strictly regulated, with the allowance of straw for bedding and extra baskets of peat on the wintry saints' days which fell between Michaelmas and Easter. Only four fires were allowed in the whole building. Special provision was made for Christmas eve, when the community were allowed four yule logs, each to consist of a cart-load of fuel.

So many creature comforts were not, however, to be enjoyed without some drawback. Accordingly we find that during the seasons of Advent and Lent all the brethren, and likewise the sisters, were required to submit themselves to receive corporal discipline on three days in each week! At all times, all the leprous brethren were expected to attend four daily services in chapel—namely, matins, nones, vespers, and complines. Those who were bedridden were enjoined to raise themselves if possible, and say matins in their bed. The hospital chaplains were desired to read the Gospel to the sick on Sundays and holydays and to hear their confessions, also to read the burial service; their duties cannot, however, have been very onerous, as the ecclesiastical staff of the Sherburne Hospital numbered four priests and four attendant clerks, governed by a prior.

In some of those houses there were most rigid regulations concerning the religious observances of the inmates, as for instance at St. Giles Hospital, Norwich, where it was commanded that all the lepers, unless prevented by grievous bodily infirmity, should be regular in their attendance at church, and hear matins and Mass throughout, but were to keep silence.

Without wishing to be irreverent, one cannot but think that an oriental prayer-wheel would have been useful to the poor inmates who were required every day to say "for the morning duty, a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, thirteen times," and again at four specified hours each day, a Pater Noster and Ave Maria seven times; "and besides the aforesaid prayers, each leprous brother shall say a Pater and Ave thirty times every day for the founders of the hospital and the bishop of the place, and all his benefactors, and all other true believers living or dead; and on the day on which any one of their number departs from this life, let each leprous brother say in addition fifty Paters and Aves, three times for the soul of the departed, and the souls of all deceased believers." Any luckless

brother who rebelled against being thus converted into an animated barrel-organ, and ventured to omit any portion of this service, "let him receive a condign punishment from the Master of the said Hospital, who is otherwise called the Prior."

The said prior was assisted by no fewer than eight regular canons, acting as chaplains, two clerks, seven choristers, and two sisters, while the permanent inmates of the hospital appear to have numbered eight bedridden persons! Probably, however, this may have been a recent record of a time when leprosy was diminishing in the land, but the ecclesiastical endowment continued, for certainly such large establishments betoken a larger need, and in point of fact we find that prior to the year A.D. 1200 the Hospital of Sherburne maintained sixty-five lepers, and those of St. Nichola's, Carlisle, and Bolton in Northumberland, each numbered thirteen; and there were many other leper houses in the same counties.

In most of these hospitals, however, the patients do not seem ever to have been very numerous, and as the disease abated in the sixteenth century, we find notices of hospitals containing barely half a dozen patients. As years wore on, these members still diminished, till in 1604 one female patient applied for admission at the Aberdeen lazar-house, and the keys of the house were given to her, proving that the place was then empty. In the ensuing ten years only two women seem to have here sought refuge, and fifty years later the house and chapel were in ruins.

I alluded just now to the allowance of straw for bedding. This does not sound a luxurious couch for a sick man, but it was the bedding in general use, the straw being sewn into coarse canvas mattress, while sheets were luxuries for the wealthy. This use of straw was first devised in A D. 1242, for the royal couch, and thenceforth, the providing of clean straw for the king's bed, and rushes wherewith to strew his chamber, was the formal tenure on which certain proprietors had their estates, and certain towns their charters. Sir Walter Scott mentions that even in his day the lairds of Spittalshiels were bound, if required so to do, to contribute a large quantity of straw for the beds of the lepers in Kingcase Hospital, and also to rethatch their houses, i.e. the small huts in which they lived separate one from another, in huts on a bleak moorland, in the near neighbourhood of the chapel (kilcais as it is often called, meaning cell or chapel).

This fashion of living apart in small cottages seems to have prevailed in many places, so that some of the leper settlements were rather of the nature of small villages. Others lived quite apa

Surtees' History of the County of Durham.

the Shetland Isles, where leprosy was very prevalent, and where any person infected was at once separated and placed in a solitary little hut, specially built to give him shelter, at a distance from all houses. There, day by day, food was supplied by a contribution from the villagers, one of whom brought it to the door of the hut, and there deposited it, the leper not venturing to take it in till the messenger had retired some distance to windward.

As Molokai is to the Hawaiian Isles, so was the Isle of Papa (or Papastour) to the Shetlanders—namely, the leper settlement of the group. Here the disease lingered for some time after it had passed away from the mainland, but in 1742 it seemed to have so effectually died out that the Shetlanders appointed a day of solemn thanksgiving for so great a deliverance. After this time, only three cases have been reported from Shetland, the last of which, in 1798, found his way to the Edinburgh Infirmary, where he was treated as an interesting curiosity.

The leprosy seems to have moved in a northward direction, for the records of the English lazar-houses show a distinct diminution in the number of inmates, while Scotland was still sorely troubled. Thus in the year 1350, when it was found necessary to institute the leper hospital at Glasgow, the guardians of St. Albans reported that they occasionally had only one patient, rarely more than two or three Thus in the time of Henry VIII. it was found that the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, at Ripon, established for all the lepers in the district, contained only two priests and five poor patients. And in the reign of Edward VI. it was found that at the Illeford Hospital in Essex, founded for thirteen lepers and two priests, there were "but one pryest and two pore men." While the disease was thus happily dying out in the southern part of the Isle, the Scottish Parliament of 1427 found it necessary specially to legislate for its victims in the northern Isle, and Aberdeen established its hospital early in the sixteenth century, and Edinburgh founded that at Greenside in 1591.

As the disease died out on the mainland, its demons sought refuge in the more remote isles. Thus in 1697 it appeared in remote St. Kilda, the most westerly of the Hebrides, where several persons died of it. Then we have seen how it lingered in Shetland, and appeared in the still more northerly Faroe Isles, while it still holds its grip in Norway and Iceland.

Thus widely diffused was this grievous malady, from the southern shores of Britain to its farthest outlying isles.

From a multitude of ancient records, such as the Monastican Anglicanum and the Notitia Monastica, Sir James Simpson compiled a list of about one hundred and fifteen leper hospitals in England and Scotland, and he believed that it might properly have included a very large number of other hospitals which are known to have existed, but whose exact purpose has not been recorded. A list of five hundred such hospitals, leper houses, and Maisons Dieu are referred to in the Notitia as existing previous to the suppression by Henry VIII. His researches did not extend to Ireland, but the prevalence of leprosy and the establishment of leper hospitals in the sister isle is referred to by Ledwich in his "Antiquities of Ireland."

Of the undoubted lazar-houses, seven belonged to London, six to Lynne, in Norfolk, six to Norwich, and four to York. Sir James also inferred the existence of forgotten leper houses in various places, from the survival of such names as "Spittal," "Spital town," "Spetelcrag," "Spittalshiels," "Spittalsfields," derived from the hospital lands. More especially, he shows that the village of Libertown, near Edinburgh, was probably one of the early Leper or Lipertowns-an impression confirmed by the fact that some of its lands are described in old writs as "terrarum de Spittletown." That such was its origin is the more probable from the circumstance that the "Oily Well of Liberton," dedicated to St. Catherine, had from early ages been held highly efficacious in the cure of all manner of skin diseases. As in those oily springs in Canada and Pennsylvania, which first attracted attention by the oil floating on the surface, which was collected by the Indians for the healing of sores, so at this holy well did oil-drops constantly rise to the surface, and were found effectual for the sudden healing of "all humours that trouble the outward skin of man."

This well continued in favour till the time of Cromwell, who destroyed both the chapel and the stairs down to the balm well, built by King James VI.; for, says Mathew Mackaile, Chirurgo-medicine, "that execrable regicide and usurper, Oliver Cromwell, with his sacrilegious accomplices, did not only deface such rare and ancient monuments of Nature's handwork, but also the synagogues of the God of Nature."

No specially miraculous cures are attributed to these wells, but saintly tombs and relic-shrines did not fail to make some capital of the lepers. It is related of St. Kentigern, who died about A.D. 600, that he cleansed lepers in the city of Glasgow, and that after his death lepers who worshipped at his tomb were miraculously made whole.

A breviary of Aberdeen, printed in 1510, records that St. Boniface, of Rosemarky, who lived early in the eighth century, possessed the same miraculous gift of healing lepers. St. Aelred, of Rievaux, also relates how lepers were cleansed at the tomb of St. Nin

Whithern, in Galloway. Miraculous cures were also wrought at the tomb of St. Godric at Finchale, and are vouched for by the Sheriff of Durham and neighbouring priests. The shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham claimed the honour of having restored a leper of noble birth, who had come on pilgrimage from the south of England.

For though the majority of sufferers were persons of low degree, this terrible scourge spared neither age nor rank, and we find occasional notices of lepers of high estate, who had taken up their abode in the common hospital, there to end their days; as was the case of the Mayor of Exeter, who, in 1454, being infected with leprosy, notwithstanding his great wealth, submitted himself to a residence in the lazar-house of St. Mary Magdalen, and there ended his days. Other cases are recorded in which noble and wealthy persons, having themselves become victims of the disease, devoted their fortunes to the founding or endowing of leper hospitals. Such was the origin of the leper hospital of St. Leonard, near Leicester, founded by the suffering youngest son of Robert Blanchmains, Earl of Leicester. That of Mayden Bradley, in Wiltshire, "was builded" by Alice Byset, a wealthy daughter of the rich house of Byset, "who, being a lazar, gave her part of the town of Kidderminster, in pios usus." This hospital, and various others, were erected solely for the reception of leprous girls and women. To a kinsman of the same house, John Bisset or Byseth, the province of Moray was indebted for the establishment of a leper house for the maintenance of seven lepers, a servant, and a chaplain, at Rothfan, near Elgin, the lands of which are to this day distinguished as "The Leper Lands," though so early as the sixteenth century it had resolved itself into a simple almshouse, whose inmates were styled bedemen.

Even the blood royal could claim no exemption from this insidious plague. Among its victims in the year 1201 we find Constance, Duchess of Brittany, granddaughter of Malcolm III. of Scotland, who is stated to have died of leprosy. Several historians allege that Henry IV. was himself afflicted with the same dire evil, and tradition affirms that the leper house of Waterford, in Ireland, was founded in 1209 by King John (father of Henry III.), in consequence of the leprosy of one of his sons. Another scion of the House of Anjou (from whom descended the Royal Plantagenets), was Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, of whom Fuller states that "he enclined to the leprosic called elephantiasis." It attacked him while he was yet a minor, and though he struggled bravely, "enduring this infirmity and swallowing many a bitter pang with a smiling face," the disease had so ravaged his constitution that

at the age of twenty-three he was compelled to surrender his crown, and died two years later.

King Robert Bruce is shown to have been another Royal Leper, as is proved by the testimony of many ancient historians, who describe his last long illness as "leprosy," "elephantiasis," and "la grosse maladie," i.e. "the muckle ail." The Chronicle of Lanercost states explicitly that Bruce was unable to lead the Scottish army into England in 1326, because "factus erat leprosus." For the same reason, two years later, he was unable to be present at the wedding-feast of his son at Berwick, but remained in strict retirement at Cardross Castle on the Clyde, occupying himself with experiments in shipbuilding.

Nor were the clergy exempt from the "great sickness," as is shown by Papal decrees of Pope Lucius III. and Pope Clement III., ordaining that priests struck with leprosy must be removed from their office, but were to receive maintenance from their benefices. Such cases do not seem even to have been exceptional, as special hospitals were founded in England solely for the reception of leprous monks, such as those of St. Lawrence, near Canterbury, and St. Bartholomew, at Chatham. A very distressing proof of their liability to infection was that of the monks at Moissac, who, in the fourteenth century, invited all persons afflicted with leprosy to come and bathe in the waters of their holy well, which was endowed with miraculous powers of healing, through the virtue of certain saintly relics in the neighbouring abbey. So the lepers flocked to this new Bethesda, and some were said to have been immediately cured. But they bequeathed their malady to the monks, who found that not even the holy fountain could avert their doom, and when some of the order had actually died, the Abbot deemed it expedient to close the well, and check the stream of pilgrims.

Such are a few notes from the records and chronicles of the middle ages, on a subject which, to our own ancestors, was one of such intensely personal interest. Thankful, in very truth, may we be, that to us, their descendants, the matter, so far as concerns the presence of the foul disease in Britain, is one of purely archæological interest, and that so dread a danger no longer lurks within our Isles.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

## IN GREEK WATERS.

I HAD been opening the graves of some prehistoric inhabitants of the Cyclades for some days on the remote island of Antiparos, and was getting weary of this sexton life; accordingly, when St. Simeon's Day broke fine and cloudless, as February days will do in those parts, and when my gravediggers refused to work, it being a saint's day, I determined to spend my compulsory holiday on the sea.

A day's fishing here amongst the Greek islands would have the charm of novelty. New species of fish, new methods of catching them; and then the mongrel companion of my sport was exceedingly novel too. Zeppo was his name, and Zeppo had a wonderful story to tell, the substance of which I already knew, but my friends told me to get Zeppo to tell it himself, and they assured me that I should never forget it.

He was a handsome man, somewhat over fifty, with grizzled hair, and wore the wide, blue, baggy trousers of the Greek islanders, which wabble between their legs like the stomach of a goose; he wore on his head a red fez with a long blue tassel, and as he sat at the stern, holding the sail in one hand and the rudder in the other, I wished I had been a portrait painter, his appearance was so quaint. I knew his character well, for he had been my factotum for days past, knowing as he did every inch of the island. He had guided us to the graveyards, where I expected to find treasures-he had carried a pick and probed the ground for the gravestones; but when this was removed he invariably decamped, for he admitted to a dread of skulls and bones. Then he would light a fire of brushwood, and smoke a cigarette; nothing would induce him to come near the grave again. Zeppo was essentially lazy, highly superstitious, and not ashamed to admit his fear. He told me his father had been a pirate, but when the profession grew precarious he had wisely given it up, and settled at Antiparos as the vendor of foreign goods (principally smuggled) at exorbitant prices to the peasants, which trade his son and heir carried on with equal success. On his mother's side, Zeppo boasted of Turkish extraction; his name is Italian, as is often the case with the Greek islanders, so Zeppo was in every sense of the word a mongrel, a cringing coward, very cunning, and highly amusing. His great forte was fishing, and in his capacity of fisherman he was looked up to and consulted by all his neighbours.

To explain the following narrative I must describe the lay of the land, or rather the water, in these parts. Paros, as all know, is a fairly big island, celebrated for its marble, but now only thinly populated. Antiparos is a smaller island to the west of Paros, and separated from it by a narrow strait. There is a village on Antiparos of about 600 inhabitants, most of them, like Zeppo, of piratical extraction; for some twenty years ago this island offered special advantages to outlaws from its numerous bays and caves, and more particularly from the narrow strait, through which big vessels could not run, because the pirates had built a wall in the sea, the secret of crossing which was known to themselves alone; and then Antiparos was a wild, barren spot, which knew no law. Even now, if the profession of piracy is virtually extinct, marauding is not, as the goatherds know full well to their cost.

On the opposite side of the island to the village of Antiparos, about two hours on muleback over the mountains, are a few scattered houses gathered round a calamine mine. Here I was staying, close to my graveyard, and here Zeppo has his store and dispenses his goods to the miners. Separated from Antiparos by another narrow strait, which swells out into an excellent harbour just below these houses, is another island, Despotico by name. This is four miles across, very hilly, and covered with brushwood, being let to two herdsmen for eighty okes of cheese and one kid apiece per annum, that is to say, about £8 sterling. Beyond this island of Despotico yet again there is another small round island, called Strongylo  $(\Sigma \tau p \acute{o} \gamma \gamma \nu \lambda o)$ , separated again by a narrow strait, and only visited in the summer by a stray goatherd in search of pasturage for his flocks. We sailed past it one day with Zeppo, who trembled like an aspen leaf at the sight of it, for his recollections of it were gruesome.

Thus we have a chain of islands before us,—Paros, Antiparos, Despotico, and Strongylo. On Despotico live two brothers, Andronico and Stefano; they have a mandra, or hut, where they look after their flocks; they are the sole occupants of this island, and the only other building besides their hut is a little Byzantine church, the remains of a monastery which at one time was kept up by the women of Antiparos, who went across in turns to sweep and garnish it; but since Zeppo's adventure a year ago none will go near it, and it is fast falling into ruins.

Zeppo has now lowered the sail and is eager for the fray. We are

to begin by catching an octopus or two, at which sport Zeppo is unusually clever. He stands in the bow of the boat in a round hole prepared for the purpose, with a tin can with a glass bottom in his hand; this he inserts into the sea, so as to be just below the ripple, and thereby gets an excellent view of all that is going on at the bottom. He knows well the haunts, or houses, as he calls them, of the octopodia, and as soon as he sees one through his glass he lowers his bait, and induces the monster to leave its lair. When it is sufficiently clear of the bottom not to be able to make use of its feelers, Zeppo lets it have the bait, and soon the wriggling, writhing creature is landed in the boat. Zeppo is delighted. He takes his prize in his hands, bites it on the neck, and out gushes a black stream of disgusting matter like that which comes from the cuttle-fish and gets for it its Italian name of the "ink-pot."

The octopus writhes and wriggles for hours at the bottom of the boat; it changes colour, like a chameleon, from brown to red, and red to blue, and dies exceedingly hard.

"Havayía μοῦ!" 1 said Zeppo, when he saw my surprise, "if you put a dried octopus into water a year after its death, the muscles would wriggle again."

In Lent every one eats octopodia in the Greek islands. It would be Lent soon, and as we landed octopus after octopus into the boat Zeppo's spirits grew high.

I thought my time for probing him about his story was come; like his octopus, I had got him clear away from the bottom, so I held out to him a bait.

"Zeppo μοῦ, good job there are no pirates here nowadays," I began.

Zeppo whistled a little, and then broke off into the favourite boatman's song in these parts, about a wounded partridge, as if he had

not heard me. So I repeated my remark. Zeppo was now busily preparing an iron ring to fix at the end of a trident 2 for pinna fishing; he looked up stealthily, and remarked slowly and with emphasis :-" Don't believe them if they say there are no pirates now."

I laughed him to scorn, and suggested how the British ship "Cygnet" had cleared these waters of such vermin ten years ago, and thereby I made him clench the bait.

"Εφεντι μοῦ,"3 he exclaimed eagerly, "I'll tell you what happened to me last year over there in Strongylo, and then tell me if you think our shores are free."

I The Virgin Mary.

<sup>\*</sup> The naudni, a harpoon used for sponge-fishing.

Zeppo was now wriggling at the end of my line.

"Let's catch a few pinnas first," I said, not wishing to appear too eager. So Zeppo rowed us to a shallow part he knew of as a good arena for this sport, and after scraping the bottom with his iron ring at the end of the trident he soon brought up several of the long, red pinna-shells, the contents of which made us an excellent scallop that evening for dinner.

"Well," said Zeppo, now volunteering his story, "last year, about this time, I went across to Despotico to shoot a few partridges, and I walked up the hill yonder with my gun. After some sport, I met the herdsman Andronico, and had a chat with him, so that it was getting late when I returned to the shore, and, as bad luck would have it, a heavy northern gale had set in, and I dare not cross to Antiparos that night."

I laughed a little, and assured Zeppo that if there was a ripple on the water he would be alarmed, and then I hoped that he passed a

good night in Andronico's mandra.

"No," said Zeppo, "unluckily I didn't; the mandra is small enough, and both the brothers were home that night. So I thought I would pass the night in the church by the sea yonder"-with this he pointed to the church I mentioned above, and I applauded his choice, for certainly the interior of a Greek mandra is anything but an inviting resting-place. There is a bed in the corner, consisting of a cloak, or goat's-skin chlamys, thrown over some sticks, the floor is mud, there is no door or window, the wind whistles through the stones, and you cannot stand up straight for fear of getting mixed up with the articles of husbandry that are concealed in the roof. Outside is an oval in closure for the flocks, and the stench is insupportable. I have been threatened with a night in a Greek mandra myself, but, like Zeppo, I have preferred a church. Pious people dot these little edifices all over the islands-in fact, in some islands there exist as many churches as inhabitants, and even though the liturgy is celebrated in them perhaps once a year only, yet they serve as a shelter for benighted goatherds. These churches have mud floors, no seats, and a tempelon or wooden screen, covered with the sacred pictures of the Greek ritual, behind which is the Bema, or holy of holies, where the priests celebrate those mysteries which must be veiled from the eye of the people.

"It was growing dark," continued Zeppo, "when I entered the church. I lit a light in the oil-lamp before St. Michael's picture, I said a prayer to the archangel to protect me, and then lay down to

rest."

Zeppo, huddled up in a corner like a bundle of old rags, could

sleep very well, I know, so as yet I felt no pity for him.

"Not long after sunset," continued Zeppo, now warming to his subject and glowing with excitement, using his hands and arms to express his earnestness when words failed him—"not long after sunset I heard men's voices from the sea-shore," and he pointed to the spot which was not twenty yards from the church, "and I became aware that a boat was being drawn up on the beach; then I distinctly heard men coming towards the church, laughing and talking loudly, for they little thought any one was in earshot. I began now to wonder what sort of men could be coming to deserted Despotico at this time of night, and, fearing their object could not be a good one, I extinguished the light, and crept behind the tempelon, so as to be out of sight. Presently three men entered the church; they were Naxiotes I could tell by their accent, and all the world knows that the men of Naxos are thieves. A horrible dread seized me. 'They have come to steal some of Andronico's goats; if they find me I am lost.'"

Here poor Zeppo manifested such great agitation at the recollection of his terror that he trembled from head to foot, crossed himself violently, and lit a cigarette. My companion had all the cunning of a periodical about him which doles out its stories by the month, and leaves its readers in suspense.

"We must fish a bit now; I will tell you the rest afterwards," he said. "Let us try dynamite."

I involuntarily started at this suggestion; but knowing the habits of these lawless Antipariotes, I merely suggested:—

"Dynamite indeed! Why, what would the demarch say?"

"The demarch is miles away, effendi; and if he was here would enjoy the sport as much as ourselves."

I afterwards found this was true enough, and, being curious, I allowed Zeppo to continue his nefarious sport. We rowed quietly into a little bay with steep cliffs falling into the water. Zeppo landed; he cautiously watched his opportunity for some time, and then threw in his dynamite cartridge, which forthwith exploded, and the sea glittered with the corpses of small fish. We gathered them in with our appliances,—Zeppo's was merely a piece of brushwood at the end of a long reed, mine was a hand-net fixed on to a forked vine-tendril. With these we soon collected a basketful of small fry, like whitebait, and Zeppo chewed some of them, and threw the bits into the sea, promising to return in the evening and kill larger fish with dynamite, which would then have collected to feast on the remains of their lesser brethren.

"Well, Zeppo, how about your friends in the church?" I now suggested. "I suppose your fears were groundless?"

"Εφεντι μοῦ," cried my companion, with vehemence; "that night was nearly the death of me; there I sat shivering in a corner of the Bema, and listened to their plans. As soon as it was dawn they were going to dress themselves in long black coats, black masks, and horns on their heads. Thus disguised, they were going to terrify Andronico or his brother-whoever was tending the flocksseize as many of their goats as they could, and sail back to Naxos. Meanwhile they lay down to sleep, and I peered out from my retreat, hoping to make my escape and warn Andronico, for no one knew better than I how easily terrified he would be by this device; there is not a goatherd in all the islands who sees more nereids and hobgoblins than he; but my courage failed me, and I thought it best to remain where I was, and then they might go without observing me. But oh, what a night I spent! No sleep, no rest, nothing but a vague dread of the morning and the coming light. The three men slept for some hours, and I prayed hard to the Panagia, and St. Michael, and all the saints to protect me. At length they awoke, and prepared to put on their disguise. I heard in the distance the tinkling of the bells on the goats, and I heard, too, Andronico playing his sabouna, 1 which sounded prophetically mournful this morning. Yet still I hoped that my danger would soon be over; whilst they were goat-stealing I would hurry to my boat and be off. Imagine my horror, effendi, when one of the men suggested looking behind the tempelon to see if the priest had left anything worth stealing. I crouched down to look as if I was a bundle of clothes. buried my head in my knees, but all in vain; the fellows saw me, and dragged me out more dead than alive into the body of the church, and sat down to decide on what to do with me. I swore by all that was holy not to reveal them-I even swore in my terror to aid them if they would only spare my life; but the wretches only laughed, and kicked me, calling me a spy, a traitor, and horrible names which made my blood run cold. Two of them voted for despatching me at once, saying that 'dead men tell no tales,' but the third, a more humane man, opposed them, and said that 'murdered men brought fellows to the gallows.' So they quarrelled for a while, and Ihere Zeppo's voice forsook him, and he fell to trembling again, and found it necessary to light another cigarette.

I felt hungry by this, so suggested that we should land and have our meal, and then I would hear the rest afterwards. Meanwhile, I

<sup>1</sup> A sort of bagpipe played by Greek shepherds.

got my valiant companion to spear me with his trident some specimens of the sponges which cover the bottom of the sea here; they are like lumps of coal adhering to the rocks, and oh, how they stink! I felt as if I could never again wash with one; slimy horrid things out of the pores of which oozes a putrid-smelling liquid. The sponge-fishers jump on them on the rocks to rid them of this horrid substance, and then cleanse them thoroughly before drying them and sending them off to Europe. Zeppo is an excellent hand at spearing sponges and sea-urchins too with a long split reed, which he fixes with great precision into the animal and brings him up. The fishing in Greek waters requires great practice and skill; fly-fishing I thought would be tame after it.

Armed with sea-urchins, whitebait, and a basket of provisions, Zeppo and I put into a little cove, where the volcanic rocks had formed fantastic arches, and where we were sheltered from the wind. Zeppo lit a fire with sticks, threaded a lot of whitebait on to a bit of reed, and proceeded to fry them on the ashes, but when fried he insisted on dipping them into the sea to cool them and give them a relish, of which I did not approve. We ate, drank, and smoked well, and thus fortified, I thought Zeppo would be better able to continue his story.

"So they did not kill you after all?" I remarked.

"Kill me, effendi! better that than what they did."

"Good gracious, Zeppo! I should have thought they could not have treated you worse than to cut your throat."

"Listen, effendi," rejoined he with eagerness: "they bound my hands and feet so that I could not move, and then went out of the church to consult on my fate." The recollection of the suspense of this moment nearly overcame Zeppo again, but after a moment or two of silence and the formation of another cigarette he recovered himself and continued.

"They came back very soon, and two of them leisurely put on their horns"— Zeppo shuddered as he recollected this horrible fact—
"and the third, pistol in hand, was left to guard me in the church.
"If you utter a sound I will blow your brains out," he said, and you may be sure I was quiet enough. Presently I heard a shriek of wild terror, and I knew well that Andronico had rushed away from the horrible phantasms. Then there came the piteous cry of kids being carried from their mothers by the ruffians down to the boat. They were half an hour away at least, and then having got as many animals as they could carry they returned to the church, and I fell to trembling again, believing that now certainly my last moments had come. The diabolical fellows with their horns seemed to me to have

come up straight from Hades. I am sure when I see Charon¹ himself I shall feel less terrified. I could not answer them when they asked me from whence I was and how I had come here. I simply indicated where my boat was with a nod of my head, and they had already appropriated my gun. Naturally they were in a hurry to be off, and so they dragged me after them in an agony of terror. They drank a glass of raki all round, and then threw me into the boat. Of course I now felt sure they were going to drown me out at sea where my body would tell no tales, and I hardly noticed them as they tied my poor little boat behind their caïque. I never saw it again after that day," he sighed, "and it was twice as smart a boat as this one," and he looked disparagingly at the clumsy tub which was riding quietly at the end of the painter, a few yards from us.

"On reaching the caïque they threw me down amongst the kids, and there I lay for a couple of hours, hardly aware that we were sailing rapidly through the water. I thought of all my misdeeds, and I prayed the Panagia to intercede for me. I thought of my old wife, and how she would tear her hair and beat her breast at the lamentations that she would hold to commemorate my decease."

This was too much for Zeppo; he wept copiously at the recollection of his peril. Though sorry for the man I could hardly restrain a smile, but wishing to hear him to the end I refrained, and suggested a temporary diversion in favour of fishing. We gathered up our crumbs and got into the boat, this time directing our course to a deep cave or grotto, up which the sea runs nearly 100 feet deep into the volcanic rock. The passage was very narrow, only just room for the boat to pass. The colouring was lovely, reminding me of the blue grotto at Capri, and just below the water-line the rocks were covered with gaudy sea-lichens, red sponges, and corals of rich beauty. Presently we heard a noise from the upper end of the cave, and Zeppo whispered, "Seals." He stood in the bows with a dynamite cartridge in his hand ready for execution, but the seals heard us too soon, and came snorting and dashing past us before Zeppo had time to ignite the fuse. We went up to the end of the grotto and found their bed on the shingle still warm, and the smell horrible. I could not help thinking how kind that goddess must have been who brought Menelaus and his men "sweet-smelling ambrosia," and put it under their noses when they were lying in ambush in fresh seal-skins.

Zeppo's equilibrium was again restored. So I ventured to question him further about his terrible sail with the kids, in momentary expectation of being thrown overboard.

Greek islanders still believe in Charon, the Styx, and Hades, vol. cclvii. No.

"It must have been over two hours," he continued, "before we ran under a cliff, and they hauled me out of the bottom of the caïque, trembling and more scared than ever. They undid my cords and lowered a boat, into which two of them jumped, calling upon me to follow, but what with being tied so tight, and what with fear, my legs refused to carry me, and the captain gave me a kick behind, which hurt me very much, but had the effect of sending me into the boat, then they rowed me to shore, and I soon discovered that they were taking me to Strongylo. 'By the holy Panagia,' thought I, 'what are they going to do with me here? kill me, and leave my remains on the shore, where, perhaps, nobody will find them for months? I may never get buried at all,' I thought, 'and my spirit will wander about and drive my wife out of her wits,' " and here Zeppo again shed tears at the prospects he once had of becoming a ghost.

"But no, this was not their intention. They almost threw me on shore in their hurry to be off, and hurled a loaf of bread after me, saying as they did so, 'Καλλημέρα σᾶς, ἀδελφέ; we shall be far enough before any one comes to release you from Strongylo."

"I sat down on the beach, dazed and bewildered; I saw the carque unfurl her sails and round the corner of Despotico, with my boat in tow, and through thankfulness at being rid of my tyrants I did not realise that my position was anything but an enviable one. I was alone on Strongylo, without a boat, without a gun, without any means of communication with a human being. It was winter still; Andronico might not come with his flocks for weeks to come. I could not swim across to Despotico—it was too far, and I knew the current was very rapid here. I knew every inch of Strongylo well, and knew that it was exceeding barren, and at this time of the year scarcely any herbs worth eating grew there. Moreover, there is not a mandra or a church on the island, and I vowed there and then to try and get a church erected to the Panagia if she would relieve me from this plight.

"I don't know how long I sat in this reverie—it might have been hours. But at length I was aroused from it by a downpour of min: the north wind had given place to a Grego Levante; and my only consolation was that my pirate friends would experience great difficulty in getting back to Naxos with their ill-gotten gains. I picked up my loaf and retired to a cave I knew of, where I had often rested when in search of quails at the season of the quail-flight—in fact, I had often spent nights in Strongylo; but then it was August, and I knew that my boat was waiting for me on the F

<sup>1</sup> East wind, invariably rainy in Greek Islands,

"I remained a week on Strongylo without anything of importance occurring; every day I ate a bit of my bread, and found sea-urchins, limpets, and other shellfish amongst the rocks, enough to stave off hunger, and, furthermore, it was the great Forty Days¹ now, so I could not wish for more. I knew, too, of a spring up on the side of the mountain, so I did not feel any discomfort on this point, and hoped now to be able to support myself till spring came and Andronico should come to my release. Every night when it was dry I lit a fire of brushwood, striking a light with two flint-stones, on the highest point of Strongylo, hoping to attract attention by it; but I had little hopes of this, as Strongylo is much lower than Despotico, and Andronico's mandra was on the other side.

"Well, the days went by slowly enough; some bitterly cold, some wet, and none warm, and, as you see, effendi, I am not as young as I was. Twenty years ago I could have slept all night through in that cave and taken no harm; but now I began to feel suspicious pains in my limbs, and shivering fits came over me. No one can ever know how sad I felt at these times. I felt sure my wife would consider that I had been drowned; my boat would be missing, and Andronico would suggest that I had tried to cross over on that stormy night and been lost in the attempt, or else he would tell them that I had fallen a victim to those demons who had scared him so, and robbed him of his kids. Each shivering fit left me weaker and more miserable; I felt sure now that I should die before rescue could come. Next day my fever grew worse; I had no bread left; I had not even strength to drag myself to the rocks to look for shellfish, and then followed a time about which my memory is hazy, and about which I would rather not speak."

Thus Zeppo ended abruptly, and looked terribly solemn. He did not cry this time, or light a cigarette; he seemed too much overcome for emotions of any kind. I felt now truly sorry for the man, and had not the heart to question him further on the subject.

"Let us do some more fishing," I suggested, after a long pause, trying to rouse him from his reverie, and mechanically he gathered himself together to prepare his line, a plummet at the end, with three hooks about a foot above one another for bait. With these we caught some red mullet and other brilliant-scaled fish common to these parts, and with the effort Zeppo's spirits somewhat returned: he told me how expert he was in fishing for scari, and described the same method in use now that Oppian sang of in his poem on fishing. The scaros is a most affectionate fish, and will risk any-

thing to save a female friend. Consequently the expert Zeppo, when he can secure a female specimen, dead or alive, of this species, fastens her to a line, and, if dead, artfully bobs her up and down so as to assume the appearance of life. The male scari rush in shoals to the rescue, and Zeppo's companion catches these gallant fish in a net. Zeppo promised me that next time he got hold of a female scaros he would preserve her for my special benefit, but the time never came. In the mysteries of tunny fishing, as carried on in Greece, Zeppo likewise enlightened me. May is the month for this sport, hence they are called μαγιατικά, and they use for it nets with large openings and thick string. They choose a bay, and a convenient promontory, from a post on which they fasten their nets while they row out to a rock in the sea, leave a man on this rock, and return to shore by a round about route, carrying a string with them, by which they can pull in their net as soon as the man on the rock announces the arrival of the fish. This is the way Aristotle alludes to (περὶ ζώων), and if the market is overstocked they drive the fish into a creek by stones, and fasten up this creek with brambles, where they remain 10 or 15 days, till they are wanted.

It was too late now to go and try the dynamite again, so Zeppo just set his nets for the morrow,—long ones fastened on to corks to float them, and gourds to mark their whereabouts, and we returned home.

That very evening I walked on quickly whilst Zeppo was attending to his boat, and found his wife alone. She told me the sequel to his story: delirium had come on with the fever, fearful visions of horrid monsters, and horrible deaths, haunted his dreams. How long this lasted no one knew; but Andronico found him one day more dead than alive, and brought him home to his sorrowing wife, who was, as she told me, indulging in the poignant grief of a Greek widow.

No one who has not witnessed a myriologue, or lamentation over the dead, in one of these islands can realise the extravagances to which they go. All the female friends and relatives are called in on a stated day if the deceased has died from home, on the day of his death if he has died amongst his friends. Paid women come in to sing dirges on the virtues of the deceased. The chief mourner, that is to say, the wife or nearest female relative, tears her hair, beats her breast, and otherwise maims herself. Everything that can be done to harrow the feelings of the bereaved is resorted to; and poor Mrs. Zeppo had gone through all this in vain.

## WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

WHETHER military service was lawful for a Christian at all was at the time of the Reformation one of the most keenly debated questions; and, considering the force of opinion arrayed on the negative side, its ultimate decision in the affirmative is a matter of more wonder than it is generally thought to deserve. Sir Thomas More charges Luther and his disciples with carrying the doctrines of peace to the extreme limits of non-resistance; and the views on this subject of the Mennonites and Quakers were but what at one time seemed not unlikely to have been those of the Reformed Church generally.

By far the foremost champion on the negative side was Erasmus, who, being at Rome at the time when the League of Cambray, under the auspices of Julius II., was meditating war against the Republic of Venice, wrote a book to the Pope, entitled Antipolemus, which, though never completed, probably exists in part in his tract known under the title of Dulce bellum inexpertis, and printed among his Adagia. In it he complained that the custom of war was then so recognised an incident of life that men wondered there should be any to whom it was displeasing; and likewise so approved of generally, that to find any fault with it savoured not only of impiety, but of heresy. To speak of it, therefore, as he did in the following passage, required some courage: "If there be anything in the affairs of mortals which it is the interest of men not only to attack, but which ought by every possible means to be avoided, condemned, and abolished, it is of all things war, than which nothing is more impious, more calamitous, more widely pernicious, more inveterate, more base, or in sum more unworthy of a man, not to say of a Christian." In a letter to Francis I. on the same subject, he noticed as an astonishing fact, that out of such a multitude of abbots, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals as existed in the world, not one of them should step forward to do what he could, even at the risk of his life, to put an end to so deplorable a practice.

The failure of this view of the custom of essence more opposed to Christianity the

for slaves or sacrificing them to idols, to take any root in men's minds, is a misfortune on which the whole history of Europe since Erasmus forms a sufficient commentary. That failure is partly due to the unlucky accident which led Grotius in this matter to throw all his weight into the opposite scale. For this famous jurist, entering at much length into the question of the compatibility of war with the profession of Christianity (thereby proving the importance which in his day still attached to it), came to conclusions in favour of the received opinion, which are curiously characteristic both of the writer and his time. His general argument was, that if a sovereign was justified in putting his own subjects to death for crimes, much more was he justified in using the sword against people who were not his subjects, but strangers to him. And this argument was enforced by such feeble considerations as the following: that laws of war were laid down in the book of Deuteronomy; that John the Baptist did not bid the soldiers who consulted him to forsake their calling, but to abstain from extortion and be content with their wages; that Cornelius the centurion, whom St. Peter baptised, neither gave up his military life, nor was exhorted by the apostle to do so; that the Emperor Constantine had many Christians in his armies, and the name of Christ inscribed upon his banners; and that the military oath after his time was taken in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity.

One single reflection will suffice to display the utter shallowness of this reasoning, which was after all only borrowed from St. Augustine. For if Biblical texts are a justification of war, they are clearly a justification of slavery; whilst, on the other hand, the general spirit of the Christian religion, to say nothing of several positive passages, is at least equally opposed to one custom as to the other. If then the abolition of slavery is one of the services for which the world is mainly indebted to Christianity as an influence in history, its failure to abolish the other custom must in fairness be set against it; for it were as easy to defend slave-holding out of the language of the New Testament as to defend military service, and more, indeed, is actually said there to inculcate the duty of peace than to inculcate the principles of social equality.

The different attitude of the Church towards these two customs in modern times, her vehement condemnation of the one, and her tolerance or encouragement of the other, appears all the more surprising when we remember that in the early centuries of our era her attitude was exactly the reverse, and that, whilst slavery was permitted, he unlawfulness of war was denounced with no uncertain or wavering voice.

When Tertullian wrote his treatise De Corona (201) concerning the right of Christian soldiers to wear laurel crowns, he used words on this subject which, even if at variance with some of his statements made in his Apology thirty years earlier, may be taken to express his maturer judgment. "Shall the son of peace" (that is, a Christian), he asks, "act in battle when it will not befit him even to go to law? Shall he administer bonds and imprisonments and tortures and punishments who may not avenge even his own injuries? . . . The very transference of his enrolment from the army of light to that of darkness is sin." And again: "What if the soldiers did go to John and receive the rule of their service, and what if the Centurion did believe; the Lord by his disarming of Peter disarmed every soldier from that time forward." Tertullian made an exception in favour of soldiers whose conversion was subsequent to their enrolment (as was implied in discussing their duty with regard to the laurel-wreath), though insisting even in their case that they ought either to leave the service, as many did, or to refuse participation in its acts, which were inconsistent with their Christian profession. So that at that time Christian opinion was clearly not only averse to a military life being entered upon after baptism (of which there are no instances on record), but in favour of its being forsaken, if the enrolment preceded the baptism. The Christians who served in the armies of Rome were not men who were converts or Christians at the time of enrolling, but men who remained with the colours after their conversion. If it is certain that some Christians remained in the army, it appears equally certain that no Christian at that time thought of entering it.

This seems the best solution of the much-debated question, to what extent Christians served at all in the early centuries. Irenæus speaks of the Christians in the second century as not knowing how to fight, and Justin Martyr, his contemporary, considered Isaiah's prophecy about the swords being turned into ploughshares as in part fulfilled, because his co-religionists, who in times past had killed one another, did not then know how to fight even with their enemies. The charge made by Celsus against the Christians, that they refused to bear arms even in case of necessity, was admitted by Origen, but justified on the ground of the unlawfulness of war. This was the doctrine expressed or implied by the following fathers in chronological order: Justin Martyr, Tatian, Clemens of Alexandria Tertullian Cyprian, Lactantius, Archelaus, Ambrose, Chry

Cyril; and Eusebius says that many Christians in the third century laid aside the military life rather than abjure their religion. Of 10,050 pagan inscriptions that have been collected, 545 were found to belong to pagan soldiers, while of 4,734 Christian inscriptions of the same period, only 27 were those of soldiers; from which it seems rather absurd to infer, as a French writer has inferred, not that there was a great disproportion of Christian to pagan soldiers in the imperial armies, but that most Christian soldiers being soldiers of Christ did not like to have it recorded on their epitaphs that they had been in the service of any man.

On the other hand, there were certainly always some Christians who remained in the ranks after their conversion, in spite of the military oath in the names of the pagan deities and the quasi-worship of the standards which constituted some part of the early Christian antipathy to war. This is implied in the remarks of Tertullian, and stands in no need of the support of such legends as the Thundering Legion of Christians, whose prayers obtained rain, or of the Theban legion of 6,000 Christians martyred under Maximian. It was left as a matter of individual conscience. In the story of the Martyr Maximilian, when Dion the proconsul reminded him that there were Christian soldiers among the life guards of the Emperors, the former replied, " They know what is best for them to do; but I am a Christian and cannot fight." Marcellus, the converted centurion, threw down his belt at the head of his legion, and suffered death rather than continue in the service; and the annals of the early Church abound in similar martyrdoms. Nor can there be much doubt but that a love of peace and dislike of bloodshed were the principal causes of this early Christian attitude towards the military profession, and that the idolatry and other pagan rites connected with it only acted as minor and secondary deterrents. Thus, in the Greek Church St. Basil would have excluded from communion for three years any one who had shed an enemy's blood; and a similar feeling explains Theodosius' refusal to partake of the eucharist after his great victory over Eugenius. The canons of the Church excluded from ordination all who had served in an army after baptism; and in the fifth century Innocent I. blamed the Spanish churches for their laxity in admitting such persons into holy orders.2

The anti-military tendency of opinion in the early period of Christianity appears therefore indisputable, and Tertullian would probably have thought but lightly of the prophet who should have

<sup>1</sup> Le Blant, Inscriptions Chrétiennes, i. 86.

<sup>2</sup> Bingham, Christian Antiquities, L. 486.

predicted that Christians would have ceased to keep slaves long before they should have ceased to commit murder and robbery under the fiction of hostilities. But it proves the strength of the original impetus, that Ulphilas, the first apostle to the Goths, should purposely, in his translation of the Scriptures, have omitted the Books of Kings, as too stimulative of a love of war.

How utterly in this matter Christianity came to forsake its earlier ideal is known to all. This resulted partly from the frequent use of the sword for the purpose of conversion, and partly from the rise of the Mahometan power, which made wars with the infidel appear in the light of acts of faith, and changed the whole of Christendom into a kind of vast standing military order. But it resulted still more from that compromise effected in the fourth century between paganism and the new religion, in which the former retained more than it lost, and the latter gave less than it received. Considering that the Druid priests of ancient Gaul or Britain were exempt from military service,1 and often, according to Strabo, had such influence as to part combatants on the point of an engagement, nothing is more remarkable than the extent to which the Christian clergy, bishops, and abbots came to lead armies and fight in battle, in spite of canons and councils of the Church, at a time when that Church's power was greater, and its influence wider, than it has ever been since. Historians have scarcely given due prominence to this fact, which covers a period of at least a thousand years; for Gregory of Tours mentions two bishops of the sixth century who had killed many enemies with their own hands, whilst Erasmus, in the sixteenth, complains of bishops taking more pride in leading three or four hundred dragoons, with swords and guns, than in a following of deacons and divinity students, and asks, not unnaturally, why the trumpet and fife should sound sweeter in their ears than the singing of psalms or the words of the Bible.

It was no occasional, but an inveterate practice, and, apparently, common in the world, long before the system of feudalism gave it some justification by the connection of military service with the enjoyment of lands. Yet it has now so completely disappeared that—as a proof of the possible change of thought which may ultimately render a Christian soldier as great an anomaly as a fighting bishop—it is worth recalling from history some instances of so curious a custom. "The bishops themselves—not all, but many—" says a writer of King Stephen's reign, "bound in iron, and completely furnished

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cæsar, De Bello Gallico, vi. 14. <sup>1</sup> Druides a bello militiæ vacationem habent, <sup>1</sup>

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with arms, were accustomed to mount war-horses with the perverters of their country, to share in their spoil; to bind and torture the knights whom they took in the chance of war, or whom they met full of money." It was at the battle of Bouvines (1214) that the famous Bishop of Beauvais fought with a club instead of a sword, out of respect for the rule of the canon which forbade an ecclesiastic to shed blood. Matthew Paris tells the story how Richard I. took the said bishop prisoner, and when the Pope begged for his release as being his own son and a son of the Church, sent to Innocent III. the episcopal coat of mail, with the inquiry whether he recognised it as that of his son or of a son of the Church; to which the Pope had the wit to reply that he could not recognise it as belonging to either.2 The story also bears repeating of the impatient knight who, sharing the command of a division at the battle of Falkirk with the Bishop of Durham, cried out to his slower colleague, before closing with the Scots, "It is not for you to teach us war; to your Mass, bishop!" and therewith rushed with his followers into the fray (1298).3

It is, perhaps, needless to multiply instances which, if Du Cange may be credited, became more common during the devastation of France by the Danes in the ninth century, when all the military aid that was available became a matter of national existence. event rendered Charlemagne's capitulary a dead letter, by which that monarch had forbidden any ecclesiastic to march against an enemy, save two or three bishops to bless the army or reconcile the combatants, and a few priests to give absolution and celebrate the Mass.4 It appears that that law was made in response to an exhortation by Pope Adrian II., similar to one addressed in the previous century by Pope Zachary to Charlemagne's ancestor, King Pepin. But though military service and the tenure of ecclesiastical benefices became more common from the time of the Danish irruptions, instances are recorded of abbots and archbishops who chose rather to surrender their temporalities than to take part in active service; and for many centuries the whole question seems to have rested on a most uncertain footing, law and custom demanding as a duty that which public

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Turner's England, iv. 458, from Duchesne, Gesta Stephani.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> 'Non filius meus est vel ecclesiæ; ad regis autem voluntatem redimetur, quia potius Martis quam Christi miles judicatur.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Turner's England, v. 92.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Sanxit ut nullus in posterum sacerdos in hostem pergeret, nisi duo vel tres episcopi electione cæterorum propter benedictionem populique reconciliationem, et cum illis electi sacerdotes qui bene scirent populis pœnitentias dare, missas celebrare etc.' (in Du Cange, 'Hostis').

and ecclesiastical opinion condoned, but which the Church herself condemned.

It is a signal mark of the degree to which religion became enveloped in the military spirit of those miserable days of chivalry, that ecclesiastical preferment was sometimes the reward of bravery on the field, as in the case of that chaplain to the Earl of Douglas who, for his courage displayed at the battle of Otterbourne, was, Froissart tells us, promoted the same year to a canonry and archdeaconry at Aberdeen.

Vasari, in his Life of Michael Angelo, has a good story which is not only highly typical of this martial Christianity, but may be also taken to mark the furthest point of divergence reached by the Church in this respect from the standpoint of her earlier teaching. Pope Julius II. went one day to see a statue of himself which Michael Angelo was executing. The right hand of the statue was raised in a dignified attitude, and the artist consulted the Pope as to whether he should place a book in the left. "Put a sword into it," quoth Julius, "for of letters I know but little." This was the Pope of whom Bayle says that never man had a more warlike soul, and of whom, with some doubt, he repeats the anecdote of his having thrown into the Tiber the keys of St. Peter, with the declaration that he would thenceforth use the sword of St. Paul. However this may be, he went in person to hasten the siege of Mirandola, in opposition to the protests of the cardinals and to the scandal of Christendom (1510). There it was that, to encourage the soldiers, he promised them, that if they exerted themselves valiantly, he would make no terms with the town, but would suffer them to sack it; 1 and though this did not occur, and the town ultimately surrendered on terms, the head of the Christian Church had himself conveyed into it by the breach.

The scandal of this proceeding contributed its share to the discontent which produced the Reformation; and that movement continued still further the disfavour with which many already viewed the connection of the clergy with actual warfare. It has, however, happened occasionally since that epoch that priests of martial tastes have been enabled to gratify them, the custom having become more and more rare as public opinion grew stronger against it. The last recorded instance of a fighting divine was the Bishop of Derry, who having been raised to that see by William III. in gratitude for the

¹ Guicciardini. ⁴ Prometteva che se i soldati procedevano virilmente, che non accetterebbe la Mirandola con alcuno patte rebbe in potestà loro il saccheggiarla,¹

distinguished bravery with which, though a clergyman, he had conducted the defence of Londonderry against the forces of James IL, was shot dead at the battle of the Boyne. He had, says Macaulay, "during the siege, in which he had so highly distinguished himself, contracted a passion for war," but his zeal to gratify it on that second occasion cost him the favour of the king. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that history should have called no special attention to the last instance of a bishop who fought and died upon a battlefield, nor have sufficiently emphasized the great revolution of thought which first changed a common occurrence into something unusual, and finally into a memory that seems ridiculous. No historical fact affords a greater justification than this for the hope that, absurd as is the idea of a fighting bishop to our own age, may that of a fighting Christian be to our posterity.

As bishops were in the middle ages warriors, so they were also the common bearers of declarations of war. The Bishop of Lincoln bore, for instance, the challenge of Edward III. and his allies to Charles V. at Paris; and greatly offended was the English king and his council when Charles returned the challenge by a common valet—they declared it indecent for a war between two such great lords to be declared by a mere servant, and not by a prelate or knight of valour.

The declaration of war in those times appears to have meant simply a challenge or defiance like that then and afterwards customary in a duel. It appears to have originated out of habits that governed the relations between the feudal barons. We learn from Froissart that when Edward was made Vicar of the German Empire an old statute was renewed which had before been made at the Emperor's court, to the effect that no one, intending to injure his neighbour. might do so without sending him a defiance three days beforehand. The following extract from the challenge of war sent by the Duke of Orleans, the brother of the king of France, to Henry IV. of England, testifies to the close resemblance between a declaration of war and a challenge to a deed of arms, and to the levity which often gave rise to either: "I, Louis, write and make known to you, that with the aid of God and the blessed Trinity, in the desire which I have to gain renown, and which you likewise should feel, considering idleness as the bane of lords of high birth who do not employ themselves in arms, and thinking I can no way better seek renown than by proposing to you to meet me at an appointed place, each of us accompanied with 100 knights and esquires, of name and arms without reproach, there to combat till one of the parties shall

surrender; and he to whom God shall grant the victor shall do with his prisoners as he pleases. We will not employ any incantations that are forbidden by the Church, but make use of the bodily strength given us by God, with armour as may be most agreeable to every one for the security of his person, and with the usual arms, that is lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger . . . without aiding himself by any bodkins, hooks, bearded darts, poisoned needles or razors, as may be done by persons unless they are positively ordered to the contrary. . . . "1 Henry IV. answered the challenge with some contempt, but expressed his readiness to meet the duke in single combat, whenever he should visit his possessions in France, to prevent any greater effusion of Christian blood, since a good shepherd, he said, should expose his own life for his flock. It even seemed at one time as if wars might have resolved themselves into this more rational mode of settlement. The Emperor Henry IV. challenged the Duke of Swabia to single combat, Philip Auguste of France is said to have proposed to Richard I. to settle their differences by a combat of five on each side; and when Edward III. challenged the realm of France, he offered to settle the question by a duel or a combat of 100 men on each side, with which the French king would, it appears, have complied, had Edward consented to stake the kingdom of England against that of France.

In the custom of naming the implements of war after the most revered names of the Christian hagiology may be observed another trace of the close alliance that resulted between the military and spiritual sides of human life, somewhat like that which prevailed in the sort of worship paid to their lances, pikes, and battle-axes by the ancient Scandinavians.2 Thus the two first forts which the Spaniards built in the Ladrone Islands they called, for instance, respectively after St. Francis Xavier and the Virgin Mary. Twelve ships in the Armada were called after the Twelve Apostles, just as Henry VIII. called twelve of his cannons, one of which, St. John by name, was captured by the French in 1513.3 It is probable that mere irrever-ence had less to do with such a custom than the hope thereby of obtaining favour in war, such as may also be traced in the ceremony of consecrating military banners, which has descended to our own times.4

To the same order of superstition belongs the old custom of

<sup>1</sup> Monstrelet, i. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Crichton's Scandinavia, i. 170.

3 Mémoires du Fleurange. Petitot, xvi. 253.

4 Se Se Se Liturgica, ii. 362-65.

falling down and kissing the earth before starting on a charge or assault of battle. The practice is alluded to several times in Montluc's Commentaries, but so little was it understood by a modern French editor that in one place he suggests the reading baisserent la tête (they lowered their heads) for baiserent la terre (they kissed the earth). But the latter reading is confirmed by passages elsewhere; as, for instance, in the "Memoirs of Fleurange," where it is stated that Gaston de Foix and his soldiers kissed the earth, according to custom, before proceeding to march against the enemy; 1 and, again, in the Life of Bayard, by his secretary, who records it among the virtues of that knight that he would rise from his bed every night to prostrate himself at full length on the floor and kiss the earth.2 This kissing of the earth was an abbreviated form of taking a particle of it in the mouth, as both Elmham and Livius mention to have been done by the English at Agincourt before attacking the French; and this again was an abbreviated form of receiving the sacrament, for Villani says of the Flemish at Cambray (1302) that they made a priest go all over the field with the sacred elements, and that, instead of communicating, each man took a little earth and put it into his mouth.3 This seems a more likely explanation than that the custom was intended as a reminder to the soldier of his mortality, as if in that trade there could be any lack of testimony of that sort.

It is curious to observe how war in every stage of civilisation has been the central interest of public religious supplication; and how, from the pagans of old to modern savages, the pettiest quarrels and conflicts have been deemed a matter of interest to the immortals. The Sandwich islanders and Tahitians sought the aid of their gods in war by human sacrifices. The Fijians before war were wont to present their gods with costly offerings and temples, and offer with their prayers the best they could of land crabs, or whales' teeth; being so convinced that they thereby ensured to themselves the victory, that once, when a missionary called the attention of a war party to the scantiness of their numbers, they only replied, with confidence, "Our allies are the gods." The prayer which the Roman pontifex addressed to Jupiter on behalf of the Republic at the opening of the war with Antiochus, king of Syria, is extremely carrious: "If the war which the people has ordered to be waged with King Antiochus shall be finished after the wish of the Roman senate and

Petitot, xvi. 229.

\* Ibid. 135.

\* Ibid. viii, 55.

\* Feciono venire per tutto il campo un prete parato col corpo di Christo, e in luogo di communicarsi ciascuno prese uno poco di terra, e la si mise in boca.

people, then to thee, oh, Jupiter, will the Roman people exhibit the great games for ten successive days, and offerings shall be presented at all the shrines, of such value as the senate shall decree." <sup>1</sup> This rude state of theology, wherein a victory from the gods may be obtained for a fair consideration in exchange, tends to keep alive, if it did not originate, that sense of dependence on invisible powers which constitutes the most rudimentary form of religion; for it is a remarkable fact that the faintest notions of supernatural agencies are found precisely among tribes whose military organisation or love for war is the lowest and least developed. In proportion as the warspirit is cultivated does the worship of war-presiding deities prevail; and since these are formed from the memories of warriors who have died or been slain, their attributes and wishes remain those of the former earthly potentate, who, though no longer visible, may still be gratified by presents of fruit, or by slaughtered oxen or slaves.

The Khonds, of Orissa, in India, afford an instance of this close and pernicious association between religious and military ideas. which may be traced through the history of many far more advanced For though they regard the joy of the peace dance as the very highest attainable upon earth, they attribute, not to their own will, but to that of their war god, Loha Pennu, the source of all their wars. The devastation of a fever or tiger is accepted as a hint from that divinity that his service has been too long neglected, and they acquit themselves of all blame for a war begun for no better reason, by the following philosophy of its origin: "Loha Pennu said to himself, Let there be war, and he forthwith entered into all weapons, so that from instruments of peace they became weapons of war; he gave edge to the axe and point to the arrow; he entered into all kinds of food and drink, so that men in eating and drinking were filled with rage, and women became instruments of discord instead of soothers of anger." And they address this prayer to Loha Pennu for aid against their enemies: "Let our axes crush cloth and bones as the jaws of the hyæna crush its prey. Make the wounds we give to gape. . . . When the wounds of our enemies heal, let lameness remain. Let their stones and arrows fall on us as the flowers of the mowa-tree fall in the wind. . . . Make their weapons brittle as the long pods of the karta-tree."

In their belief that wars were of external causation to themselves, and in their endeavour to win by prayer a favourable issue to their appeal to arms, it could scarcely be maintained that the nations of Christendom have at all times shown any marked superiority over

the modern Khonds. But in spite of this, and of the fierce military character that Christianity ultimately assumed, the Church always kept alive some of her earlier traditions about peace, and even in the darkest ages set some barriers to the common fury of the soldier. When the Roman Empire was overthrown, her influence in this direction was in marked contrast with what it has been ever since. Even Alaric when he sacked Rome (410) was so far affected by Christianity as to spare the churches and the Christians who fled to them. Leo the Great, Bishop of Rome, inspired even Attila with respect for his priestly authority, and averted his career of conquest from Rome; and the same bishop, three years later (455), pleaded with the victorious Genseric that his Vandals should spare the unresisting multitude and the buildings of Rome, nor allow torture to be inflicted on their prisoners. At the instance of Gregory II., Luitprand, the Lombard King, withdrew his troops from the same city, resigned his conquests, and offered his sword and dagger on the tomb of St. Peter (730).

Yet more praiseworthy and perhaps more effective were the efforts of the Church from the tenth century onwards to check that system of private war which was then the bane of Europe, as the system of public and international wars has been since. In the south of France several bishops met and agreed to exclude from the privileges of a Christian in life and after death all who violated their ordinances directed against that custom (990). Only four years later the council of Limoges exhorted men to swear by the bodies of the saints that they would cease to violate the public peace. Lent appears to have been to some extent a season of abstinence from fighting as from other pleasures, for one of the charges against Louis le Débonnaire was that he summoned an expedition for that time of the year.

In 1032 a bishop of Aquitaine declared himself the recipient of a message from heaven, ordering men to cease from fighting; and not only did a peace, called the Truce of God, result for seven years, but it was resolved that such peace should always prevail during the great festivals of the Church, and from every Thursday evening to Monday morning. And the regulation for one kingdom was speedily extended over Christendom, confirmed by several Popes, and enforced by excommunication.<sup>1</sup> If such efforts were not altogether successful, and the wars of the barons continued till the royal power in every country was strong enough to suppress them, it must none

<sup>1</sup> Robertson, Charles V., note 21. Ryan, History of Effects of Religion on Mankind, 124.

the less be recognised that the Church fought, if she fought in vain, against the barbarism of a military society, and with an ardour that is in striking contrast with her apathy in-more recent history.

It must also be granted that the idea of what the Papacy might do for the peace of the world, as the supreme arbiter of disputes and mediator between contending powers, gained possession of men's minds, and entered into the definite policy of the Church about the twelfth century, in a manner that might suggest reflection for the nineteenth. The name of Gerohus de Reigersperg is connected with a plan for the pacification of the world, by which the Pope was to forbid war to all Christian princes, to settle all disputes between them, and to enforce his decisions by the greatest powers that have ever yet been devised for human authority-namely, by excommunication and deposition. And the Popes attempted something of this sort. When, for instance. Innocent III. bade the King of France to make peace with Richard I., and was informed that the dispute concerned a matter of feudal relationship with which the Pope had no right of interference, the latter replied that he interfered by right of his power to censure what he thought sin, and quite irrespective of feudal rights. He also refused to consider the destruction of places and the slaughter of Christians as a matter of no concern to him; and Honorius III. forbade an attack upon Denmark, on the ground that that kingdom lay under the special protection of the Papacy.1

The clergy, moreover, were even in the most warlike times of history the chief agents in negotiations for peace, and in the attempt to set limits to military reprisals. When, for instance, the French and English were about to engage at Poitiers, the Cardinal of Perigord spent the whole of the Sunday that preceded the day of battle in laudable but ineffectual attempts to bring the two sides to an agreement without a battle. And when the Duke of Anjou was about to put 600 of the defenders of Montpelier to death by the sword, by the halter, and by fire, it was the Cardinal of Albany and a Dominican monk who saved him from the infamy of such a deed by reminding him of the duty of Christian forgiveness.

In these respects it must be plain to every one that the attitude and power of the Church has entirely changed. She has stood apart more and more as time has gone on from her great opportunities as a promoter of peace. Her influence, it is notorious, no longer counts for anything, where it was once so powerful, in the field of

negotiation and reconcilement. She lifts no voice to denounce the

M. J. Schmidt, Histoise des Allem

vol. cclvn. No. 1845.

evils of war, nor to plead for greater restraint in the exercise of reprisals and the abuse of victory. She lends no aid to teach the duty of forbearance and friendship between nations, to diminish their idle jealousies, nor to explain the real identity of their interests. It may even be said, without risk of contradiction, that whatever attempt has been made to further the cause of peace upon earth, or to diminish the horror of the customs of war, has come, not from the Church, but from the school of thought to which she has been most opposed, and which she has studied most persistently to revile.

In respect, too, of the justice of the cause of war, the Church within recent centuries has entirely vacated her position. noticeable that in the 37th article of the English Church, which is to to the effect that a Christian at the command of the magistrate may wear weapons and serve in the wars, the word justa, which in the Latin form preceded the word bella or wars, has been omitted. 1 The leaders of the Reformation decided on the whole in favour of the lawfulness of military service for a Christian, but with the distinct reservation that the cause of war should be just. Bullinger, who was Zwingli's successor in the Reformed Church at Zurich, decided that though a Christian might take up arms at the command of the magistrate, it would be his duty to disobey the magistrate, if he purposed to make war on the guiltless; and that only death of those soldiers on the battlefield was glorious who fought for their religion or their country. Thomas Becon, chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, complained of the utter disregard of a just and patriotic motive for war in the code of military ethics then prevalent. Speaking of the fighters of his day, he thus characterised their position in the state: "The rapacity of wolves, the violence of lions, the fierceness of tigers is nothing in comparison of their furious and cruel tyranny; and yet do many of them this not for the safeguard of their country (for so it would be the more tolerable), but to satisfy their butcherlike affects, to boast another day of how many men they have been the death, and to bring home the more preys that they may live the fatter ever after for these spoils and stolen goods."2 From military service, he maintained, had all considerations of justice and humanity been entirely banished, and their stead been taken by robbery and theft, "the insatiable spoiling of other men's goods, and a whole sea of barbarous and beast-like manners." In this way the necessity of a just cause as a reason for taking part in actual warfare

¹ Christianis licet ex mandato magistratus arma portare et junta bella administrare.²

<sup>\*</sup> Policy of War a True Defence of Peace, 1543.

was reasserted at the time of the Reformation, and has only since then been allowed to drop out of sight altogether; so that now public opinion has no guide in the matter, and even less than it had in ancient Rome, the attitude of the Church towards the State on this point being rather that of Anaxarchus the philosopher to Alexander the Great, when, to console that conqueror for his murder of Clitus, he said to him: "Know you not that Jupiter is represented with Law and Justice at his side, to show that whatever is done by sovereign power is right?"

Considering, therefore, that no human institution yet devised or actually in existence has had or has a moral influence or facilities for exercising it at all equal to that enjoyed by the Church, it is all the more to be regretted that she has never taken any real interest in the abolition of a custom which is at the root of half the crime and misery with which she has to contend. Whatever hopes might at one time have been reasonably entertained of the Reformed Church as an anti-military agency, the cause of peace soon sank into a sort of heresy, or, what was worse, an unfashionable tenet, associated with the other vagaries of the Anabaptists and Quakers. "Those who condemn the profession or art of soldiery," said Sir James Turner, "smell rank of anabaptism and quakery." It would be difficult to find in the whole range of history any such example of wasted moral force. Voltaire had to regret it in the eighteenth century as Erasmus had in the sixteenth. The former complained that he did not remember a single page against war in the whole of Bourdaloue's sermons, and he even suggested that the real explanation might be a literal want of courage. The passage is worth quoting from the original, both for its characteristic energy of expression and for its clear insight into the real character of the custom of war :-

Pour les autres moralistes à gages que l'on nomme prédicateurs, ils n'ont jamais seulement osé prêcher contre la guerre.... Ils se gardent bien de décrier la guerre, qui réunit tout ce que la perfidie a de plus lâche dans les manifestes, tout ce que l'infâme friponnerie a de plus bas dans les fournitures des armées, tout ce que le brigandage a d'affreux dans le pillage, le viol, le larcin, l'homicide, la dévastation, la destruction. Au contraire, ces bons prêtres bénissent en cérémonie les étendards de meurtre; et leurs confrères chantent pour de l'argent des chansons juives, quand la terre a été inondée de sang.<sup>2</sup>

If Voltaire's reproach is unjust, it can of course be easily refuted. He may be convicted of overstating his charge, if any distinguished ecclesiastical name of either the Catholic or the Protestant school can be mentioned within the two last centuries which is associated

Pallas Armata, 369, 1683:

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In his treatise Du droit de la guerre.

with the advocacy of the mitigation or the abolition of contests of force; or if any war in the same period can be recalled which the clergy of either denomination have as a body resisted either on the ground of the injustice of its origin or of the ruthless cruelty with which it has been waged. Whatever has yet been attempted in this direction, or whatever anti-military stimulus has been given to civilisation, has come distinctly from men of the world or men of letters, not from men of distinction in the Church: not from Fénelon or Paley, but from William Penn, the Abbé St.-Pierre (whose connection with the Church was only nominal), from Vattel, Voltaire, and Kant. In other words, the Church has lost her old position of spiritual ascendency over the consciences of mankind, and has surrendered to other guides and teachers the influence she once exercised over the world.

This attitude on the part of the Church having become more and more marked and conspicuous, as wars in recent centuries have become more frequent and more fierce, it was not unnatural that some attempt should at last have been made to give some sort of explanation of a fact which has undoubtedly become an increasing source of perplexity and distress to all sincere and reflective Chris-The sermon on "War," preached by Canon Mozley before the University of Oxford on the 12th March, 1871, is perhaps the best explanation of this sort that has yet been offered to the world; of which the following summary will be found, it is hoped, by reference to the original to convey a faithful, though of necessity an abbreviated, reflection. The main points dwelt upon in that explanation or apology are: That Christianity, by its original recognition of the division of the world into nations, with all their inherent rights, thereby recognised the right of war, which was plainly one of them; that the Church, never having been constituted a judge of national questions or motives, can only stand neutral between opposing sides, contemplating war as it were forensically, as a mode of international settlement that is amply justified by the want of any other; that a natural justice is inherent not only in wars of self-defence, but in wars for rectifying the political distribution of the world's races or nationalities, and in wars that aim at progress and improvement; that the spirit of self-sacrifice inseparable from war confers upon it a moral character that is in special harmony with the Christian type; that as war is simply the working out of a problem by force, there is no more hatred between the individual combatants than there is in the working out of an argument by reasoning, "the enmity is in the two wholes-the abstractions—the individuals are at peace"; that the impossibility of a substitution of an universal empire for independent nations, or of a court of arbitration, bars all hope of the attainment of an era of peace through the natural progress of society; that the absence of any head to the nations of the world constitutes a defect or want of plan in its system, which as it has been given to it by nature cannot be remedied by other means; that it is no part of the mission of Christianity to reconstruct the system, or rather want of system, of the world from which war flows, nor to provide another world for us to live in; but that, nevertheless, Christianity only sanctions it through the medium of natural society, and on the hypothesis of a world at discord with itself.

With many of these arguments, taken singly, there need be no conflict. The general fallacy would seem to lie in the assumption that the existence of distinct nations, each enjoying the power, and therefore the right, to make war upon its neighbours, is incompatible with the existence of an international morality which should render the exercise of the war-right impossible, or very difficult; or that the Church, had she tried, could have contributed nothing to so desirable a result. It is begging the question altogether to contend that a state of things is impossible which has never been attempted, when the very point at issue is whether, had it been attempted, it might not by this time have come to be realised. The right of the mediæval barons and their vassals to wage private war together belonged once as much to the system, or want of system, of the world as the right of nations to attack one another in our own or an earlier period of history; yet so far was the Church, even in those days, from shrinking from contact with so barbarous a custom as something beyond her power or her mission, that she was herself the main social instrument that brought it to an end. The great efforts made by the Church to abolish the custom of private war have already been mentioned: a point which Canon Mozley, perhaps, did wisely to ignore. Yet there is, surely, no sufficient reason why the peace of the world should be an object of less interest to the Church in these days than it was in those; or why her influence should be less as one chief element in the natural progress of society than it was when she fought to release human society from the depraving custom of the right of private war. It is impossible to contend that, had the Church inculcated the duties of the individual to other nations as well as to his own, in the way to which human reason would naturally respond, such a course would have had no effect in solving the problem of enabling separate nationalities to coexist in a state of peace as well as of independence. It is at least the reverse of self-evident that the promotion of feelings of international fraternity, the discouragement of habits of international jealousy, the exercise of acts of international friendship, the teaching of the real identity of international interests, in all of which the pulpit might have lent, or might yet lend, an invaluable aid, would have had, or would still have any detrimental effect on the political system of distinct nationalities, or on the motives and actions of a rational patriotism. It is difficult to believe that the denunciations of a Church whose religious teaching had power to restrain the military fury of an Alaric or a Genseric would have been altogether powerless over the conduct of those German hordes whose military excesses in France, in 1870, have left a lasting blot on their martial triumph and the character of their discipline; or that her efforts on behalf of peace, which more than a thousand years ago effectually reconciled the Angles and Mercians, the Franks and Lombards, would be wasted in helping to remove any standing causes of quarrel that may still exist between France and Germany, England and Russia, Italy and Austria.

There are, indeed, hopeful signs, in spite of Canon Mozley's apology of despair, that the priesthood of Christendom may yet reawake to a sense of their power and opportunities for removing from the world an evil custom which lies at the root of almost every other, and is the main cause and sustenance of crime and pauperism and disease. It is possible that we have already passed the worst period of indifference in this respect, or that it may some day prove only to have been connected with the animosities of rival sects, ever ready to avail themselves of the chances that war between different nations might severally bring to their several petty interests. With the subsidence of such animosities, it were reasonable to expect the Church to reassert the more genuine principle of her action and attitude-that no evil incident to human society is to be regarded as irremediable till every resource has been exhausted to cope with it, and every outlet of escape from it been proved to be a failure. Then, and till then, is it becoming in Christian priests to utter the language of despair?

J. A. FARRER.

## WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

HAT our existence, in a physiological sense, may be regarded as consisting of alternating periods of activity and repose is an axiom which requires no very deep reflection or research for the demonstration of its truth. The waking hours of the day are succeeded by the resting hours of the night. The work of life is followed naturally by the repose which, in its turn, is equally a part of our normal existence; and there are too many obvious indications that this succession of events is part and parcel of nature at large, to leave room for doubt that sleep and wakefulness are simply the evenly balanced ends of the vital "see-saw." It appears to be a rule of physical life that, even in its most intimate and less apparent phases, an alternation of rest and repose should be constantly exemplified. The work of life means, of course, the dissipation of energy. The wear and tear inseparable from the mere act of living and being necessitates proportionate repair. This much is contained in the first pages of the scientific primer; whilst a succeeding and equally primitive study discloses the way of repair in the many processes of nutrition which tend to preserve the form of the individual in its stable aspect by counteracting the inevitable waste of life. are other processes and functions which seem to contribute to the latter end, and amongst them we may legitimately number the influence of rest and repose. It is by no means paradoxical to assume that the very act of nutrition or that of bodily repair, involving as it does a large expenditure of energy, is in itself a source of bodily wear and tear. The pulsations of the heart, directly concerned in the distribution through the body of the products of nutrition, represent, apparently, an amount of exertion and work which well-nigh induces the belief that we subsist on a veritable "peau de chagrin," and that even the gains of the body of necessity imply a loss. From the physiological side of things, however, there comes a gleam of comfort in the declaration that the nutrition of rest serves to counterbalance the wear and tear involved in the mere fact of exist found, we are told, a highly perfect source of be further impressed upon us that this cessation

in ways and fashions undreamt of by the casual observer of the lives of men. Take as an example the heart itself. Next to the brain, which is credited with being the scene of a never-ending bustle and traffic in ideas, the heart may be thought of as an organ whose duties permit of no cessation or repose. Even in the ordinary undisturbed performance of its functions, the rhythmical routine of the great pumping-engine strikes us as resembling that of the galley-slave chained to the oar, and as exhibiting day by day the same unflagging, stereotyped way of life and action. The question of rest for such an organ might at first sight appear non-existent. Its nutrition likewise would seem to be a matter in arranging for which, conformably with its perpetual round of duties, nature might experience some difficulty; since, like the through railway guard on an extended journey, it must feed as it runs.

But the dilemma in question is solved through the simple consideration of the manner in which the heart's work is performed. The action of the organ, as every one knows, is not continuous. Its work is intermittent in character, as may be proved by listening to the sounds it makes. It has its periods of repose, short as these may be, between its strokes of work. It takes its rest in short alternate naps; and if we sum up its life history, and calculate its working hours, we shall find that, in truth, the heart has rested for a longer period than it has worked. Thus although the snatches of rest be short, in the case of the heart they are really as frequent as its working moments, and in the intervals betwixt its pulsations it may be said to gather energy for its succeeding strokes. The case of the muscles used in breathing-and it may be borne in mind that the heart itself is simply a hollow muscle—is equally interesting, and certainly not less typical than that of the central organ of the circulation. The periods of work, so to speak, are longer in the case of the chest-muscles, just as the intervals of repose are more protracted than in the business of the circulation. And if the idea of rest alternating with work be extended to other departments of bodily activity, we shall find that the practice in question prevails throughout the living organism. The chief differences between the action of one set of muscles and that of another set consist in the varying duration and succession of the periods of work and rest. In absolute cessation from labour, then, we find a profitable source of repair of the body. it is that the materials derived from the food can be perfectly applied to the necessities and wants of the frame. The true justification of sleep is found after all in the value of rest as a reparative measure. And the after-dinner nap of well-favoured humanity, equally with the

somewhat prolonged post-prandial inactivity of the boa-constrictor, are procedures separated, it may be, by an infinity of differences, but which, perchance, derive much of their reasonableness from the physiological considerations besetting the question of repose.

As a knowledge of the nature of sleep becomes a necessity for the understanding of the why and wherefore of dreaming and allied conditions, we may in the next place endeavour to gain some ideas respecting certain curious states which in one way or another may be said to border the "land of Nod." Such are the remarkable cases of producing insensibility or of feigning death at will, and those which relate to the production of unnatural states allied to sleep, and which in some measure aid our understanding of dreams and their causation. As in many other acts and phenomena connected with brain and mind, the phenomena of sleep and dreams do not stand alone or unconnected with other mental states. On the contrary, it is possible to trace well-marked gradations leading from the daydream to the reverie, and from these common instances of abstraction to the somnolent condition itself. Nay, it may also be said that the full understanding of dreaming, in so far as that is possible at present, can only be arrived at from a knowledge of the facts which a study of the waking dream or the automatic patient teaches us. Through morbid and unwonted conditions, as in so many other instances in the search after knowledge, we arrive at a comprehension of the illunderstood affairs of common life.

That there exists a power of producing at will conditions allied in nature to sleep, or even extending to deep insensibility with apparent cessation of the physical processes of life, is a well-known fact of physiology. A condition approaching that of coma or insensibility thus appears to be occasionally induced in man by an effort of the will. In many animals a prolonged and periodical suspension of the activities of ordinary existence normally occurs and is designated under the term hybernation. The bear, squirrel, dormouse, and bat exemplify this condition, in which, however, respiration is unimpeded, although its frequency is reduced; and the animal, retiring to its winter quarters fat and well favoured, emerges in spring in a lean condition. The nutritive principal which was accumulated in the preceding summer has, in fact, been converted into an account-current and used in the maintenance of the slumbering organism. In such a case there is simply deep somnolence and suspension of all ordinary activity and of the exertions and waste attending the wakeful state. But a step further brings us to the domain of pathe' 'he science of disease) with its unwonted states, dependir anditions which approach

those of abnormal existence. Celsus speaks of a priest who could separate himself from outward existence at will, and lie as one dead. But the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Dr. George Cheyne—in his quaint book entitled "The English Malady; or, a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all kinds, as Spleen, Vapours, Lowness of Spirits, Hypochondriacal and Hysterical Distemper, &c., London, 1733"—justly exceeds in interest any other known case of the kind, not merely for the abnormal nature of the phenomena, but also from the exact account of the events in question, related by accurate observers trained in the scientific methods of their day.

Dr. Cheyne's account of this case bears that Colonel Townshend had suffered from some internal malady, of ascertained and wellunderstood nature, and that he came in a litter from Bristol to Bath in autumn for the purpose of obtaining medical advice. Attended by a Dr. Baynard, a Mr. Skrine, his apothecary, and by Dr. Cheyne himself-all three despairing of the Colonel's recovery-the patient sent one morning for his medical attendants, and intimated that he had made his will and set his house in order; "his Senses," according to Dr. Cheyne, being "clear, and his Mind calm." Colonel Townshend next informed his doctors that he had sent for them that he might give them details of "an odd Sensation he had for some Time observed and felt in himself: which was," continues Dr. Cheyne, "that, composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an Effort, or somehow, he could come to Life again, which it seems," adds the author, "he had sometimes tried before he had sent for us." On hearing such a recital, the doctors were naturally astonished. As men of science, their natural scepticism of the unusual, until proved by experiment to be likely or true, exhibited itself in Dr. Cheyne's declaration that his hearers "could hardly believe the Fact as he related it, much less give any Account of it, unless," adds the narrator, "he should please to make the Experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak Condition, he might carry it too far." The Colonel, however, insisted on the trial being made, the preliminary duty of feeling his pulse being duly performed, when it was found to be "distinct, though small and threedy": whilst "his Heart had its usual Beating."

Dr. Cheyne may now be allowed to relate the sequel in his own words: "He composed himself on his Back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right Hand, Dr. Baynard laid his Hand on his Heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean Looking-Glass to his Mouth. I found his Pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice Touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least

motion in his Heart, nor Mr. Skrine the least Soil of Breath on the bright Mirror he held to his Mouth; then each of us by Turns examined his Arm, Heart, and Breath, but could not by the nicest Scrutiny discover the least Symptom of Life in him. We reasoned a long Time about this odd Appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that Condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the Experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an Hour. By Nine o'Clock in the Morning in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some Motion about the Body, and upon Examination found his Pulse and the Motion of his Heart gradually returning; he began to breath gently and speak softly: we were all astonish'd to the last Degree at this unexpected Change, and after some further Conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the Particulars of this Fact, but confounded and puzled, and not able to form any Rational Scheme that might account for it." Thus far Dr. Cheyne. The sequel relates that after calling for his Attorney and adding a codicil to his will, Colonel Townshend "received the Sacrament, and calmly and composedly Expir'd about five or six o'Clock that Evening."

Thus it appears to be proved beyond doubt that this patient had the power of composedly and perfectly simulating death at will—for Dr. Cheyne expressly mentions that Colonel Townshend had "for some Time observed and felt in himself" the peculiar power of which he gave his physicians such satisfactory demonstration. There are few amongst ourselves who will not appreciate to the full Dr. Cheyne's concluding remark, that, having "narrated the Facts," deliberately and distinctly, he may well "leave to the Philosophick Reader to make what Inferences he thinks fit." In addition to all the signs and symptoms of sleep, we have added in Colonel Townshend's case the power of intensifying the conditions of somnolence to an extent comparable only to the extinction of vital action itself.

A case reported in the Medical Times and Gazette and British Medical Journal for 1863 may interest us as presenting us in some measure with a case comparable in man to the hybernating habits of lower forms, and which may also serve as a connecting link between such a case as the previous one and the phenomena of ordinary sleep. A man, aged forty-four years, began in 1842 or 1843, after a severe cold, to exhibit a tendency to indulge in deep and prolonged sleep. The affection returned in and again in 1860 and in 1866. During the attack his

were pale, feet often cold and livid, respiration scarcely perceptible, and pulse feeble. The account adds that on awakening, the patient felt refreshed. The longest period he passed in sleep was five days and five nights. Frequently a period of three or four days was passed in sleep, the average duration of the attacks being two days, whilst he was awake during four or five hours out of the forty-eight. He did not dream during the period of repose. These remarks apply to his history up to 1860. In 1866 the curious phenomena were again noticed. The patient slept from about 11.30 P.M. on January 2, 1866, to 2 P.M. on January 6. At 12 P.M. on February 4 another period of repose began, which lasted until 4 P.M. on Febuary 8; when after a wakeful interval of seven hours he dozed off again until the 11th, when he remained awake for nine hours, but thereafter slept for four days. From February 16 till February 26 he slept continuously, save for an interval of five hours; and beginning to sleep on March 9 at 10 A.M., he slept until the 15th at four o'clock in the afternoon. Nothing remarkably abnormal or in the least sufficient to explain the anomalies of this patient's existence was revealed by an examination of the brain after death, which occurred at the close of the year last mentioned. Here the tendency to sleep was a matter of abnormal action of some mysterious kind. There was no power, as in Colonel Townshend's case, to induce the phenomena at will; but the nature of the conditions inducing or favouring the peculiarities remains in either case an insoluble mystery.

The occurrence of such anomalous cases receives no direct explanation from any of the conditions which are known to be characteristic of normal sleep. The resemblance of the insensibility produced by congestions and fulness of blood in the brain to natural sleep long ago suggested that, in some such mechanical cause as a normally recurring fulness of the vessels of the organ of mind, a cause of sleep might be found. But the analogy between induced insensibility and sleep is not complete or correct. There exist many and wide differences between the production of coma or stupor and that of a normal insensibility to outer affairs, which sooner or later resolves itself into wakefulness; and the conditions observed in the sleeping brain were, moreover, widely at variance with the known symptoms of abnormal insensibility. In 1821 a Dr. Pierquin, of Montpelier, placed on record the observation that in a patient, part of whose brain was exposed through disease, there was no movement of the organ of mind in ordinary undisturbed and dreamless sleep. When, on the contrary, the sleep was disturbed by dreams, the brain substance was elevated in proportion to the vivid nature of the dream.

In her waking state, this patient exhibited the same appearances; there was marked activity of the brain when she was engaged in lively or excited conversation. Experiment has, however, proved to us that without doubt the brain-substance receives less blood during sleep than in the waking state, which latter is accompanied by an increased flow of blood to the organ. Such a result is exactly that which the general inductions of physiology might have foretold. Blood passing to the brain is required and used for two purposesnamely, for the nutrition and physical conservation of the organ, and for supplying the potential energy, to be converted into thought, nerve-force, and the acts of life. During sleep, therefore, blood will be demanded for the first purpose alone. The wakeful activity which demands and requires the larger blood-supply is no longer represented, save, indeed, under abnormal conditions. And we thus arrive at a basis for constructing a theory of sleep and its causation, just as, at the commencement of this paper, we discovered a plain justification for its occurrence as an act and part of life. Sleep is produced by those causes which favour the withdrawal of blood from the brain, or rather by those which lessen the flow and force of the circulation in that organ. As an indication of the need of repair by rest, the bloodless condition of the sleeping brain appears in perfect harmony with the opposite condition of the wakeful state. And thus, also, it may be added, we may construct a reasonable approach to a theory of dreams in the statement that whatever favours an increase of brain-circulation during sleep will develop the dream-instincts, and liberate those dream-children which, Shakespeare notwithstanding, are not to be declared the offspring of "an idle brain."

That we have a power or faculty of abstracting our thoughts—and practically ourselves—from the external order of things by which we are surrounded, is, of course, a statement which has but to appeal to our common experience to attest its unquestioned veracity. It is important for our present purpose that we briefly glance at the subject of reverie, inasmuch as we may find a striking analogy between this state as experienced in our wakeful moments, and through the allied state of "automatism," an explanation of the mechanism of dreams. The ordinary sensation, received by an organ of sense from without, is transferred to some part of the brain specially concerned with the registration of such an impression, and is there converted into an idea. This idea in turn may be reflected hither a striker through the body, and appears in our waking life at action. Suppose, now, that ideas which I

brain are capable of being despatched or evolved therefrom at will. The production of thoughts thus-wise constitutes memory; and association duly links them together to form "a train of thought." But thought may be unattended by action. A whole train of ideas, or a complicated chain of reasoning, may be thought out in a kind of mental aside, and in that utter want of attention to our surroundings which constitutes the essential feature of the "absentminded man"-a phrase applicable only in so far as the term " absent-minded" applies to the immediate circumstances of the individual. Here there is automatic action of the brain pure and simple. The familiar instance of the rapid walk through the crowded streets of a city, whilst the mind is engaged in the pursuit of some recondite subject, is but another instance of the phenomena of abstraction carried into practical effect, and exemplifies an intermediate state between sleep and waking allied to somnambulism itself. From our wakeful moments to the reverie in our arm-chair is but a step. From such a reverie to the abstraction of our city walk is only another advance; and if we suppose the abstraction to deepen whilst the mental activity becomes annihilated, we obtain the dreamless sleep, as, on the other hand, with an increase of the mental activity, we ally ourselves to the dreamer and to the sleepwalker himself.

It is a curious circumstance that in certain individuals the faculty or habit of abstraction may become so thoroughly developed that the subject is to all intents and purposes an automaton pure and simple, and may be said to dwell on the borders of the somnambulistic state itself. The latter opinion alone can be expressed regarding the wellauthenticated case of the clergyman who, engaged in an abstruse mathematical calculation, was reminded by his wife that it was time to dress for dinner. The gentleman in question proceeded upstairs to his bedroom still deeply involved in his thoughts, with the result of being found, soon thereafter, in the act of getting into bed-a proceeding simply suggested to the semi-unconscious mind and well-nigh absent volition by the act of entering his bedchamber and commencing to undress. Only on the supposition of habit having developed this awkward faculty of allying oneself to a species of sleep in the hours of wakefulness can the doings of a late well-known Scottish Professor be accounted for. This gentleman passing out of college on one occasion ran against a cow. Pulling off his hat amid his abstraction, he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam !" Although aroused to a sense of his mistake, shortly thereafter he stumbled against a lady under somewhat similar

circumstances, greeting his astonished neighbour with the remark, "Is that you again, you brute?" It was this gentleman who bowed to his own wife in the streets, but remarked that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; whilst another vagary consisted in his making his appearance at college in the costume of his day, displaying on one leg a black stocking of his own, and on the other a white stocking of his better half. Another narrative credits the Professor with addressing a stranger in the street and asking this person to direct him to his own house. "But ye're the Professor!" replied the interrogated and astonished person. "Never mind," was the reply, "I don't want to know who I am—I want to know where the Professor lives!"

Such is a brief account of the condition we term Abstraction, serving to bridge over the gulf between the waking state and sleep; and the analogy becomes closer still if we venture to compare a well-authenticated case of so-called "automatism" in man, and thereafter to compare the details of such a case with the acts and behaviour of the absent-minded man, on the one side, and with those of the somnambulist on the other. The best-authenticated case of automatism pure and simple in man is the famous case of the French Sergeant F., reported by Dr. Mesnet. When twenty-seven years of age F. was wounded on the left side of the head by a ball. Immediately thereafter, his right side being paralysed, he became senseless. Three weeks afterwards he awoke to consciousness in the hospital at Mayence.

For a year the paralysis of the right side continued, but this condition improved under treatment. Curious periodical aberrations of the intellect, however, began to appear about three months after his mishap. These latter symptoms occurred at intervals, varying from fifteen to thirty days, and they lasted from fifteen to thirty hours. His abnormal periods were therefore short, as compared with his normal ones. The peculiarities of his abnormal period were very marked. His eyes were wide open; his movements were regular but automatic; he went wherever he was directed; when he stumbled over an object he felt about for the obstruction and then passed on one side; and he ate and drank as usual, and rose and retired to rest at his accustomed hours. More curious was the fact that pins might be run into his body without eliciting the slightest exclamation of pain. To electricity he was equally insensible; he heard not, but rarely saw, and did not distinguish what he ate or drank. His sense of touch alone was present, and ated degree; but curiously enough, when placed

be made automatically to express in pantomime the movements of reconnoitring or skirmishing in an enemy's country. He could hum a tune, and sang from a roll of paper placed in his hand as if it were a vocal score; and, as refreshment, swallowed between his songs, without grimace, a mixture of strong vinegar and water. That the sense of sight, although deficient, yet played a part in directing the abnormal life of F., was apparent in an experiment of Dr. Mesnet's, in which, when engaged in writing a letter, a screen was interposed between his eyes and his letter. The sergeant proceeded for a little time with his letter, finally, however, coming to a halt as his words became illegible, but without exhibiting a sign of annoyance; and when sheet after sheet of a superimposed series was withdrawn as he wrote, so that each sheet contained but a few words of his letter, he continued to write on, signing his name on the last sheet as if it contained the whole of his communication, and correcting the imaginary writing which he supposed was represented before him. His tobacco pouch being removed after the manufacture of a first cigarette, he neither saw nor smelt the missing object, but when placed in his hand the automatism of his nature asserted itself, and another cigarette was duly manufactured.

The seats of the senses in the brain, or "sensory ganglia," as they are named, may apparently serve as centres of action, even when the purely intellectual functions of the brain proper (or "cerebrum") are practically in abeyance; and such a remark, moreover, leads us to understand how in the phases of somnambulism, when mind proper is annihilated, there are performed movements and acts involving extreme caution, tact, and delicacy in their performances. From a long list of interesting examples, tending to prove the power of the sensory masses of the brain to guide the body in the absence of normal power of thought and will, we may select the following. Complete idiots, such as crétins of the first degree, spend their whole time, says Dr. Carpenter, basking in the sun or before the fire, but they nevertheless pass regularly, when excited by hunger, to the sources of their food-supply. A man whose history is given by Dr. Rush, being violently affected by losses in trade, was instantly deprived of his mental faculties. He took no notice of anybody or anything, nor did he express a desire to eat, but simply received his food when placed in his mouth. He was dressed in the morning. led to his chair, where he remained all day with inclined body, and eyes fixed on the floor. For five years he remained thus, but recovered suddenly and completely.

A sailor who had sustained an injury to his head lived in much the

same condition for about a year. The fractured bone being raised, he recovered; but the whole period intervening between his injury and the operation was a complete blank to his mind. The most notable case of this kind, showing the likeness of the purely sensorial state of life to the dream-and also giving the transition-stage connecting the sensory state and the intelligent life of every day-thus linking the dream with waking life, was that of a young woman who, previously in good health, fell into a river, lay insensible for six hours, and in ten days' time lapsed into a fit of stupor. From this she recovered in four hours, only to find that the power of speech and the senses of taste, smell, and hearing were in total abeyance. Sight and touch aroused no ideas, though automatically responsive movements attended the operation of these two senses. Her vision at short distances was quick, and her general sensibility exceedingly acute. Friends and relations were unrecognised, and she ate, without a sign of disgust, the most nauseous substances. She made no effort to feed herself, but when the spoon had a few times been conveyed to her mouth she automatically continued the act of feeding. Gradually she appeared to acquire ideas, and formed imitations of flowers from paper with which she was supplied; and this process of educating her mind as if she were still a child proceeded until she was able to do worsted work. Ultimately ideas connected with her past experiences began to dawn upon her. A picture of a troubled sea agitated her from the dull remembrance of her unpleasant association with water; and the sight of a young man to whom she had been attached gave her pleasure, whilst she became fretful when she did not see him at the accustomed times. Thereafter she took notice of her surroundings, began to articulate a few words, and exhibited in due course normal symptoms of emotion when she knew that her lover was paying attentions elsewhere. After a fit of stupor excited by jealousy she really awoke from a sleep of a year's duration, to find herself surrounded by her friends at Shoreham, and in the full possession of her natural faculties, save hearing, but without the slightest remembrance of her acts in her year of mind-abeyance.

There is little need to pursue these strange but instructive histories further, and we may now profitably turn to consider the parallelism between the automatic patient, the somnambulist, and the victim of commonplace abstraction. The somnambulist has in all ages excited the curiosity, often the fear, and not unfrequently the superstition of his fellow-men. By Horstius we are told that sleep-walkers were named "the ill-baptized," from an idea or belief that their acts arose from part of the ceremony of baptism having be-

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and from the consequent misrule of evil spirits. This writer himself, whilst opposing this view of matters, strongly leans to the belief that somnambulists represented prophets and seers who were guided and influenced by angels. In any case, it is by no means strange that the incidents of the sleep-vigil should have impressed the early mind with notions of a connection with an unseen universe. In the study of the sleep-vigil, we meet as before with stages and gradations which carry us from the waking dream or reverie to the more typical form of somnambulism proper. A form of sleep-vigil is known, for instance, in which the subject passes naturally, and without a disturbing interval, from the abstraction of the waking state into true somnambulism. Galen himself relates that he fell asleep whilst walking, and was aroused by striking his foot against a stone. Other cases are common enough in medical pages, in which persons have continued to play a musical instrument for some time after falling asleep, and similarly a reader and speaker has continued his recital during the earlier part of a sound nap. Here there is exemplified the passage, without a break, from abstraction to somnambulistic action. It is difficult, indeed, to find adequate grounds for drawing any hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the person who "thinks aloud" in his day dream, and the speaker who, fast asleep, continues his flow of oratory.

But the more typical cases of sleep-vigil present us with a further development of practical wakefulness amid abstraction from outward affairs of the most complete kind. To the consideration and explanation of natural somnambulism we are aptly led by the details of that artificial sleep-vigil which has received the popular name of "mesmerism" or "hypnotism." It is not our intention to say anything in the present instance regarding a subject which in itself presents material sufficient for a lengthy and extended investigation: we may, however, briefly glance at the essentials of this curious state in its especial relations to somnambulism and dreams. All physiologists are agreed that the explanation of the curious phenomena, which Mr. Braid, of Manchester, was the first to examine and report upon scientifically, rests in the fact that the hypnotized subject is firstly an easily impressed or susceptible person, and secondly, that the attention is fixed and strained under the influence of a powerful will and of a dominant idea or ideas proceeding from the operator. In his trance-like state, the subject is completely dominated by the ideas of the mesmerizer. As Dr. Maudsley remarks, "He feels, thinks, and does whatever he is told confidently that he shall feel, think, and do, however absurd it may be. If he is assured that

simple water is some bitter and nauseating mixture, he spits it out with grimaces of disgust when he attempts to swallow it; if he is assured that what is offered to him is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bitter as wormwood, he smacks his lips as if he had tasted something pleasant; if he is told that he is taking a pinch of snuff when there is not the least particle of snuff on his finger, he sniffs it and instantly sneezes; if warned that a swarm of bees is attacking him, he is in the greatest trepidation, and acts as if he were vigorously beating them off. . . . His own name he may know and tell correctly when asked to do so, but if it is affirmed positively to be some one else's name, he believes the lie and acts accordingly; or he can be constrained to make the most absurd mistakes with regard to the identities of persons whom he knows quite well. There is scarcely an absurdity of belief or of deed to which he may not be compelled, since he is to all intents and purposes a machine moved by the suggestions of the operator." So far as this exact description goes, there would appear to be a close likeness between the French sergeant described by Dr. Mesnet and the mesmerized subject. both the same mechanical phases are apparent, and in both the life and actions are distinctly automatic, and regulated essentially from without and at the will of the external guide and counsellor.

The natural somnambulist, in turn, closely resembles in his acts and habits the subject of the mesmerist's operations. It is a notable fact that in the scientific study of somnambulism great differences are found to exist in the relative activity of the senses. One sleep-walker may see but does not hear; a second may hear but be blind to external impressions. In some the eyes are closed; certain objects in one case may be seen, to the exclusion of others; and one sense-most frequently, perhaps, that of touch—may become inordinately acute. Such considerations lead us towards the explanation of the remarkable dexterity with which a somnambulist will conduct himself in the most untoward and dangerous situations. Like the mesmerised subject, the sleep-walker will execute feats of strength, of manual dexterity, or of acrobatic agility, such as in his waking state he would never dream of attempting. There is present in such cases an increased flow of nerve-power towards the particular sense or senses concerned in the direction of the sleep-walker. Everything that concerns other senses or matters foreign to the exact business in hand, so to speak, is excluded from the mental view. There is but one idea animating the mind, and the whole brain-force meregarded as concentrating itself for the performance c hand. The somnambulist, in short, has become a

in the matter of his dream, and his whole frame becomes subservient to the performance of the aim unconsciously set before him. On some such principle may we account satisfactorily for the walk during a sleep-vigil along the ledges of a house-roof, and the easy access to situations of peril. Under this unwonted stimulation of a special sense or senses, the difficult problems or unsolved tasks of the day may be successfully and unconsciously achieved during the night. The history related by Abercrombie in his "Intellectual Powers" of the sleep-vigil of an eminent lawyer illustrates the latter observation. A case involving the formation of an elaborate opinion had occupied this gentleman's attention for a considerable period. Rising from his bed in a sleep-vigil he was observed by his wife to pen a long communication at a desk which stood in his bedroom, the paper being carefully deposited in the desk, and the writer returning to bed. In the morning he related to his wife the particulars of a remarkable dream he had experienced, in which a clear train of thought respecting the case in question had occurred to him. To his regret, he added, he could not recollect the details of his dream, but on being referred to his desk the opinion in question was found clearly and lucidly written out. Numerous instances of like successful solutions of intricate problems in mathematics have been placed on record, but the details teach the same lesson respecting the exaltation of mental power, stimulated probably by the efforts of the day. which may take place in the brain which retains its activity in the watches of the night.

Persons have been known actually to swim for a considerable time in the somnambulistic state without waking at the termination of their journey; others have safely descended the shaft of a mine, whilst some have ascended steep cliffs, and have returned home in safety during a prolonged sleep-vigil. More extraordinary, perhaps, as showing the close likeness between the abnormal and automatic acts of the French sergeant with an injured brain, and the actions of the somnambulist suffering merely from functional disturbance of the organ of mind, is the case of a young French priest, related by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "Encyclopédie Méthodique." This subject was accustomed to pen his sermons during his sleep-vigils, and, having written a page, would read it aloud and duly correct it, even extending his alterations to include important grammatical and rhetorical effects. A card held between his eyes and his manuscript did not interfere with his work. After a page had been written it was removed, and a blank sheet of paper of the same size laid in its place, as in the experiment on Dr. Mesnet's patient. On this blank

sheet the unconscious writer made his corrections in the exact lines in which they would have appeared in his manuscript—in this latter respect imitating to the life the sergeant's procedure. In respect of his sensations, the subject of the archbishop's notice evinced a more acute disposition than Sergeant F., for his words bore only upon the subject which was engrossing his thoughts, and he heard and saw only such things as immediately concerned his work; whilst he detected the difference between brandy and water, when the latter fluid was supplied instead of the former, which he had asked for. The subjects and thoughts of one sleep-vigil were remembered during the next, but he was entirely unconscious in his waking hours of all that had taken place in his acted dreams.

It may thus be held that an injury of the brain may induce a condition closely allied in every respect to that exhibited in the natural sleepvigil; the differences between the condition of the priest and Sergeant F. being those of degree and not of kind, and the superiority of intellect, if so we may term it, being, as might naturally have been expected, on the side of the somnambulist. The correlation of the acts of the automatic patient with those of the dreamer is too plain to be mistaken. In both cases there would seem on superficial consideration to have been a power of discerning objects and of constructing a written manuscript, well-nigh as wonderful as that of "second sight" itself. But the explanation of such conditions is to be founded upon the consideration that in somnambulism and in the automatic patient, as in abstraction, reverie, and simple dreaming, there exists the power of projecting outwardly from mind and brain a vivid conception of the object engaging the attention of the dreamer-a power intensified and accelerated, as we have already seen, by the concentration of the faculties-wholly withdrawn from the outer world-upon the one and engrossing subject of the vigil. It seems perfectly clear that, as has well been expressed, we meet in the somnambulist the actor of a dream, under conditions of mind produced by some functional disturbance of brain. In the closely allied automatic state, also, we find a condition of mind the result of direct alteration of brainstructure, in which, as in the sleep-vigil, there exists a power of the brain to guide the body in the absence of consciousness, as commonly understood-such a power being perchance merely an exaggerated form of that whereby the day-dreamer withdraws his Ego from the outer world and communes with the universe which his fancy builds.

But we may now profitably study the dream pure and simple, as a conclusion to these chronicles of the abnormal action of brain a mind. The dream is not rigidly separated from the sleep-v

more than the latter is removed from abstraction and reverie by a great gulf fixed. The transition-stage between the dream simple and the dream acted is witnessed in the spasmodic movements which a vivid dream produces in the limbs or person of the sleeper. The dreamer engages in a fierce struggle, and twitchings of his legs and arms indicate the feeble response of body to the promptings of mind removed from its wonted power over the frame. Even the dog, as he sleeps, apparently dreams of the chase, and gives vent to his sensations by the short, sharp bark, or sniffs the air, and starts in his slumber as if in response to the activity with which, in his dreaming, he is hurrying along after the object of pursuit. But whilst dreaming may thus be shown to link itself to more unusual states of mind, it also presents us with a nearer approach to those fundamental conditions which constitute the basis of all the phenomena presented to us in the physiological history of sleep. From dreams we may start, as from a common centre, to well-nigh any and every abnormal state which mind and brain in their more unusual phases of action may exhibit; whilst conversely these phases may be often traced in their broad outlines and in their undeveloped state in the dream.

To approach the understanding of the dream in a satisfactory fashion, it is necessary to remind ourselves of the ordinary methods by which sensations or impressions are received and retained by the brain. Briefly detailed, and as already hinted at in a previous portion of this paper, the organ of sense receives, modifies, and transmits to the real seat of knowledge in the brain the conception of outer things impressed upon the sensory surface-eye, ear, or touch-bodies, as the case may be. From the brain the sensation converted primarily into the consciousness and knowledge of every-day existence may be reflected over the body to muscles or other organs, and therein produces effects corresponding to the nature of the original impression, and to the demands such a sensation makes upon the body and its interests. Just as often, however, impressions may pass from the outer world into the brain, and, whilst causing molecular stirrage in the seat of mind, may give no external sign or symptom of their mental reception. Despite the want of such outward indication of the brain's response to outer stimuli, there may ensue an internal act on the part of the brain itself, by way of reaction upon the sensation it has received and registered. Thus we have opened up before us a new region for thought. As the sensation received by the brain may be reflected to the muscles and cause us to indulge in a walk or in some other form of muscular activity, so the brmay simply distribute its sensations within itself. acquaintance in this fashion with the doctrine of the "reflex action of the brain." Such a thought affords a clue of much value to the knowledge of the nature of dreams and the allied states we have already considered. It is obviously not in any sense necessary that consciousness should take part in this transmission, from one part of the brain to another, of ideas and impressions. Indeed, if personal experience is appealed to, we may urge that of the mere existence of such action we are not likely to gain any knowledge from the ordinary acts and method of our waking lives. And still less is the will concerned in this reflex action of the brain. Admit that the brain may act and react upon itself, in virtue of external impressions received by it and retained within its mystic portals, and we are furnished with a key which, if it may not unlock all the secrets of the mental chamber, may nevertheless supply us with materials for a due understanding of what dreams are made of.

We have seen that the faculty of abstraction and reverie passes naturally into that of sleep, and in like manner we may suggest that the presence of such a faculty depends on this power of the brain to commune with itself which we have just been considering. Trains of thought, received casually it may be and without awaking any active mental response or the slightest glimmering of consciousness, are thus reproduced in the dream, it may be with automatic faithfulness, or on the other hand distorted beyond such recognition as we might have possessed of the original ideas. Such is the simple dream. Carried to a further extent, the dream becomes associated with action; the reflex power of the brain extends its limits; the simulation of the every-day power of calling bodily action into play takes place, and the ideas of the dream become acted. The way of the sleep-vigil is thus inaugurated and produced as a temporary phase of mental activity. Under other circumstances, it may be this reflex action of the brain will project from its memory-stores the remembered ideas of long ago or the unconscious registrations of past years; and thus the "hallucination" and "illusion" appear also as the product of the same action which, in a modified degree, produces the harmless visions of the night. Starting from the simple sensatior or impression, and beginning with its reception by the brain, we have but to think of the organ of mind reacting upon itself to form a starting-point for the outlines of a complete history of all mental acts, and of our walks in those strange byways of thought and action of which mention has been made in the context.

A very few considerations of interest, as bearing on the mechanism of dreams, may be added by way of bringing this already extended paper to a close.

Recent investigations into the functions of the brain point to the central ganglia, or those nervous masses (corpus striatum and optic thalamus) lying on the base of the brain, as the probable seat of the actions we have just been considering. These particular brainganglia appear to possess the direct function of converting intellectual operations into automatic actions. Thus the musical composition which at first requires the concentrated effort of mind to master it, may in a few days be "played off." The latter accomplishment is due to the "central ganglia," which, acting as private secretaries to the purely intellectual (and frontal) portion of the brain, have reproduced automatically what at first was an intellectual act and one demanding an exercise of attention and mental effort. The action of these ganglia in the production of dreams and somnambulism is readily understood, when we thus become aware of the facts that all parts of the brain do not possess the same intellectual value, and that these central masses are capable of forming reproductions and imitations of our waking lives, during the hours of sleep. In sleep, or it may be in illness or after injury, these lower brain-centres, in a word, assume the functions of higher centres, and play strange pranks with the rational slumbering existence, or with the waking but abnormal life of the diseased brain.

Various distinguished writers remarking on the phenomena of dreaming agree in affirming that the thoughts of our sleeping hours must invariably bear some defined relation to the antecedent thoughts and events of our lives-it may be to the acts of the previous day; or, on the other hand, to ideas separated from our last waking moments by an interval whose years make up the best part of a life's duration. To say that dreams may deal with subjects of which we have never had any knowledge whatever is to suggest the indefensible proposition that we can and do remember all the events and ideas which have occurred and been present with us during out entire existence, or, in one word, that memory is practically omniscient and infallible; whilst against the idea just noted we must place the opposing thought, that the brain's action being largely unconscious in the common operations of receiving, and certainly in those of registering and preserving, impressions, it is more logical to conclude that dreams usually represent images and conceptions of material things-these material ideas or events being often indistinctly presented, frequently altered and transmogrified in their reproduction, and commonly projected within the range of our nightthoughts in a fashion which may defy our recognition and comparison of them as parts of the waking-life of former days. There is no lack of proof from many sides of the extreme probability that these assumptions represent the whole or the greater part of the truth about dreams. That the event suggesting a dream is one which may cause us some trouble in identifying it with our distorted visions is easy of proof from the side of practical experience. Impressions on some special sense will produce very characteristic dreams, the origin of which may take such trouble in its determination that we might well be tempted to deny the material origin of the vision. Dr. Reid had a blister applied to his head, and dreamt accordingly that he had been scalped by Indians. Here the connection between the dream and the outward impression, manipulated so to speak by the brain, was clear. But that connection may be anything but patent in cases where a person dreams of being frozen to death, the exciting cause having been merely a deficiency of bedclothes on a chilly night. In a case related by Dr. Carpenter, where an eminent judge dreamt of being tormented by a crowd of lizards which were crawling over him, the origin of the dream was still more difficult to trace. The cause of his reptilian visitation was readily explicable, however, on his entering the apartment in which he had spent the previous evening, when he saw on the base of a clock a number of carved lizards. A similar instance is afforded by a personal experience of the writer, in which he dreamt that he was walking in a forest in which lizards of every hue and kind were engaged in a combat with humming-birds. Puzzling himself over the origin of this dream, it at last dawned upon his recollection that some time previously he had travelled in a railway-carriage having for his vis-à-vis a lady whose hat was decorated with humming-birds' plumage, fastened by a brooch accurately representing a lizard. By the same kind of association revived by memory, and often projecting forgotten reminiscences into the mental foreground, dreams are suggested which deal with events at first sight apt to be mistaken for those of utterly spontaneous nature. Maury relates that in early life he visited a village on the Marne named Trilport. His father had built a bridge at this spot. The subject of one dream was that his childhood days were again being spent at Trilport, and that a man in uniform, on being asked his name, told Maury that he was the bridge gate-keeper and mentioned his name, which Maury distinctly remembered when he woke. Of this name dd servant of he had no recollection whatever, but on his father's if a person of the name

at Trilport bridge, she replied in the affirmative, and mentioned that the man kept the gate when the bridge was built.

Thus does memory play strange tricks with our imagination, especially when the latter faculty runs riot in the absence of will and consciousness, and relates itself to the world of dreams. The supernatural theory of dreams and warnings recently revived in our midst is, after all, but a sop to the Cerberus of ignorance. It is easy—far too easy for the peace and comfort of many minds—to convert a mere coincidence between a dream and an event into a close relationship which sees in the dream a foreshadowing of the event in question. But in science, as in healthy common-sense, there is no justification for the continuance of such superstition. If certain dreams are warnings and portents, what shall we say of those to which no such function can be attached? And if of certain trivial events we are forewarned, what is the explanation of the striking anomaly, that of the grave disasters of life we usually receive no warning at all?

Dr. Maudsley says, "It has been justly remarked that if we were actually to do in sleep all the strange things which we dream we do, it would be necessary to put every man in restraint before he went to bed; for, as Cicero said, dreamers would do more strange things than madmen. A dream put into action must indeed look very much like insanity (e.g. the ordinary sleep-vigil), as insanity has at times the look of a waking dream."

Poets without number have invariably treated dreams as the best type of the unrealities and idealities of life and nature. The physiologist, on the contrary, sees in the visions of the night no trifling objects unworthy of serious study and reflection, but indications and clues to the better understanding of the mysteries which beset our waking lives. "The grave portents" of the night in this view cast no shadow over the future, and exercise no sway over the destinies of the modern mind. They serve, however, a nobler purpose, as aids, through their revelations of the leisure-fancies of the brain, towards a knowledge of the boundaries which separate the realm of body from that of mind—boundaries which, in truth, "divide our being."

ANDREW WILSON.

# SCIENCE NOTES.

#### SWALLOWS AND CHOLERA.

I T has been stated again and again that swallows desert a district infected with cholera. The cholera correspondent of the *Times* (August 2) says that "it is certain that there are none just now in Marseilles."

Biologists appear to have hitherto regarded the statement as a popular fancy, but I think it worthy of better treatment. The idea that the bird has a mysterious instinct, by which it divines the evil and avoids it, is of course absurd; but there may be other very good and practical reasons, from a swallow's point of view, for leaving any place where the virus abounds.

We know that swallows feed chiefly on gnats, and also that by far the longest period of gnat-life is spent in the water. The gnat is a winged air-wandering creature only during the last brief breeding state of its existence. During all its growing life it is an aquatic animal: the egg floats on the surface of water; the pupa is a twisting, jerking, jointed, worm-like creature, living and feeding in the water, though breathing air through a tube, which it thrusts above the surface; the big-headed, wriggling, tufted larva lives in like manner, and elaborates within it the winged creature that merely emerges to perform parental duties in air and die.

As cholera is propagated by polluted water, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that such pollution is inimical to gnat-life, and if so, the disappearance of the swallows is at once explained. They naturally desert the place from which their food-supplies are cut off.

### THE MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

HAVE long since been satisfied that the coming and going of the swallows, &c., with the seasons is simply a matter of foraging. If the summer is late, the swallows are late, not because they have any divinely inspired meteorological instincts, but simply because the cold weather delays the hatching of the gnat eggs and the develop-

ment of the pupæ and larvæ, and consequently retards the supply of winged food. I believe that the swallows, &c., move northward just as fast as the northerly gnats emerge, and thus the birds migrate gradually. When they pass from continent to islands or vice verså, they traverse narrow channels, where the opposite coast is visible to the keen vision of the birds from their lofty point of view.

In the autumn the failure of their food in gradually advancing southward zones urges them in the opposite direction.

The date of migration of the swallow does not correspond with parallels of latitude, but rather with isothermal zones. They arrive in warm and sheltered valleys earlier than in colder exposed districts of corresponding latitudes, and remain later in the warm regions.

The cases of hibernation which are recorded appear to have occurred in very mild districts, where gnats of some kind come out on sunny winter days, and the swallows come out also and eat them.

It is well known that swallows are occasionally seen in winter-Gilbert White (Natural History of Selborne, Letter 12, March 9, 1772) relates an instance that came under his own observation "near the mouth of the Lewes river," Newhaven, where he and a friend were "surprised to see three house-swallows gliding swiftly by" on the 4th November. He says that "from this incident, and from repeated accounts that I have met with, I am more and more induced to believe that many of the swallow kind do not depart from this island, but lay themselves up in holes and caverns; and do, insect-like and bat-like, come forth at mild times and then retire again to their latebræ."

It should be noted that "the sea banks of Newhaven," where this occurred, are low flats walled in on the east, west, and north by tall chalk cliffs and downs, and have a remarkably mild winter climate.

The idea that such birds as swallows hibernate in a state of torpidity, that continues unbroken for months, is controverted by all we know of the physiology of their organisation and the high development of their nervous and respiratory organs.

White says further in the letter above quoted: "Nor make I the least doubt but that if I lived at Newhaven, Seaford, Brighthelmstone, or any of those towns near the chalk cliffs of the Sussex coast, by proper observations, I should see swallows stirring at periods of the winter, when the noons were soft and inviting, and the sun warm and invigorating."

These remarks are significant, and suggest an explanation of in of the controversy concerning the occasional hibern

birds of passage. The different conclusions of different observers may have been due to the differences of their geographical position. Our climate, which just fringes the conditions of possible winter subsistence, renders it quite possible that a few miles between two places, as between Selborne and Newhaven, may make all the difference between no swallows and a few swallows remaining and living during mild winters.

#### BORIC ACID AND INFECTION.

I N one of my notes of last June ("Cholera Germs and Boric Acid") I suggested that by taking boric acid in small quantities daily with our food we may be "rendering ourselves antiseptic like the mutton" described in another note; that we may avail ourselves of the wonderful properties of this nearly tasteless substance by using it to preserve ourselves against all diseases that really are propagated by agencies analogous to those which induce putrefaction, whether they be bacilli, bacteria, micrococci, or the chemical disturbances of old-fashioned pathology.

On July 21 M. E. de Cyon read a paper to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, showing that he had asked himself the same question, and, being more industrious than myself, was not content with the mere asking, but set to work laboriously to answer it.

He describes the results of experiments that have extended over a period of six years. He finds that common borax is a powerful antiseptic, and that it may be taken internally in sufficient quantity to preserve the body from all contagions caused by parasites or microbes without producing any functional disturbance. For the prevention of cholera he recommends that boric acid or a solution of borax be applied to all the external mucous membranes, and about six grains of borax to be taken every twenty-four hours with the food and drink.

His experiments indicate that it not only acts directly on the microbes that may have established colonies in the intestinal canal, but that it also attacks the bacilli that are breeding in the blood.

The marvellous results I have lately witnessed in the injected mu n, &c. (see following note, and first note, June last), indicate that boric acid and its compounds combine antiseptic energy with general chemical gentleness in a degree that is unparalleled by any other known compound. Chlorine, hypochlorous acid, sulphurous acid, &c., resulphurous acid, &c., resulphurous acid, &c., resulphurous acid, are poisons as well as antis

a salt which has no disturbing action on the stomach, none on the blood, has no stimulating or depressing action on the nervous system, does not trouble the liver, throws down no precipitate by its reaction on any of the constituents of the body, but its solution remains as liquid, harmless, and removable as that of common table salt.

If I were a physician I would devote myself to the practical study of this elixir. One of my first experiments would be to make an accurately fitting mask in lint, then saturate this with a solution of boric acid, and apply it closely to the face of a small-pox patient. If this succeeded, I would next proceed to "pack" a patient in a similarly borized sheet—hydropathic fashion—then try dry powdered boric acid peppered over the ordinary sheets or the inside of the night-dress, and painting the pustules separately with boric solutions. Experiments that I have made on common pimples and incipient boils indicate that such treatment would extinguish the loathsome pestilence.

#### BORIZED MEAT.

As my readers may remember, the sheep that supplied the "Curious Banquet" described in a note on this subject (June last) was tested by hanging in the cool basement of the Society of Arts' Building from February 8 to April 2, when it was cooked.

The result was so remarkable, especially when supplemented by the fate of the two uncooked chops I carried home, that I resolved to make a further and still more severe experiment by hanging a joint of the prepared meat in a warm place above ground in my own house during the hottest part of the year, until it succumbed.

I accordingly purchased a haunch of injected mutton, which I received on the 19th of July, and hung it accordingly, without any bag or other covering, in an ill-constructed larder on the ground level, where other newly killed meat similarly exposed by its side during the intensely hot weather that followed could not be kept in eatable condition above three days.

At the end of the first week the borized haunch remained perfectly untainted, excepting on the cut surface at the thick end, where the bluebottles had settled and deposited their eggs. These hatched, and a brood of maggots appeared, but they presently fell off. At the end of July no more were there, and the cut surface became dry and hard. The only indication of decomposition then displayed was inside a fold of the flank, where a green mildew for The bulk of the joint was perfectly sweet, and had the

appearance of fresh mutton which had been hanging a short time in cold weather.

This state continued into August, during the excessively hot weather then prevailing. On the 10th of August, after twenty-two days of this severe ordeal, it was still in good condition. The 11th and 12th were two of the hottest days we have had for many years in this country. Ordinary meat then became tainted in forty-eight hours. On the 13th I examined the haunch very carefully, and detected symptoms of giving way. It was softer, and was pervaded throughout with a slight malodour. On the 14th it became worse, and then I had it cooked. It was decidedly gamey; the fat, or rather the membranous junction between fat and lean, and the membranous envelopes of the muscles had succumbed, but the substance of the muscles, the firm lean parts of the meat were quite eatable, and eaten by myself and other members of my family. There was no taste of boric acid, and the meat was unusually tender.

My conclusions from this experiment are that this method of injecting boric acid by the action of the heart will enable carcasses to be brought here without any refrigeration from any part of the Atlantic Coast of America, or from any part of Europe, but that it is not sufficient alone for the journey through the tropics from Australasia.

If Dr. Richardson's "Euthanasia" (described in my next note) were adopted instead of the present clumsy method of stunning, the result would doubtless be more reliable and satisfactory. The circulation of the borized blood might be continued for a longer period, the diffusion of the boric acid would be more complete, and probably a still smaller quantity would be sufficient. All possible objections on humanitarian grounds would also be removed.

#### DR. RICHARDSON'S "LETHAL CHAMBER."

ANY and many a time during many years past I have deplored the fact that, amidst the multitude of magazines with which we are flooded, there is one class, the most classical of all, that has long remained without a notable representative.

The "Spectator," by Addison and Steele, the "Rambler," by Dr. Johnson, the "Gridiron," by that great master of pure English, William Cobbett, were animated by a personal individuality, were literary bodies with definite souls. I do not desire that the modern magazine, the literary polype, with its multifarious contributors, should be superseded; but that side by side with it we should have a few of anting the minds of representative men less

formally, more spontaneously, more conversationally and sociably than is possible in any laboured volume.

I had quite given up the hope of witnessing such a revival, when the first number of Dr. Richardson's "Asclepiad" appeared at the beginning of the present year. There is no mistake about the distinct individuality of its author, and that he has something to say. Besides this, there is a peculiar quaintness of style that reminds the reader at once of the classical magazines I have named.

In the current number Dr. Richardson tells us that when he was quite young "the blessed re-discovery of the process for rendering the bodies of men and animals insensible to pain during surgical operations was the grand event," an event that so possessed him as to render its improvement and extension a part of his whole life's work during the last forty years.

The "latest outcome" of these researches is described in the perfecting of a "process of making death itself entirely painless to the lower creation."

The various steps of this research are described, the final result being the adoption of carbonic oxide as the most effective, cheapest, and practically the most manageable anæsthetic; and the construction of a "lethal chamber," wherein, without violence of any kind, a considerable number of animals may be caused to fall into a gentle sleep with the heart still beating, the blood still circulating but all the centres of volition and sensation absolutely dead; the throbbing body still there, but the conscious creature gone. In this state the mechanical remnant may be left to gradually lose its movement, or, if required for food, the last pulsations of the heart may be used for ejecting the blood, and, I may add, for injecting boric acid

The lethal chamber is a wooden tunnel of square section, with double walls, holding a layer of sawdust between them to maintain an equable temperature. This is closed by a valved screen or flap at the entrance. A cage on wheels runs freely inside it. When the apparatus is to be used the animals are placed in the cage, and the chamber is charged with the lethal air. Then the cage is run in lifting the entrance valve as it proceeds, its own end closing the chamber in the meantime. A movable screen at the other end is pushed forward by the cage to allow for the displacement of air by the cage and its contents. Finally, the outer door of the chamber is closed firmly to make all air-tight. The introduction of the cage and closing of the chamber occupies less than half a minute.

This apparatus has been practically applied at the Dogs' Home

Battersea, and several hundreds of destitute dogs, that otherwise must have been clumsily and more or less cruelly killed, have been humanely relieved of life under the direct superintendence of Dr. Richardson himself.

The next step should be the fitting up of a large slaughter-house with these appliances; then the compulsory application of this method to all slaughter-houses; and, finally, its substitution for the gallows, by a modification allowing the criminal to effect his own despatch, in Japanese fashion, by simply opening a valve.

#### ANTI-VACCINATION.

In the same number of the "Asclepiad" as the above is a notice of the report on small-pox, chicken-pox, cow-pox, and vaccination, by Joseph Jones, M.D., President of the Board of Health of the State of Louisiana. Dr. Richardson says: "Reading the essay carefully through, I am brought to the conclusion that no approach to it as a history of vaccination can be found elsewhere."

I quote this, being convinced that the outcry against vaccination abounds in rabid folly, and is doing serious mischief, so far as it extends, and therefore such a work as that of Dr. Jones is needed not merely among medical men, but also outside of the profession. A cheap reprint would be very desirable in this country.

I have met several furious specimens of the peculiar people who have made anti-vaccination their "mission"—one lady especially, of very "advanced views" on most subjects, who conscientiously believes that the small-pox is a blessing, a means of salvation from the original physical sin with which she supposes all unconverted or unerupted human bodies are defiled.

My customary reply to her and others of the same sect is to ask whether they have ever witnessed a case of malignant small-pox—whether they have ever sat by the bedside of the sufferer, so as fairly to appreciate the horrors of this most loathsome disease. They have all evaded the question or replied in the negative.

I once witnessed the case of an unvaccinated American family where father, mother, and three daughters were stricken together: the dreadful suffering of all, the permanent maining of the girls, and the crushing remorse of the guilty parents, who could never look upon the faces of their children without being reminded of their criminal neglect of parental duty, combined to constitute a dreadful domestic tragedy that must have overtime and anti-vaccinator, had he seen it all ar

# TABLE TALK.

# A JOURNALIST'S COMPLAINT.

N the preface to the collected edition of his "Echoes of the Week" 1 Mr. George Augustus Sala gives utterance to a complaint which many of his brother-journalists will echo. It is that while the work which by the necessity of things is executed most perfunctorily and in most urgent haste is, within the small circle by which reputations are made, attributed to him, the leading articles on which he is compelled to bestow labour and thought are absolutely anonymous, and are forgotten the day after their appearance. Somewhat startling is Mr. Sala's confession that while hours are necessarily devoted to the consideration of a leading article, instalments of stories have been written under such pressure in "the brief intervals between the daily spells of grinding newspaper toil" that he has often forgotten the names of the characters whom he had introduced in the preceding portion. So far as Mr. Sala's complaint has any significance, it is an argument in favour of signed articles, a privilege for which journalists have long wished, and which now seems coming within reach. No special disadvantage attends the brilliant writer in question. He has established a name among the foremost in his craft, and would probably, if the matter were brought to a general vote, be recognised as the most absolutely representative among English modern journalists. In the sifting which must necessarily follow in future generations the enormous literary production of to-day, who shall say what work will live? I doubt whether a collection of newspaper leaders, the subjects of which are forgotten, would swell greatly the literary baggage with which any living writer will be allowed to travel to posterity.

## MONTE CARLO.

I T is impossible that evils so gigantic as the gaming establishments at Monte Carlo should long outlive the chorus of reprobation they have aroused. I am reluctant they should expire without

Remington & Co.

having lifted a finger to aid in their subversal. Europe in the last century was studded with gambling resorts. Apart from the public gaming tables at Baden, Homburg, or elsewhere, there was scarcely a watering-place, or a place of summer resort like Grenoble or Aix, where a man burdened with loose cash might not find a congregation of gamblers and chevaliers d'industrie ready to ease him of it. Slowly public opinion has put down public gambling as immoral, and now Monte Carlo is a solitary representative of one of the most mischievous of human institutions. Gorged with the spoils of its predecessors, it stands a moral pest-house. In the midst of the loveliest scenery Europe can boast, on the chief health resort of the south, it remains a centre of contagion. Seventeen million francs it annually draws from its victims, which means, according to calculations that cannot be disputed, that between twenty and thirty millions sterling are annually won and lost at the tables. The difficulty seems to be how to get at the owner. If a princeling were to maintain in Europe-and close to such countries as Italy, France, and Switzerland, and practically Spain also-a physical pest-house, a seat of disease whence small-pox or cholera spread to adjoining countries, he would find himself compelled to put his house in order. A collective remonstrance from the Powers would, in such case, bring about an immediate change. If not, the process described by an Eastern prince as that he would employ to England if he went to war with it might be recommended, and an army of sappers and miners might be sent to tumble the entire principality into the sea.

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

THE recommendation contained in the report of M. de Lesseps to the Paris Academy of Science that a statue should be erected to the Marquis Claude-François-Dorothée Jouffroy, known derisively in his own day as Jouffroy-la-pompe, adds one more to the cases in which a tardy triumph has been devised for those who in their own day were neglected and scorned. Born in 1751 of one of the great noble families of Franche-Comté, Jouffroy d'Abbans was one of the first, and probably the first, in his century to make a vessel travel by steam power. With the aid of a village brazier he constructed a vessel which in the months of June and July 1776, at Baumes-les-Dames, moved by steam power upon the Doubs. A more ambitious experiment, attended by a moderate amount of success, was made afterwards on the Saône at Lyons. All chance of benefiting by his invention was denied him. The privileges he sought from the

Academy of Science, which now contemplates erecting to him a statue, were denied for years, until in the end Jouffroy, ruined, withdrew into seclusion, and died in 1832 in the Invalides, of cholera. If the much-debated discovery in 1543 of Blasco de Garay be put on one side, as assumably should be the case, Jouffroy will have about as good a claim to the invention of the steamboat as has Gutenberg to that of printing. As in the case of most great discoveries, the idea was in the air, and the Marquis was almost, if not quite, the first to employ it with success. I hope he will have his statue. Talking of marquises and statues, we have a Marquis of Worcester who is as much entitled to a statue as any discoverer of them all. Balzac, it is known, wrote a drama, "Les Ressources de Quinola," on an imaginary discovery of a steam ship, and the persecution brought on the discoverer.

#### PRESERVATION OF ART TREASURES.

HERE is one thing worse than neglecting to secure for the nation the pictures which, for their intrinsic value or for the light they cast upon the history of art, are of special interest: this is to purchase them and allow them to perish. Once more it has been emphatically declared in the House of Lords that the pictures in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington are crumbling away, and are in great danger of destruction from fire. A speaker for the trustees owns the truth of the assertion, and Government says it is very sorry, but can do nothing. Now, the destruction of a collection such as that at South Kensington, or indeed of the National Gallery, which is in scarcely less danger, would be more than a national loss -it would be a world's loss and a national shame. There can surely be no question that one of the most imperative of duties is to place our art treasures in fireproof buildings. So dreadful are some risks we run that I dare not, in my anxiety to avert evil omen, even speak of them.

# DULNESS OF VILLAGE LIFE.

THE Puritan notion that gloom and asceticism are good things in themselves, and that participation in amusement is an offence against the Deity, dies hard. It is now, however, moribund, and those who hold more cheerful views may contemplate the agonies of its dissolution. Wholly beneficial, it is now seen, is the influence upon the people of innocent amusements; and the dwellers in cities are in this respect immeasurably better off than the agricultural classes. At no

period in history has the life of a farm labourer been less bright than now it is. The extension of means of communication has centralized commerce, and has thus broken up the local fairs and feasts at which Hodge or Giles obtained such slight familiarity with his fellowcreatures as ever he knew. The gatherings at archery butts, his enforced presence at which in feudal times was a sign of serfdom, furnished some break in the monotony of his daily life, and brought him into some form of association with his fellows. Nothing now happens to vary the monotony of a life of labour and sleep which knows few but purely animal enjoyments. It is pleasant to think that the dulness of country life is at length attracting attention, and that effort is being made to bring some form of entertainment within the reach of the villager. So far the proposals made are not specially satisfactory. Penny readings are very well in their way, but their influence is not wholly exhilarating, and the scheme of multiplying amateur dramatic companies is simply feeble. A Cottage Arts Association will begin operations this year. This may be very well for the young, and may train them to a capacity for increased observation and correspondingly augmented power of enjoyment. For the grown labourer, however, it will do nothing. After all, a multiplication of circulating libraries at the cheapest possible subscription would for the present be the best thing to be done. The chief difficulty attending such institutions is the anxiety of the committee to confine the choice to goody-goody books, and to keep out of the reach of Hodge most forms of fiction. This is preposterous. The literature of the day and the feelings and sympathies of the day should be brought before the villager as well as the townsman if we seek to supply the former with the robustness of view which is commencing to distinguish the latter.

## MODERN BOOK AUCTIONS.

I HAVE more than once referred to the singular proofs of the revival of interest in things theatrical which recent days have witnessed. Full and curious confirmation of my statements has been furnished in the auction sales of the close of the last season. Wanting, for purposes of work, a few theatrical volumes not easily accessible, I purchased certain of them from the libraries of the late James Crossley and John Payne Collier, and from the collection of Mr. Julian Marshall. The price I was compelled to pay, not for black-letter volumes of Pynson or Wynkyn de Worde, for daintee French Elzevirs or early Aldines, but for badly print

by supplying at its stations water at the price of milk. A penny a glass for cold water! The charge appears to me to be infamous. Why, at almost every French station there is a fountain or a tap, to which the passenger can run and fill his bottle, or, in a long journey, wash some of the topmost dust from his face and hands! Why, in Norway, again, the railway carriage carries with it a large provision of iced water, to which the traveller has continuous access! We are in these respects barbarously behind other nations, and the fact that we sell water appears to me to add to our infamy. I fancy with what regret our great companies regard the free air of heaven blowing "where it listeth," and recognise the difficulty in the way of taxing it or doling it out as a costly luxury.

#### ENGLISH CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON.

R. ASHTON'S "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I." 1 enables one to realise the extent of the fear and hatred inspired by the great conqueror. Caricature, as it was understood at the beginning of the century, is coarse enough in all conscience, and the satire upon our own institutions is sufficiently indecorous and highly spiced to satisfy most appetites. With Bonaparte we go even further. The most successful joke appears to be to present him as the Arch-fiend. As such he is exhibited in the design reproduced upon the cover, which shows "Boney on St Helena" a species of immeasurable Colossus, with huge cloven feet resting upon the highest mountains of the island, with a pair of ragged, crow-like wings, and with horns, tipped at the end, projecting through the familiar cocked hat. Gillray again presents Napoleon with his brother holding "high jinks" with Death and the Devil. In one design Napoleon is shown arranging for the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa, and in another personally superintending the murder of Desaix, who is shot in the back from behind a tree. Positively atrocious is a picture assigned to Gillray, called "Buonaparte Fortyeight Hours after Landing," in which the head of the Corsican, dripping blood, is carried upon a pitch-fork. Josephine, too, is treated with scant courtesy, and is depicted as a fat, blowzy woman. Some of the caricatures are, of course, higher in merit than others, but the amount of invention they disclose is but small. Mr. Ashton's comments are interesting and vivacious, and the book, apart from its value as a contribution to history, is eminently readable and stimulating.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1884.

# PHILISTIA.

By CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TELL IT NOT IN GATH.

S they sat silent in that little sitting-room after supper, a double A knock at the door suddenly announced the arrival of a telegram for Ernest. He opened it with trembling fingers. It was from Lancaster :- "Come down to the office at once. Schurz has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and we want a leader about him for to-morrow." The telegram roused Ernest at once from his stupefied lethargy. Here was a chance at last of doing something for Max Schurz and for the cause of freedom! Here was a chance of waking up all England to a sense of the horrible crime it had just committed through the voice of its duly accredited judicial mouthpiece! The country was trembling on the brink of an abyss, and he, Ernest Le Breton, might just be in time to save it. The Home Secretary must be compelled by the unanimous clamour of thirty millions of free working people to redress the gross injustice of the law in sending Max Schurz, the greatest, noblest, and purestminded of mankind, to a common felon's prison! Nothing else on earth could have moved Ernest, jaded and dispirited as he was at that moment, to the painful exertion of writing a newspaper leader after the day's fatigues and excitements, except the thought that by doing so he might not only blot out this national disgrace, as he considered it, but might also help to release the martyr of the people's rights from his incredible, unspeakable punishment. Flushed and feverish though he was, he rose straight up from the table, handed the telegram to Edie without a word, and started off alone to hail a hansom cab and drive down immediately to the office. Arthur VOL. CCLVII. NO. 1846.

Berkeley, fearful of what might happen to him in his present excited state, stole out after him quietly, and followed him unperceived in another hansom at a little distance.

When Ernest got to the Morning Intelligence buildings, he was shown up at once into the editorial room. He expected to find Mr. Lancaster at the same white heat of indignation as himself; but to his immense surprise he actually found him in the usual sleepy languid condition of apathetic impartiality. "I wired for you, Le Breton," the impassive editor said calmly, "because I understand you know all about this man Schurz, who has just got his twelve months' imprisonment this evening. I suppose, of course, you've heard already all about it."

"I've been at the trial all day," Ernest answered, "and myself heard the verdict and sentence."

"Good," Mr. Lancaster said with a dreamy touch of approval in his tone. "That's good journalism, certainly, and very smart of you. Helps you to give local colour and realistic touches to the matter. But you ought to have called in here to see me immediately. We shall have a regular reporter's report of the trial, of course; but reporters' reports are fearfully and wonderfully lifeless. If you like, besides the leader, you might work up a striking headed article on the Scene in Court. This is an important case, and we want something more about it than mere writing, you know; a little about the man himself and his personal history, which Berkeley tells me you're well acquainted with. He's written something called 'Gold and the Proletariate,' or whatever it is; just tell our readers all about it. to the leader, say what you like in it-of course I shall look over the proof, and tone it down a bit to suit the taste of our public-we appeal mainly to the mercantile middle class, I need hardly say; but you know the general policy of the paper, and you can just write what you think best, subject to subsequent editorial revision. Get to work at once, please, as the articles are wanted immediately, and send down slips as fast as they're written to the printers."

Ernest could hardly contain his surprise at Mr. Lancaster's calmness under such unheard-of circumstances—when the whole laborious fabric of British liberties was tottering visibly to its base—but he wisely concluded to himself that the editor had to see articles written about every possible subject every evening—from a European convulsion to a fire at a theatre,—and that use must have made it in him a property of easiness. When a man's obliged to work himself up perpetually into a state of artificial excitement about every railway accident, explosion, shipwreck, earthquake, or volcanic eruption, in

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Breton, and I know what a well-meaning, ardent, enthusiastic person he really is, and how much good actually underlies all his chaotic socialistic notions. But at any rate, I do beg of you, don't say anything to further excite and hurt poor Le Breton."

"Certainly not," the editor answered, smoothing his large hands softly, one over the other. "Certainly not; though I confess, as a practical man, I don't sympathise in the least with this preposterous German refugee fellow. So far as I can learn, he's been at the bottom of half the revolutionary and insurrectionary movements of the last twenty years—a regular out-and-out professional socialistic incendiary."

"You wouldn't say so," Berkeley replied quietly, "if you'd seen more of him, Lancaster." But being a man of the world, and having come mainly on Ernest's account, he didn't care to press the abstract question of Herr Max's political sincerity any further.

"Well," the editor went on, a little testily, "be that as it may, I won't discuss the subject with your friend Le Breton, who's really a nice, enthusiastic young fellow, I think, as far as I've seen him. I'll simply let him write to-night whatever he pleases, and make the necessary alterations in proof afterwards, without talking it over with him personally at all. That'll avoid any needless discussion and ruffling of his supersensitive communistic feelings. Poor fellow, he looks very ill indeed to-night. I'm really extremely sorry for him."

"When will he be finished?" asked Arthur.

"At two," the editor answered.

"I'll send a cab for him," Arthur said; "there'll be none about at that hour, probably. Will you kindly tell him it's waiting for him."

At two o'clock or a little after, Ernest drove home with his heart on fire, full of eagerness and swelling hope for to-morrow morning. He found Edie waiting for him, late as it was, with a little bottle of wine—an unknown luxury at Mrs. Halliss's lodgings—and such light supper as she thought he could manage to swallow in his excitement. Ernest drank a glass of the wine, but left the supper untasted. Then he went to bed, and tossed about uneasily till morning. He couldn't sleep through his anxiety to see his great leader appear in all the added dignity of printer's ink, and rouse the slumbering world of England up to a due sense of Max Schurz's wrongs and the law's incomprehensible iniquity.

Before seven, he rose very quietly, dressed himself without saying a word, and stole out to buy an early copy of the Morning Intelligence. He got one at the small tobacconist's shop round the corner, where

he had taken his first hint for the Italian organ-boy leader. It was with difficulty that he could contain himself till he was back in Mrs. Halliss's little front parlour; and there he tore open the paper eagerly, and turned to the well-remembered words at the beginning of his desperate appealing article. He could recollect the very run of every clause and word he had written: "No Englishman can read without a thrill of righteous indignation," it began, "the sentence passed last night upon Max Schurz, the author of that remarkable economical work, 'Gold and the Proletariate.' Herr Schurz is one of those numerous refugees from German despotism who have taken advantage of the hospitable welcome usually afforded by England to the oppressed of all creeds or nations"-and so forth, and so forth. Where was it, now? Yes, that was it, in the place of honour, of course—the first leader under the clock in the Morning Intelligence. His eye caught at once the opening key-words, "No Englishman." Sinking down into the easy chair by the flowers in the window, he prepared to run it through at his leisure with breathless anxiety.

"No Englishman can read without a feeling of the highest approval the sentence passed last night upon Max Schurz, the author of that misguided economical work, 'Gold and the Proletariate.' Herr Schurz is one of those numerous refugees from German authority, who have taken advantage of the hospitable welcome usually afforded by England to the oppressed of all creeds or nations, in order to hatch plots in security against the peace of sovereigns or governments with which we desire always to maintain the most amicable and cordial relations." Ernest's eyes seemed to fail him. The type on the paper swam wildly before his bewildered vision. What on earth could this mean? It was his own leader, indeed, with the very rhythm and cadence of the sentences accurately preserved, but with all the adjectives and epithets so ingeniously altered that it was turned into a crushing condemnation of Max Schurz, his principles, his conduct, and his ethical theories. From beginning to end, the article appealed to the common-sense of intelligent Englishmen to admire the dignity of the law in thus vindicating itself against the atrocious schemes of a dangerous and ungrateful political exile who had abused the hospitality of a great free country to concoct vile plots against the persons of friendly sovereigns and innocent ministers on the European continent,

Ernest laid down the paper dreamily, and leant back for a moment in his chair, to let his brain recover a little from the reeling dizziness of that crushing disappointment. Then he turned in a giddy mechanical fashion to the headed article on the fourth page. There the self-same style of treatment met once more his astonished gaze. All the minute facts as to Max Schurz's history and personality were carefully preserved; the description of his simple artisan life, his modest household, his Sunday evening receptions, his great following of earnest and enthusiastic refugees-every word of all this, which hardly anyone else could have equally well supplied, was retained intact in the published copy; yet the whole spirit of the thing had utterly evaporated, or rather had been perverted into the exact opposite unsympathetic channel. Where Ernest had written "enthusiasm," Lancaster had simply altered the word to "fanaticism;" where Ernest had spoken of Herr Max's "single-hearted devotion," Lancaster had merely changed the phrase into "undisguised revolutionary ardour." The whole paper was one long sermon against Max Schurz's Utopian schemes, imputing to him not only folly but even positive criminality as well. We all know how we all in England look upon the foreign political refugee-a man to be hit again with impunity, because he has no friends; but to Ernest, who had lived so long in his own little socialistic set, the discovery that people could openly say such things against his chosen apostle at the very moment of his martyrdom, was a hideous and blinding disillusionment. He put the paper down upon the table once more, and buried his face helplessly between his burning hands.

The worst of it all was this; if Herr Max ever saw those articles he would naturally conclude that Ernest had been guilty of the basest treachery, and that too on the very day when he most needed the aid and sympathy of all his followers. With a thrill of horror he thought in his own soul that the great leader might suspect him for an hour of being the venal Judas of the little sect.

How Ernest ever got through that weary day he did not know himself; nothing kept him up through it except his burning indignation against Lancaster's abominable conduct. About eleven o'clock, Arthur Berkeley called in to see him. "I'm afraid you've been a little disappointed," he said, "about the turn Lancaster has given to your two articles. He told me he meant to alter the tone so as to suit the policy of the paper, and I see he's done so very thoroughly. You can't look for much sympathy from commonplace, cold, calculating Englishmen for enthusiastic natures like Herr Max's."

Ernest turned to him in blank amazement. He had expected Berkeley to be as angry as himself at Lancaster's shameful mutilation of his appealing leader; and he found now that even Berkeley accepted it as an ordinary incident in the course of journalistic busi-

ness. His heart sank within him as he thought how little hope there could be of Herr Max's liberation when even his own familiar friend Berkeley looked upon the matter in such a casual careless fashion.

"I shall never write another word for the Morning Intelligence," he cried vehemently, after a moment's pause. "If we starve for it, I shall never write another word in that wicked, abominable, dishonourable paper. I can die easily enough, heaven knows, without a murmur: but I can't be disloyal to dear Herr Max, and to all my innate ingrained principles."

"Don't say that, Ernest," Berkeley answered gently. "Think of Mrs. Le Breton and the baby. The luxury of starvation for the sake of a cause is one you might venture to allow yourself if you were alone in the world as I am, but not one which you ought to force unwillingly upon your wife and children. You've been getting a trifle more practical of late, under the spur of necessity; don't go and turn impossible again, at the supreme moment. Whatever happens, it's your plain duty to go on writing for the Morning Intelligence. You say with your own hand only what you think and believe yourself: the editor alone is responsible for the final policy of the paper."

Ernest only muttered slowly to himself, "Never, never, never!" Still, though the first attempt had failed, Ernest did not wholly give up his hopes of doing something towards the release of Herr Max from that unutterable imprisonment. He drew up a form of petition to the Home Secretary, in which he pointed out the reasons for setting aside the course of the law in the case of this particular political prisoner. With feverish anxiety he ran about London for the next two days, trying to get influential signatures to his petition, and to rouse the people in their millions to demand the release of the popular martyr. Alas for the stolid indifference of the British public! The people in their millions sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play, exactly as if nothing unusual in any way had happened. Most of them had never heard at all of Herr Max, or of "Gold and the Proletariate," and those who had heard understood for the most part that he was a bad lot who was imprisoned for trying nefariously to blow up the Emperor of Rooshia. Crowds of people nightly besieged the doors of the Ambiguities and the Marlborough, to hear the fate of "The Primate of Fiji" and "The Duke of Bermondsey;" but very few among the millions took the trouble to sign their names to Ernest Le Breton's despairing petition. Even the advanced radicals of the market-place, the men who figured largely at Trafalgar Square meetings and Agricultural Labourers' Unions, ion and sobriety by feared to dama

getting themselves mixed up with a continental agitator like this man Schurz that people were talking about. The Irish members expressed a pious horror of the very word dynamite: the working-man leaders hummed and hawed, and regretted their inability, in their very delicate position, to do anything which might seem like countenancing Russian nihilism. In the end, Ernest sent in his petition with only half a dozen unknown signatures: and the Home Secretary's private prompter threw it into the waste-paper basket entire, without even taking the trouble to mention its existence to his harassed and overburdened chief. Just a Marylebone communist refugee in prison! How could a statesman with half the bores and faddists of England on his troubled hands, find time to look at uninfluential petitions about an insignificant worthless nobody like that?

So gentle, noble-natured, learned Herr Max went to prison, and served his year there uncomplainingly, like any other social male-factor; and Society talked about his case with languid interest for nearly a fortnight, and then straightway found a new sensation, and forgot all about him. But there are three hundred and sixty-five days of twenty-four hours each in every year; and for every one of those days Herr Max and Herr Max's friends never forgot for an hour together that he was in prison.

And at the end of the week Ernest got a letter from Lancaster, enclosing a cheque for eight guineas. That is a vast sum of money, eight guineas: just think of all the bread, and meat, and tea, and clothing one can buy with it for a small family! "My dear Le Breton," the editor wrote—in his own hand, too; a rare honour; for he was a kindly man, and he had learned, much to his surprise, from Arthur Berkeley, that Ernest was angry at his treatment of the Schurzian leader: "My dear Le Breton, I enclose cheque for eight guineas, for your two articles. I hope you didn't mind the way I was obliged to cut them up in some unessential details, so as to suit the policy of the paper. I kept whatever was really most distinctive as embodying special information in them. You know, we are above all things strictly moderate. Please send us another social shortly."

It was a kind letter, undoubtedly a kind and kindly-meant letter: but Ernest flung it from him as though he had been stung by a serpent or a scorpion. Then he handed the cheque to Edie in solemn silence, to see what she would do with it. He merely wanted to try her constancy. For himself, he would have felt like a Judas indeed if he had taken and used their thirty pieces of silver.

Edie looked at the cheque intently, and sighed a deep sigh of

regret. How could she do otherwise? they were so very poor, and it was such an immense sum of money! Then she rose quietly without saying a word, and lighted a match from the box on the mantelpiece. She held the cheque firmly between her finger and thumb till it was nearly burnt, and let it drop slowly at last into the empty fireplace. Ernest rose up and kissed her tenderly. The leaden weight of the thirty pieces of silver was fairly off their united conscience. They had made what reparation they could for the evil of that unhappy, undesigned leader. After all, Ernest had wasted the last remnant of his energy on one eventful evening, all for nothing.

As Edie sat looking wistfully at the smouldering fragments of the burnt cheque, Ernest roused her again by saying quietly, "To-day's Saturday. Have we got anything for to-morrow's dinner, Edie?"

"Nothing," Edie answered, simply. "How much money have you left, Ernest?"

"Sixpence," Ernest said, without needing to consult his empty purse for confirmation—he had counted the pence, as they went, too carefully for that already. "Edie, I'm afraid we must go at last to the poor man's banker till I can get some more money."

"Oh, Ernest-not-not-not the pawnbroker!"

"Yes, Edie, the pawnbroker."

The tears came quickly into Edie's eyes, but she answered nothing. They must have food, and there was no other way open before them. They rose together and went quietly into the bedroom. There they gathered together the few little trinkets and other things that might be of use to them, and Ernest took down his hat from the stand to go out with them to the pawnbroker's.

As he turned out he was met energetically on the landing by a stout barricade from good Mrs. Halliss. "No, sir, not you, sir," the landlady said firmly, trying to take the parcel from him as he went towards the door. "I beg your pardon, sir, for 'avin' over'eard what wasn't meant for me to 'ear, no doubt, but I couldn't 'elp it, sir, and John an' me can't allow nothink of this sort, we can't. We're used to this sort o' things, sir, John and me is; but you and the dear lady isn't used to 'em, sir, and didn't hought to be neither, and John an' me can't allow it, not anyhow."

Ernest turned scarlet with shame, but could say nothing. Edie only whispered softly, "Dear, dear Mrs. Halliss, we're so sorry, but we can't help it."

"'Elp it, ma'am," said "
there ain't no reason "

--ing, "nor

to John, 'John,' says I, 'there ain't no 'arm in it, noways,' says I, 'but I can't stand by,' says I, 'and see them two poor dear young creechurs,' meanin' no offence, ma'am, 'a-pawnin' of their own jewelry and things to go and pay for their Sunday's dinner.' And John, 'e says, says 'e, 'Quite right, Martha,' says 'e; 'don't let 'em, my dear,' says 'e. 'The Lord has prospered us a bit in our 'umble way, Martha,' says 'e, 'and we ain't got no cause to want, we ain't; and if the dear lady and the good gentleman wouldn't take it as a liberty,' says 'e, 'it 'ud be better they should just borrer a pound or two for a week from us,' says 'e, beggin' your pardon, ma'am, for 'intin' of it, 'than that there Mr. Le Breting, as ain't accustomed to such places nohow, should go a-makin' acquaintance, for the fust time of his life, as you may say, with the inside of a pawnbroker's 'shop,' says 'e. 'John,' says I, 'it's my belief the lady and gentleman 'ud be insulted,' says I, 'though they are the sweetest unassoomin'est young gentlefolk I ever did see,' says I, 'if we were to go astin' them to accept the loan of money from the likes of you and me, John, as is no better, by the side of them, nor old servants, in the manner o' speakin.' 'Insulted,' says 'e; 'not a bit of it, they needn't, Martha,' says 'e, 'for I knows the ways of the aristocracy,' says 'e, 'and I knows as there's many a gentleman as owns 'is own 'osses and 'is own 'ounds as isn't afraid to borrer a pound or so from 'is own coachman, or even from 'is own groom-not but what to borrer from a groom is lowerin',' says 'e, 'in a tempory emergency. Mind you, Martha,' says 'e, 'a tempory emergency is a thing as may 'appen to landed gentlefolks any day,' says 'e. 'It's like a 'ole in your coal made by a tear,' says'e; 'a haccident as may 'appen tomorrer to the Prince of Wales' isself, upon the 'untin' field,' 'e says. 'Well, then, John,' says I, 'I'll just go an' speak to 'em about it, this very minnit,' says I, and if I might make so bold, ma'am, without seemin' too presumptious, I should be very glad if you'd kindly allow me, ma'am, to lend Mr. Le Breting a few suvverins till 'e gets 'is next remittances, ma'am."

Edie looked at Ernest, and Ernest looked at Edie and the landlady; and then they all three burst out crying together without further apology. Perhaps it was the old Adam left in Ernest a little; but though he could stand kindness from Dr. Greatrex or from Mr. Lancaster stoically enough, he couldn't watch the humble devotion of those two honest-hearted simple old servants without a mingled thrill of shame and tenderness. "Mrs. Halliss," he said, catching up the landlady's hard red hand gratefully in his own, "you are too good and too kind and too considerate for us altogether. I feel we have done nothing to deserve such great kindness from you. But I really don't think it would be right of us to borrow from you when we don't even know how long it may be before we're able to return your money or whether we shall ever be able to return it at all. We're so much obliged to you, so very very much obliged to you, dear Mrs. Halliss, but I think we ought as a matter of duty to pawn these few little things rather than run into debt which we've no fair prospect at present of ever redeeming."

"Has you please, sir," Mrs. Halliss said gently, wiping her eyes with her snow-white apron, for she saw at once that Ernest really meant what he said. "Not that John an' me would think of it for a minnit, sir, so long as you wouldn't mind our takin' the liberty; but any 'ow, sir, we can't allow you to go out yourself and go to the pawnbroker's. It ain't no fit place for the likes of you, sir, a pawnbroker's ain't, in all that low company; and I don't suppose you'd rightly know 'ow much to hask on the articles, neither. John, 'e ain't afeard of goin'; an' 'e says 'e insists upon it as 'e's to go, for 'e don't think, sir, for the honour of the 'ouse, 'e says, sir, as a lodger of ours ought to be seen a-goin' to the pawnbroker's. Just you give them things right over to John, sir, and 'e'll get you a better price on 'em by a long way nor they'd ever think of giving a gentleman like you, sir."

Ernest fought off the question in a half-hearted fashion for a little while, but Mrs. Halliss insisted upon it, and after a short time Ernest gave way, for to say the truth he had very vague ideas himself as to how he ought to proceed in a pawnbroking expedition. Mrs. Halliss ran down the kitchen stairs quickly, for fear he should change his mind as soon as her back was turned, and called out gaily to her husband in the first delight of her unexpected triumph.

"John," she cried, "-drat that man, where is 'e? John, dear, you just putt your 'at on, and purtend to run round the corner a bit to Aston's the pawnbroker's. The Lord have mercy upon me for the stories I've been a-tellin' of 'em, but I couldn't bear to see them two pore things a-pawnin' their little bits of jewelry and sich, and Mr. Le Breting, too, 'im as ain't fit to go knockin' together with underbred folks like pawnbrokers. So I told 'im as you'd take 'em round and pawn 'em for 'im yourself; not as I don't suppose you've never pawned nothink in your 'ole life, John, leastways not since ever you an' me kep' company, for afore that I suppose you was purty much like other young men is, John, for all you shakes your 'ead at it now 1 there's a dear, and make so innocent like. But you just as if you was goin' to the p wight.

'ome again unbeknown to 'em. I ain't a goin' to let them two pore dears go pawnin' their things for a dinner nohow. You take them two suvverins out of your box, John, and putt away these 'ere little things for the present time till the pore souls is able to pay us, and if they never don't, small matter neither. Now you go fast, John, there's a dear, and come back, and mind you give them two suvverins to Mr. Le Breting as natural like as ever you're able."

"Pawn 'em," John said in a pitying voice, "no indeed, it ain't come to that yet, I should 'ope, that they need go a-pawnin' their effecks while we've got a suvverin or two laid by in our box, Martha. Not as anybody need be ashamed of pawnin' on occasions, for that matter,—I don't say as a reg'lar thing, but now an' then on occasions, as you may call it; for even in the best dookal families, I've 'eard tell they do sometimes 'ave to pawn the dimonds, so that pawnin' ain't in the runnin' noways, bless you, as respects gentility. Not as I'd like to go into a pawnshop myself, Martha, as I've always been brought up respectable; but when you send for Mr. Hattenborough to your own ressydence and say quite commandin' like, 'Er Grace 'ud be obleeged if you'd wait upon 'er in Belgrave Square to hinspeck 'er dimonds as I want to raise the wind on 'em,' why, that's quite another matter nat'rally."

When honest John came back in a few minutes and handed the two sovereigns over to Ernest, he did it with such an unblushing face as might have won him applause on any stage for its perfect naturalness. "Lor' bless your 'eart, sir," he said in answer to Ernest's shame-faced thanks, touching the place where his hat ought to be mechanically, "it ain't nothing, sir, that ain't. If it weren't for the dookal families of England, sir, it's my belief the pawn-brokin' business wouldn't be worth mentionin', in the manner o' speakin'."

That evening, Ernest paced up and down the little parlour rather moodily for half an hour with three words ringing perpetually in his dizzy ears—the "Never, never, never," he had used so short a time since about the Morning Intelligence. He must get money somehow for Dot and Edie! he must get money somehow to pay good Mrs. Halliss for their board and lodging! There was only one way possible. Fight against it as he would, in the end he must come back to that inevitable conclusion. At last he sat down with a gloomy face at the centre table, and pulled out a sheet of blank foolscap.

"What are you going to do, Ernest?" Edie asked him.

Ernest groaned. "I'm writing a social for the Morning Intelligence, Edie," he answered bitterly. "Oh, Ernest!" Edie said with a face of horror and surprise. "Not after the shameful way they've treated poor Max Schurz!"

Ernest groaned again. "There's nothing else to be done, Edie," he said, looking up at her despondently. "I must earn money somehow to keep the house going."

It is the business of the truthful historian to narrate facts, not to palliate or extenuate the conduct of the various actors. Whether Ernest did right or wrong, at least he did it; he wrote a playful social for Monday's *Morning Intelligence*, and carried it into the office on Sunday afternoon himself, because there was no postal delivery in the London district.

That night, he lay awake once more for hours together, tossing and turning, and reflecting bitterly on his own baseness and his final moral downfall. Herbert was right, after all. The environment was beginning to conquer. He could hold out no longer. Herr Max was in prison; the world was profoundly indifferent; he himself had fallen away like Peter; and there was nothing left for him now but to look about and find himself a dishonourable grave.

And Dot? And Edie? What was to become of them after? Ah me, for the pity of it, when a man cannot even crawl quietly into a corner and die in peace like a dog, without being tortured by fears and terrors beforehand as to what will come to those he loves far better than life when he himself is quietly dead and buried out of the turmoil!

### CHAPTER XXIX.

### A MAN AND A MAID.

IF Ernest and Edie had permitted it, Ronald Le Breton would have gone at once, after his coming of age, to club income and expenditure with his brother's household. But, as Edie justly remarked, when he proposed it, such a course would pretty nearly have amounted to clubbing his income with their expenditure; and even in their last extreme of poverty that was an injustice which neither she nor her husband could possibly permit. Ronald needed all his little fortune for his own simple wants, and though they themselves starved, they couldn't bear to deprive him of the small luxuries which had grown into absolute necessaries for one so feeble and weak. Indeed, ill as Ernest himself now was, he had never outgrown the fixed habit of regarding Ronald as the invalid of the family; and to have taken anything, though in the direst straits, from him, would

have seemed like robbing the helpless poor of their bare necessities. So Ronald was fain at last to take lodgings for himself with a neighbour of good Mrs. Halliss's, and only to share in Ernest's troubles to the small extent of an occasional loan, which Edie would have repaid to time if she had to go without their own poor little dinner for the sake of the repayment.

Meanwhile, Ronald had another interest on hand which to his enthusiastic nature seemed directly imposed upon him by the finger of Providence—to provide a home and occupation for poor Selah, whom Herbert had cast aside as a legacy to him. As soon as he had got settled down to his own new mode of life in the Holldway lodgings, he began to look about for a fit place for the homeless girl -a place, he thought to himself, which must combine several special advantages; plenty of work-she wanted that to take her mind off brooding; good, honest, upright people; and, above all, no religion. Ronald recognised that last undoubted requirement as of absolutely paramount importance. "She'll stand any amount of talk or anything else from me," he said to himself often, "because she knows I'm really in earnest; but she wouldn't stand it for a moment from those well-meaning, undiscriminating, religious busybodies, who are so awfully anxious about other people's souls, though they never seem for a single minute to consider in any way other people's feelings." After a little careful hunting among his various acquaintances, however, he found at last a place that would exactly suit Selah at a stationer's in Notting Hill; and there he put her-with full confidence that Selah would do the work entrusted to her well and ably, if not from conscientiousness, at least from personal pride, "which, after all," Ronald soliloquized dreamily, "is as good a substitute for the genuine article as one can reasonably expect to find in poor fallen human nature.

"I wish, Mr. Le Breton," Selah said, quite timidly for her (maidenly reserve, it must be admitted, was not one of Selah Briggs's strong points), "that I wasn't going to be quite so far away from you as Notting Hill. If I could see you sometimes, you know, I should feel that it might keep me more straight—keep me away from the river in future, I mean. I can't stand most people's preaching, but somehow your preaching seems to do me more good than harm, really, which is just the exact opposite way, it seems to me, from everybody else's."

Ronald smiled sedately. "I'm glad you want to see me someimes," he said, with a touch of something very like gallantry in his ine that was wholly unusual with him. "I shall walk over every: now and then, and look you up at your lodgings over yonder; and besides, you can come on Sundays to dear Edie's, and I shall be able to meet you there once a fortnight or thereabouts. But I'm not going to let you call me Mr. Le Breton any longer; it isn't friendly: and, what's more, it isn't Christian. Why should there be these artificial barriers between soul and soul, eh, Selah? I shall call you Selah in future: it seems more genuine and heartfelt, and unencumbered with needless conventions, than your misters and misses. After all, why should we keep up such idle formalities between brethren and fellow-workers?"

Selah started a little—she knew better than Ronald himself did what such first advances really led to. "Oh, Mr. Le Breton," she said quickly, "I really can't call you Ronald. I can never call any other man by his Christian name as long as I live, after—your brother."

"You mistake me, Selah," Ronald put in hastily, with his quaint gravity. "I mean it merely as a sign of confidence and a mark of Christian friendship. Sisters call their brothers by their Christian names, don't they? So there can be no harm in that, surely. It seems to me that if you call me Mr. Le Breton, you're putting me on the footing of a man merely; if you call me Ronald, you're putting me on the footing of a brother, which is really a much more harmless and unequivocal position for me to stand in. Do, please, Selah, call me Ronald."

"I'm afraid I can't," Selah answered. "I daren't. I mustn't."
But she faltered a little for a moment, notwithstanding.

"You must, Selah," Ronald said, with all the force of his enthusiastic nature, fixing his piercing eyes full upon her. "You must, I tell you. Call me Ronald."

"Very well—Ronald," Selah said at last, after a long pause.

"Good-bye, now. I must be going. Good-bye, and thank you.

Thank you. Thank you." There was a tear quivering even in Selah Briggs's eye, as she held his hand lingeringly a moment in hers before releasing it. He was a very good fellow, really, and he had been so very kind, too, in interesting himself about her future.

"What a marvellous thread of sameness," Ronald thought to himself, as he walked back rapidly to his solitary lodgings, "runs through the warp and woof of a single family, after all! What an underlying unity of texture there must be throughout, in all its members, however outwardly dissimilar they may seem to be from one another! One would say at first sight there was very little, if anything, in common between the same and yet this girl

interests me wonderfully. Of course I'm not in love with her-the notion of my falling in love with anybody is clearly too ridiculous. But I'm attracted by her, drawn towards her, fascinated as it were ; I feel a sort of curious spell upon me whenever I look into her deep big eyes, flashing out upon one with their strange luminousness. It isn't merely that the Hand has thrown her in my way: that counts for something, no doubt, but not for everything. Besides, the Hand doesn't act blindly-nay, rather, acts with supreme wisdom, surpassing the powers or the comprehension of man. When it threw Selah Briggs in my way, depend upon it, it was because the Infinite saw in me something that was specially adapted to her, and in her something that was specially adapted to me. The instrument is duly shaped by inscrutable Wisdom for its own proper work. Now, whatever interests me in her, must have also interested Herbert in her equally and for the same reason. We're drawn towards her, clearly; she exercises over both of us some curious electric power that she doesn't exercise, presumably, over other people. Herbert must have been really in love with her-not that I'm in love with her, of course; but still, the phenomena are analogous, even if on a slightly different plane-Herbert must have been really in love with her, I'm sure, or such a prudent man as he is would never have let himself get into what he would consider such a dangerous and difficult entanglement. Yes, clearly, there's something in Selah Briggs that seems to possess a singular polarity, as Ernest would call it, for the Le Breton character and individuality!

"And then, it cuts both ways, too, for Selah was once desperately in love with Herbert: of that I'm certain. She must have been, to judge from the mere strength of the final revulsion. She's a girl of intensely deep passions-I like people to have some depth to their character, even if it's only in the way of passion-and she'd never have loved him at all without loving him fervently and almost wildly: hers is a fervent, wild, indomitable nature. Yes, she was certainly in love with Herbert; and now, though of course I don't mean to say she's in love with me (I hope it isn't wrong to think in this way about an unmarried girl), still I can't help seeing that I have a certain influence over her in return-that she pays much attention to what I say and think, considers me a person worth considering, which she doesn't do, I'm sure, with most other people. Ah, well, there's a vast deal of truth, no doubt, in these new hereditary doctrines of Darwin's and Galton's that Herbert and Ernest talk about so much; a family's a family, that's certain, not a mere stray collection of casual acquaintances. How the likeness runs through

the very inmost structure of our hearts and natures! I see in Selah very much what Herbert saw in Selah : Selah sees in me very much what she saw in Herbert. Extraordinary insight into human nature men like Darwin and Galton have, to be sure! And David, too, what a marvellous thinker he was, really! What unfathomed depths of meaning lie unexpected in that simple sentence of his, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' Fearfully and wonderfully, indeed, when one remembers that from one father and mother Herbert and I have both been compounded, so unlike in some things that we scarcely seem to be comparable with one another (look at Herbert's splendid intellect beside mine!), so like in others that Selah Briggs -goodness gracious, what am I thinking of? I was just going to say that Selah Briggs falls in love first with one of us and then with the other. I do hope and trust it isn't wrong of me to fill my poor distracted head so much with these odd thoughts about that unfortunate girl, Selah !"

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE ENVIRONMENT FINALLY TRIUMPHS.

Winter had come, and on a bitter cold winter's night, Ernest Le Breton once more received an unexpected telegram asking him to hurry down without a moment's delay on important business to the Morning Intelligence office. The telegram didn't state at all what the business was; it merely said it was urgent and immediate without in any way specifying its nature. Ernest sallied forth in some perturbation, for his memories of the last occasion when the Morning Intelligence required his aid on important business were far from pleasant ones; but for Edie's sake he felt he must go, and so he went without a murmur.

"Sit down, Le Breton," Mr. Lancaster said slowly when Ernest entered. "The matter I want to see you about's a very peculiar one. I understand from some of my friends that you're a son of Sir Owen Le Breton, the Indian general."

"Yes, I am," Ernest answered, wondering within himself to what end this curious preamble could possibly be leading up. If there's any one profession, he thought, which is absolutely free from the slightest genealogical interest in the persons of its professors, surely that particular calling ought to be the profession of journalism.

"Well, so I hear, Le Breton. Now, I believe I'm right in saying, am I not, that it was your father who first subdued and organised.

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a certain refractory hill-tribe on the Tibetan frontier, known as the Bodahls, wasn't it?"

- "Quite right," Ernest replied, with a glimmering idea slowly rising in his mind as to what Mr. Lancaster was now driving at.
- "Ah, that's good, very good indeed, certainly. Well, tell me, Le Breton, do you yourself happen to know anything on earth about these precious insignificant people?"
- "I know all about them," Ernest answered quickly. "I've read all my father's papers and despatches, and seen his maps and plans and reports in our house at home from my boyhood upward. I know as much about the Bodahls, in fact, as I know about Bayswater, or Holborn, or Fleet Street."
- "Capital, capital," the editor said, fondling his big hands softly, "that'll exactly suit us. And could you get at these plans and papers now, this very evening, just to refresh the gaps in your memory?"
- "I could have them all down here," Ernest answered, "at an hour's notice."
- "Good," the editor said again. "I'll send a boy for them with a cab. Meanwhile, you'd better be perpending this telegram from our Simla correspondent, just received. It's going to be the question of the moment, and we should very much like you to give us a leader of a full column about the matter."

Ernest took the telegram and read it over carefully. It ran in the usual very abbreviated newspaper fashion: "Russian agents revolted Bodahls Tibetan frontier. Advices Peshawar state Russian army marching on Merv. Bodahls attacked Commissioner, declared independence British raj."

"Will you write us a leader?" the editor asked, simply.

Ernest drew a long breath. Three guineas! Edie, Dot, an empty exchequer! If he could only have five minutes to make his mind up! But he couldn't. After all, what did it matter what he said about these poor unknown Bodahls? If he didn't write the leader, somebody else who knew far less about the subject than he did would be sure to do it. He wasn't responsible for that impalpable entity "the policy of the paper." Beside the great social power of the Morning Intelligence, of the united English people, what was he, Ernest Le Breton, but a miserable solitary misplaced unit? One way or the other, he could do very little indeed, for good or for evil. After half a minute's internal struggle, he answered back the editor faintly, "Yes, I will." "For Edie," he muttered half audibly to himself; "I must do it for dear Edie."

"And you'll allow me to make whatever alterations I think necessary in the article to suit the policy of the paper?" the editor asked once more, looking through him with his sleepy keen grey eyes. "You see, Le Breton, I don't want to annoy you, and I know your own principles are rather peculiar; but of course all we want you for is just to give us the correct statement of facts about these outlandish people. All that concerns our own attitude towards them as a nation falls naturally under the head of editorial matter. You must see yourself that it's quite impossible for us to let any one single contributor dictate from his own standpoint the policy of the paper."

Ernest bent his head slowly. "You're very kind to argue out the matter with me so, Mr. Lancaster," he said, trembling with excitement. "Yes, I suppose I must bury my scruples. I'll write a leader about these Bodahls, and let you deal with it afterwards as

you think proper."

They showed him into the bare little back room; and sent a boy up with a hastily written note to Ronald for the maps and papers. There Ernest sat for an hour or two, writing away for very life, and putting on paper everything that he knew about the poor Bodahls. By two o'clock, the proofs had all come up to him, and he took his hat in a shamefaced manner to sally out into the cold street, where he hoped to hide his rising remorse and agony under cover of the solitary night. He knew too well what "the policy of the paper" would be, to venture upon asking any questions about it. As he left the office, a boy brought him down a sealed envelope from Mr. Lancaster. With his usual kindly thoughtfulness the editor had sent him at once the customary cheque for three guineas. Ernest folded it up with quivering fingers, and felt the blood burn in his cheeks as he put it away in his waistcoat pocket. That accursed money! For it he had that night sold his dearest principles! And yet, not for it, not for it, not for it-oh, no, not for it, but for Dot and Edie!

The boy had a duplicate proof in his other hand, and Ernest saw at once that it was his own leader, as altered and corrected by Mr. Lancaster. He asked the boy whether he might see it; and the boy, knowing it was Ernest's own writing, handed it to him at once without further question. Ernest did not dare to look at it then and there for fear he should break down utterly before the boy; he put it for the moment into his inner pocket, and buttoned his thin overcoat tightly around him. It was colder still in the frosty air of a morning, and the contrast to the heated atmosphere of t

house struck him with ominous chill as he issued slowly forth into the silent precincts of unpeopled Fleet Street.

It was a terrible memorable night, that awful Tuesday; the coldest night known for many years in any English winter. Snow lay deep upon the ground, and a few flakes were falling still from the cloudy sky, for it was in the second week of January. The wind was drifting it in gusty eddies down the long streets, and driving the drifts before it like whirling dust in an August storm. Not a cab was to be seen anywhere, not even a stray hansom crawling home from clubs or theatres; and Ernest set out with a rueful countenance to walk as best he might alone through the snow all the way to Holloway. It is a long and dreary trudge at any time; it seemed very long and dreary indeed to Ernest Le Breton, with his delicate frame and weak chest, battling against the fierce wind on a dark and snowy winter's night, and with the fever of a great anxiety and a great remorse silently torturing his distracted bosom. At each step he took through the snow, he almost fancied himself a hunted Bodahl. Would British soldiers drive those poor savage women and children to die so of cold and hunger on their snowy hilltops? Would English fathers and mothers, at home at their case, applaud the act with careless thoughtlessness as a piece of our famous spirited foreign policy? And would his own article, written with his own poor thin cold fingers in that day's Morning Intelligence, help to spur them on upon that wicked and unnecessary war? What right had we to conquer the Bodahls? What right had we to hold them in subjection or to punish them for revolting? And above all, what right had he, Ernest Le Breton, upon whose head the hereditary guilt of the first conquest ought properly to have weighed with such personal heaviness -what right had he, of all men, directly or indirectly, to aid or abet the English people in their immoral and inhuman resolve? Oh, God, his sin was worse than theirs; for they sinned, thinking they did justly; but as for him, he sinned against the light; he knew the better, and, bribed by gold, he did the worse. At that moment, the little slip of printed paper in his waistcoat pocket seemed to burn through all the frosts of that awful evening like a chain of molten steel into his very marrow!

Trudging on slowly through the white stainless snow, step by step,—snow that cast a sheet of pure white even over the narrow lanes behind the Farringdon Road,—cold at foot and hot at heart, he reached at last the wide corner by the Angel at Islington. The lights in the windows were all out long ago, of course, but the lamps outside were still flaring brightly, and a solitary policeman was

standing under one of them, trying to warm his frozen hands by breathing rapidly on the curved and distorted fingers. Ernest was very tired of his tramp by that time, and emboldened by companionship he stopped awhile to rest himself in the snow and wind under the opposite lamplight. Putting his back against the post, he drew the altered proof of his article slowly out of his inner pocket. It had a strange fascination for him, and yet he dreaded to look at it. With an effort, he unfolded it in his stiff fingers, and held the paper up to the light, regardless of the fact that the policeman was watching his proceedings with the interest naturally due from a man of his profession to a suspicious-looking character who was probably a convicted pickpocket. The first sentence once more told him the worst. There was no doubt at all about it. The three guineas in his pocket were the price of blood!

"The insult to British prestige in the East," ran that terrible opening paragraph, "implied in the brief telegram which we publish this morning from our own Correspondent at Simla, calls for a speedy and a severe retribution. It must be washed out in blood." Blood, blood, blood! The letters swam before his eyes. It was this, then, that he, the disciple of peace-loving Max Schurz, the hater of war and conquest, the foe of unjust British domination over inferior races -it was this that he had helped to make plausible with his special knowledge and his ready pen! Oh, heaven, what reparation could he make for this horrid crime he had knowingly and wilfully committed? What could he do to avoid the guilt of those poor savages' blood upon his devoted head? In one moment, he thought out a hundred scenes of massacre and pillage-scenes such as he knew only too well always precede and accompany the blessings of British rule in distant dependencies. The temptation had been strong-the money had been sorely wanted-there was very little food in the house; but how could he ever have yielded to such a depth of premeditated wickedness! He folded the piece of paper into his pocket once more, and buried his face in his hands for a whole minute. The policeman now began to suspect that he was not so much a pickpocket as an escaped lunatic.

And so he was, no doubt. Of course we who are practical men of the world know very well that all this foolish feeling on Ernest Le Breton's part was very womanish and weak and overwrought; that he ought to have done the work that was set before him, asking no questions for conscience' sake; and that he might honestly have pocketed the three guineas, letting his supposed duty to a few nature brown people somewhere up in the Indian hill-country take

itself, as all the rest of us always do. But some allowance must naturally be made for his peculiar temperament and for his particular state of health. Consumptive people are apt to take a somewhat hectic view of life in every way; they lack the common-sense ballast that makes most of us able to value the lives of a few hundred poor distant savages at their proper infinitesimal figure. At any rate, Ernest Le Breton, as a matter of fact, rightly or wrongly, did take this curious standpoint about things in general; and did then and there turn back through the deep snow, all his soul burning within him, fired with dire remorse, and filled only with one idea-how to prevent this wicked article to which he had contributed so many facts and opinions from getting printed in to-morrow's paper. True, it was not he who had put in the usual newspaper platitudes about the might of England, and the insult to the British flag, and the immediate necessity for a stern retaliation; but all that vapouring wicked talk (as he thought it) would go forth to the world fortified by the value of his special facts and his obviously intimate acquaintance with the whole past history of the Bodahl people. So he turned back and battled once more with the wind and snow as far as Fleet Street; and then he rushed excitedly into the Morning Intelligence office, and asked with the wildness of despair to see the editor.

Mr. Lancaster had gone home an hour since, the porter said; but Mr. Wilks, the sub-editor, was still there, superintending the printing of the paper, and if Ernest liked, Mr. Wilks would see him immediately.

Ernest nodded assent at once, and was forthwith ushered up into Mr. Wilks's private sanctum. The sub-editor was a dry, grizzly bearded man, with a prevailing wolfish greyness of demeanour about his whole person; and he shook Ernest's proffered hand solemnly, in the dreary fashion that is always begotten of the systematic transposition of night and day.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Wilks," Ernest cried imploringly, "I want to know whether you can possibly suppress or at least alter my leader on the Bodahl insurrection!"

Mr. Wilks looked at him curiously, as one might look at a person who had suddenly developed violent symptoms of dangerous insanity. "Suppress the Bodahl leader," he said slowly like one dreaming. "Suppress the Bodahl leader! Impossible! Why, it's the largest-type heading in the whole of to-day's paper, is this Bodahl business. "Shocking Outrage upon a British Commissioner on the Indian Frontier. Revolt of the Entire Bodahl Tribe. Russian Intrigue is

Central Asia. Dangerous Position of the Viceroy at Simla.' Oh, dear me, no; not to have a leader upon that, my dear sir, would be simply suicidal!"

"But can't you cut out my part of it, at least," Ernest said anxiously. "Oh, Mr. Wilks, you don't know what I've suffered to-night on account of this dreadful unmerited leader. It's wicked, it's unjust, it's abominable, and I can't bear to think that I have had anything to do with sending it out into the world to inflame the passions of unthinking people! Do please try to let my part of it be left out, and only Mr. Lancaster's, at least, be printed."

Mr. Wilks looked at him again with the intensest suspicion.

"A sub-editor," he answered evasively, "has nothing at all to do with the politics of a paper. The editor alone manages that department on his own responsibility. But what on earth would you have me do? I can't stop the machines for half an hour, can I, just to let you have the chance of doctoring your leader? If you thought it wrong to write it, you ought never to have written it; now it's written it must certainly stand."

Ernest sank into a chair, and said nothing; but he turned so deadly pale that Mr. Wilks was fain to have recourse to a little brown flask he kept stowed away in a corner of his desk, and to administer a prompt dose of brandy and water.

"There, there," he said, in the kindest manner of which he was capable, "what are you going to do now? You can't be going out again in this state and in this weather, can you?"

"Yes, I am," Ernest answered feebly. "I'm going to walk home at once to Holloway."

"To Holloway!" the sub-editor said in a tone of comparative horror. "Oh! no, I can't allow that. Wait here an hour or two till the workmen's trains begin running. Or, stay; Lancaster left his brougham here for me to-night, as I have to be off early to-morrow on business; I'll send you home in that, and let Hawkins get me a cab from the mews by order."

Ernest made no resistance; and so the sub-editor sent him home at once in Lancaster's brougham.

When he got home in the early grey of morning, he found Edie still sitting up for him in her chair, and wondering what could be detaining him so long at the newspaper office. He threw himself wildly at her feet, and, in such broken sentences as he was able to command, he told her all the pitiful story. Edie soothed him and kissed him as he went a good or evil till he had finish

"It was a terrible temptation, darling," she said softly: "a terrible temptation, indeed, and I don't wonder you gave way to it; but we mustn't touch the three guineas. As you say rightly, it's blood-money."

Ernest drew the cheque slowly from his pocket, and held it hesitatingly a moment in his hand. Edie looked at him curiously.

"What are you going to do with it, darling?" she asked, in a low voice, as he gazed vacantly at the last dying embers in the little smouldering fireplace.

"Nothing, Edie dearest," Ernest answered huskily, folding it up and putting it away in the drawer by the window. They neither of them dared to look the other in the face, but they had not the heart to burn it boldly. It was blood-money, to be sure; but three guineas are really so very useful!

Four days later, little Dot was taken with a sudden illness. Ernest and Edie sat watching by her little cradle throughout the night: and saw with heavy hearts that she was rapidly growing feebler. Poor wee soul, they had nothing to keep her for: it would be better, perhaps, if she were gone: and yet, the human heart cannot be stifled by such calm deliverances of practical reason : it will let its hot emotions overcome the cold calculations of better and worse supplied it by the unbiassed intellect. All night long they sat there tearfully, fearing she would not live till morning; and in the early dawn they sent round hastily for a neighbouring doctor. They had no money to pay him with, to be sure; but that didn't much matter: they could leave it over for the present, and perhaps some day before long Ernest might write another social, and earn an honest three guineas. Anyhow, it was a question of life and death, and they could not help sending for the doctor, whatever difficulty they might afterwards find in paying him.

The doctor came, and looked with the usual professional seriousness at the baby patient. Did they feed her entirely on London milk? he asked doubtfully. Yes, entirely. Ah! then that was the sole root of the entire mischief. She was very dangerously ill, no doubt, and he didn't know whether he could pull her through anyhow; but if anything would do it, it was a change to goat's milk. There was a man who sold goat's milk round the corner. He would show Ernest where to find him.

Ernest looked doubtfully at Edie, and Edie looked back again at Ernest. One thought rose at once in both their minds. They had no money to pay for it with, except—except that dreadful cheque. For four days it had lain, burning a hole in Exnest's heart from its

drawer by the window, and he had not dared to change it. Now he rose without saying a word, and opened the drawer in a solemn, hesitating fashion. He looked once more at Edie inquiringly: Edie nodded a faint approval. Ernest, pale as death, put on his hat, and went out totteringly with the doctor. He stopped on the way to change the cheque at the baker's where they usually dealt, and then went on to the goat's milk shop. How that sovereign he flung upon the counter seemed to ring the knell of his self-respect! The man who changed it noticed the strangeness of Ernest's look, and knew at once he had not come by the money honestly. He rang it twice to make sure it was good, and then gave the change to Ernest. But Dot, at least, was saved: that was a great thing. The milk arrived duly every morning for some weeks, and, after a severe struggle, Dot grew gradually better. While the danger lasted, neither of them dared think much of the cheque; but when Dot had got quite well again, Ernest was conscious of a certain unwonted awkwardness of manner in talking to Edie. He knew perfectly well what it meant: they were both accomplices in crime together.

When Ernest wrote his "social" after Max Schurz's affair, he felt he had already touched the lowest depth of degradation. He knew now that he had touched a still lower one. Oh! horrible abyss of self-abasement!—he had taken the blood-money. And yet, it was to save Dot's life! Herbert was right, after all: quite right. Yes, yes, all hope was gone: the environment had finally triumphed.

In the awful self-reproach of that deadly remorse for the acceptance of the blood-money, Ernest Le Breton felt at last in his heart that surely the bitterness of death was passed. It would be better for them all to die together than to live on through such a life of shame and misery. Ah, Peter, Peter, you are not the only one that has denied his Lord and Master!

And yet, Ernest Le Breton had only written part of a newspaper leader about a small revolt of the Bodahls. And he suffered more agony for it than many a sensitive man, even, has suffered for the commission of some obvious crime.

"I say, Berkeley," Lancaster droned out in the lobby of their club one afternoon shortly afterwards, "what on earth am I ever to do about that socialistic friend of yours, Le Breton? I can't ever give him any political work again, you know. Just fancy! first, you remember, I set him upon the Schurz imprisonment business, and he nearly went rethen because I didn't back up Schurz for wanting to Emperor of Russia. After that, just now the other on the Bodahl business, and hang me if he

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conscience about it afterwards, and trudge back through all the snow that awful Tuesday, to see if he couldn't induce Wilks to stop the press, and let him cut it all out at the last moment! He's as mad as a March hare, you know, and if it weren't that I'm really sorry for him I wouldn't go on taking socials from him any longer. But I will; I'll give him work as long as he'll do it for me on any terms; though, of course, it's obviously impossible under the circumstances to let him have another go at politics, isn't it?"

"You're really awfully kind, Lancaster," Berkeley answered warmly. "No other fellow would do as much for Le Breton as you do. I admit he's absolutely impracticable, but I would give more than I can tell you if only I thought he could be made to pull through somehow."

"Impracticable!" the editor said shortly. "I believe you, indeed. Why, do you remember that ridiculous Schurz business? Well, I sent Le Breton a cheque for eight guineas for that lot, and can you credit it, it's remained uncashed from that day to this. I really think he must have destroyed it."

"No doubt," Arthur answered, with a smile. "And the Bodahls? What about them?"

"Oh! he kept that cheque for a few days uncashed—though I'm sure he wanted money at the time; but in the end, I'm happy to say, he cashed it."

Arthur's countenance fell ominously.

"He did!" he said gloomily. "He cashed it! That's bad news indeed, then. I must go and see them to-morrow morning early. I'm afraid they must be at the last pitch of poverty before they'd consent to do that. And yet, Solomon says, men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry. And Le Breton, after all, has a wife and child to think of."

Lancaster stared at him blankly, and turned aside to glance at the telegrams, saying to himself meanwhile, that all these young fellows of the new school alike were really quite too incomprehensible for a sensible, practical man like himself to deal with comfortably.

(To be continued.)

# A FRENCH CURÉ IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"Quant je congnoys tes faulx delitz
Les grans exces, les gras oultrages
Dont ceulx qui font les labourages
Aux chaps et pour toy se travaillent
Tous nuz, de fain crient et baillent
Quant je voy tel gouvernement
Je doubte que soubdainement
Telle vengeance ne sen face
Que tu nauras ne temps nespace
Seulement de crier mercy."

Le dit des trois morts et des trois vifs, par Guzot Marchant, 1486.

HILST the Venetian ambassadors parade for our benefit the leaders of French society in full court costume, and Brantôme exhibits the same personages in the treacherous nonchalance of dishabille, Claude Haton, the soldier-priest, unveils to our eyes the every-day life of those who in the sixteenth century earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. 1 Born in 1534, of peasant parents, in the arrondissement of Provins, he passed the early years of his manhood at the court of Henry II., in some humble, and perchance military, employ. After gaining a certain experience of Paris life, and seeing somewhat of Germany as well as of France, he finally settled down in his native district as a parish priest. '61 he is found successfully applying to the civic authorities of Provins for permission to carry arms for his own personal defence, a request in those days by no means inconsistent with the holy calling, for the clergy were notoriously quarrelsome, and used the sword with as much freedom as the breviary, a disposition encouraged by the Church, who, by reason of the religious troubles, was able to offer her recruits all the attractions of adventure, excitement, and danger. Their country also made claims upon their valour, for certain municipalities compelled ecclesiastics to contribute to the common defence, either by money or else by personal service in the town

Save where specially mentioned the quotations are from Les Mémoires de Claude Haton.

guard. Hence it happens that Haton, whilst fulfilling the various duties of a curé, figures from time to time as a captain in command of fifty armed men. Unfortunately the people of Provins failed to recognise the value of their tonsured fellow-citizens, so that on one occasion, the town being threatened with siege by the Protestant army, they tried to propitiate the Prince of Condé by offering to deliver up to him their two hundred spiritual pastors in one batch that he might enrich himself by the ransoms to be extracted from each. Perhaps Condé's humanity recoiled from the thought of such a holocaust, for had the priests been unable to pay him the sums at which their lives had been severally appraised by the treacherous Provinois, they would inevitably have been destroyed; perhaps he thought it impolitic to relieve his opponents of the undesirable portion of their community; at all events, the proposal was declined, and the Huguenot army, as if alarmed at the idea, moved off in another direction. Meanwhile, pending the negotiations, Haton, in company with a few other clerical brethren, evading the vigilance of the guards, escaped from the town, but was quickly caught by the Huguenots, who almost as quickly released him. He then returned to Provins, to spend the remainder of a long life in parochial work, occupying his leisure with the compilation of those memoirs in which the ghastly records of war, pestilence, and famine are curiously interwoven with local scandal and court gossip, market prices and weather reports.

Judging of his character from his writings, it is difficult to conceive why he should have been so disdainfully treated by his coreligionists and townsmen; for as a preacher he was apparently not deficient in courage; he was ready to meet his colleagues for polemical discussions, or to head those religious processions which were expected to change the course of the seasons and the laws of nature. If he rendered himself unpopular for a time by his denunciations of Saturday half-holidays as a new-fangled adaptation of the Jewish Sabbath, he was nevertheless quick to befriend his people by the exposure of the priest who was cheating them with forged indulgences, or to undertake, at the cry of the bereaved mother, the dangerous duty of performing the last offices of the Church over the children of whom the plague had robbed her. Deeply impregnated with hatred of the new faith, and often gloating over the cruelties practised on its adherents, he was at the same time fully alive to the defects of the Catholic clergy. But his most striking characteristic is his never-failing sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, sufferings so unheard-of that he could only explain them on the theory that "God had chosen to visit on the peasant, and on him alone, the

combined iniquities of king, princes, gentlemen, merchants, and bourgeois."

Göthe in "Hermann und Dorothea," and those literary confrères MM. Erckmann-Chatrian in their well-known tales, have tasked all their power to paint the desolation of a peasantry whose land is the theatre of war; but the effect obtained by their artistic skill is, I think, scarcely so powerful in its gloom, so black in its shadows, as that produced by Haton's tedious and prosaic narrative of what may be termed the reign of cruelty. From the earlier and equally unstudied chronicles of "Un Bourgeois de Paris" we learn how in the days of Francis I. the kingdom, so impoverished by war, was also constantly harried by armed robbers, some of whom marched with horse, foot, and artillery, in bands six to seven thousand strong, under the command of some mimic king like Roy Guillot, and accompanied with all the pomp of treasurer-generals and admirals. Then Haton takes up the tale with the reign of Henri II., when, during the war with the Emperor, Picardy was for seven succeeding years the prey of hostile armies; men, women, and children were turned out of their homes, and, having lost all they possessed, wandered about from place to place seeking rest and finding none, often ignorant of the fate of their parents and children. Numbers of the poor fugitives made Paris their goal, but prompt measures were taken to expel from that gay city the starving yet turbulent crowd; many, broken-hearted, soon succumbed; others languished on in poverty, begging their bread, till they too died in hospitals, in the streets, in barns, to be buried like dogs by the way-side; some, after years of exile, were enabled by the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis to return to their native province "to view the ruins that war, the mother of all evil, had left them." And all the while, as Haton fails not to remind us, the King and the princes ate, drank, and were merry. But the people's misery did not reach its climax till France, no sooner freed from foreign foes, became divided against herself, till Catholic and Huguenot, no more content with the interchange of pulpit invective, proceeded from recrimination to blows, to riots, to murders, to treacheries, to massacres, to open warfare, each faction calling in the sinister aid of foreign mercenaries to partake in the intoxication of unrestrained pillage, and to compete in the invention of abominable barbarities.

Year after year has Haton to record with little variation the same dreary programme of the manifold wrongs inflicted on the people by the armed hirelings of those armed hirelings of those armed hirelings of those punishment in the next world, if not in

<sup>1</sup> Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris sous le Règn

breathes many a fervent aspiration. Every additional soldier hired by either party was an additional foe to the King's loyal subjects. The passage of two hundred troops through a district would destroy food sufficient to sustain three to four thousand men.1 Resistance or submission was equally unavailing. If, on the approach of a company of these licensed marauders, the inhabitants had the audacity to refuse them admission to their village, or if, an entrance being effected, some scuffle ensued or some stray shot was fired, as at Marigny in '76, or at Broie-lez-Sezanne in '81, the soldiers would at once fall to, set fire to the place, and brutally massacre both men and women till scarcely one was left to tell the tale of slaughter. If, on the other hand, the peasants did their best by hospitality to ingratiate their unwelcome guests, their substance would be devoured, their houses ransacked, the doors, partitions, and windows burnt, the poultry purloined, the cattle and horses driven off, their women outraged, whilst they themselves would be held prisoners and tortured till the soldiers' demands for a ransom had been satisfied. A rich tradesman, like the pewterer of Provins, would be valued at 5,000 écus, whilst the poorest labourer would not be liberated under less than 10 écus. To attempt to conceal their property was useless, for was not the Huguenot army accompanied by Vaudois and sorcerers, who by their unholy powers at once discovered the most secret hiding-places? To deposit their goods in the churches was equally unsafe, for even the Catholic soldiers would pillage the sacred buildings and use them as stables for their horses. In vain did the peasants try another expedient, and at once, on the reported vicinity of the troops, abandon their homes to the plunderers and seek a temporary asylum for themselves and their cattle within the precincts of the nearest town; the soldiers forthwith complained that in the villages thus deserted they could no longer get their wants supplied, so the country folk were ordered to return to their houses to cater for their oppressors, the towns and châteaux being at the same time forbidden to shelter them who were the recognised prey of the voracious warriors. "C'est grande pitié que la guerre, je croy que si les sainctz de Paradis y alloient en peu de temps ilz deviendroient diables."

Haton candidly admits that the soldiers of each party pillaged as hard as they could, "refreshing themselves," renovating their wardrobes, filling their purses, and obtaining new mounts by robbery of the peasants; that not one of them was worth the rope with which he

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Discours sur les causes de l'extrême cherté qui est aujourd'huy en France, 1574." Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France, 1 Série, Tôme 6.

ought to be hanged; and that the Catholic troopers were as regardless of religion and its sacraments as they who to the cry of "Vive l'Evangile" put priests to death by inconceivable tortures, despoiled and burnt innumerable churches, and desecrated the remains of the dead, not even sparing the ancestral tombs of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, their own chiefs. The captains of these miscreants found their profession highly lucrative, as well from the bribes given by the towns to the military commanders of their own faction to escape the expense of having troops on the march quartered within their gates, as from the ransoms by which, having surrendered to the enemy, the hapless citizens endeavoured to purchase such terms as would save them from sack and fire. the course of one provincial tour in the season of '79, Marshal Matignon was reputed to have cleared 100,000 livres. Yet though the Frenchman's avarice was proverbial, his vanity was occasionally even stronger. Thus, when, in '70, Marshal Cossé, a Catholic noted for his brutality, presented himself before Provins, the inhabitants offered him "a handsome gift of roses and conserves, just as if he had been a prince," whereby he was so much flattered as to be induced to billet his troops, reeking with slaughter, in the neighbouring villages, so the town had merely to pay the hotel bill for the marshal and his staff.

That in the commission of atrocities the two parties were equally matched there is no reason to doubt; were they not both of the same race, and possessed of the same savage instincts? I have no wish to number myself among those whom M. Chasles has termed "les balayeurs de l'histoire"; but they who care to know the crimes that human beings can accuse each other of perpetrating will find ample means of satisfying their curiosity either in these volumes of Haton, in "Les Mémoires de Condé," or in that epitome of horrors the "Théâtre des Cruautez des Hérétiques de Nostre Temps." "I think," writes Montaigne in his essay on the cannibals of Brazil, "that it is less barbarous to eat a dead man than to devour a live one; that it is less barbarous to roast a corpse than to take a human body still sensitive to pain, to tear it to pieces by torture and devilry, to roast it over a slow fire, and to throw it to be worried and eaten by dogs and swine,-acts which we ourselves have so recently seen committed, not amongst old enemies, but amongst neighbours and fellow-citizens, and, worst of all, under the pretext of piety and religion." Such was the discipline under which the French people, • good for nothing in "hitherto esteemed war, became inu

instilled with courage," 1 the courage not of men, but of wild beasts. Children readily imbibed the teaching; after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew the gamins of Paris held a mock trial over the corpse of Admiral de Coligni, then dragged it about the streets, and, after a futile attempt to burn it, flung it into the Seine. At Provins, a party of "boys twelve years old and under" cut down from the gallows a dead Huguenot, and performed an exactly similar outrage on his body, whilst the bystanders shamelessly applauded the precocious wit of the young orators and their apt imitation of judicial proceedings.

Though on the defenceless peasant and inhabitant of the open village naturally fell the full weight of the misery of war, yet that the life of a Catholic bourgeois within a walled and flourishing Catholic town had also its anxieties and perils will be seen by a glance at the course of events at Provins, a city, be it remembered, that escaped the sieges, ransomings, burnings, and sackings which befel so many of its immediate neighbours. During the first outbreak, in '62, whilst horrors of every description were taking place in Paris, Orleans, Meaux, Sens, and Vassay, the chief hardship of which the Provincis could complain was, that in order to guard against the possibility of a surprise they were compelled by royal mandate to keep watch day and night under the command of a military captain, whom they were permitted to elect, and whose expenses, including those of his men,-7,000 livres a month,-they were forced to pay. Equal good fortune attended them the following year when, by dint of court favour and a timely display of force, they avoided a threatened visit from the disbanded "reitres" whom a suspension of hostilities had set loose to proceed homewards through Champagne, to rob on their march the peasantry of their cattle, horses, and carts, to attack the less imposing of the châteaux, to commit murders without compunction, and to be in their turn as ruthlessly destroyed by the inhabitants whenever a safe opportunity presented itself. had the last of these marauders departed, when the province was required to give food and lodging, during an indefinite period, to the numerous troops called out in anticipation of the young sovereign's progress through his kingdom. This time Provins, lacking the courage to close her gates, had to receive her share of these exacting visitors, who were not content unless provided at their hosts' expense with fire and lighting, a quart of wine, a pound of bread, a joint of mutton or veal, a capon, or larks and sausages,-a bill of fare which somewhat contradicts Sir John Fortescue's theory, so long popular

in England, that the French were bad soldiers because they were badly fed. Four years elapsed, and in '67 the town once more assumed the defensive with a local force of 300 men, a large proportion of whom were priests. It was then, aware of the inefficiency of their garrison, and alarmed by the menacing attitude of Condé's army, that the Catholics of Provins conceived the brilliant idea already mentioned, and offered their priests as a bribe to the Huguenot leader, appealing at the same time to the King for aid. They soon repented them of their folly when a strong reinforcement of royal troops arrived, followed by the Duke of Anjou, 100 gentlemen of the household, and some 6,000 cavalry; all these were fed and quartered within the walls at the cost of the inhabitants, who were moreover forced to mount guard, to labour on the fortifications, and to demolish their own dwellings did these interfere with the plan of defence, whilst the property of all the Huguenot citizens was straightway divided amongst the soldiers. The cavalry scoured the environs, pillaged and burnt the châteaux of the Huguenot seigniors, bringing the loot into the town to sell by auction. The men who resisted were shot, others were held till ransomed; whilst the women, as our curé with fiendish delight relates, were given over to the soldiery.

We pass on till, the troubles having lasted some ten years, the peasant was so borne down by increasing taxes and burdens that he could no longer support them. "He had neither corn to eat, to sow, nor yet for the payment of his debts; or if he had corn to sow, he had no horses for ploughing, for they had been seized by the taxgatherer or soldier;" or, "if perchance he still possessed a little money, he determined to lose no more of it by replacing the stock of which he had been so repeatedly robbed."1 Consequently much of the land lay waste, and the rest was so ill-cultivated that it produced but a fourth of the ordinary crops; farms were abandoned, and rich landowners were in despair for want of tenants. The agricultural distress was not improved by those terrible inundations with which France and Germany were visited in '70, and which were thought by many to presage the end of the world; a succession of unusually hard winters followed till, in the spring of '73, came the dearth that so many concurrent circumstances had rendered inevitable. At Provins wheat rose by rapid bounds from thirteen to thirty-five and even fifty sous a "bichet;" then ensued bread-riots, the usual cry for protection, and an order prohibiting the export of corn from the town. The unsuspecting peasant would be permitted to come in to

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Discours sur l'extrême cherté," &c. &c., 1574.

buy at an exorbitant price of the usurious merchants, and then at the city gates he would be stopped by the guard, and forced to leave his dearly-bought purchase behind him. The scarcity became still more oppressive with the arrival, from distant and yet poorer provinces, of famine-stricken multitudes, loathsome from filth, utterly destitute, begging for husks or hemp-seed, and thankful for permission to search for weeds and thistles in the fields, which had to be closely guarded against their possible depredations. Provins sheltered at one time five hundred of these poor waifs, of whom numbers died in the streets of sheer starvation. "It is impossible to describe the wretchedness and poverty of that miserable period, and I think that hereafter no one will credit either this or the other accounts of the distress then endured."

Rapidly turning over the pages, many of them devoted to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the subsequent persecutions in the provinces, we come to the year '76, to find the terrified peasants, with their cattle and sheep, hurrying into the town, and crowding the streets till there is scarcely standing-room, for peace has just been proclaimed, and the King's reitres are busy in the immediate neighbourhood plying their trade on their own behoof; the town is in a panic; a council of war is called, consisting of the captains, magistrates, and governors; the drums are beat, and each of the four captains hastens to his own quarter to select his fifty arquebusiers; a hundred volunteers and fifty horsemen join the little band, and forth they sally, and encamp by the river bank, to defend the passage in all loyalty against His Majesty's troops, and, as even patriots must follow the fashion, to feed most luxuriously during their outing on the lambs, ducks, and poultry that they steal from the surrounding villages, the priests especially distinguishing themselves in this branch of the art of war. Nor are they the only persons to enjoy the fun, for the commotion makes a very pleasant interlude in the life of the Franciscan nuns who, for the sake of security, move up from their convent into the town, where, during two months, they enjoy the civilities and consolations of their brothers in religion, who fete them as much to the profit of the pastry-cooks and restaurateurs as to the delight of the Provins scandal-mongers. Again, in '81, just before the abrupt close of the memoirs, a somewhat similar scare occurs, the enemy on this occasion being their own Duke of Anjou, then engaged in his Flemish expedition, and in sore need of funds. Having vainly appealed to the generosity of the Provinois through his agent, he at last pays them a friendly visit, accompanied, however, by a train of artillery. The bells are rung, a great show of rejoicing is made,

and the Duke vows he has nowhere had such a gratifying reception, but for all that the citizens are quaking with fear, and have carefully concealed their treasure from doubt of his intentions. Their astonishment is great when he accepts their excuses in lieu of the money which he had demanded, and which they are actually prepared to give if matters should come to an extremity; his graciousness increases their dread lest even now he should treacherously give orders for the town to be sacked, but at last he takes his departure, and

"The provost, douce man, said, Just e'en let him be, For the toun is weel quit o' the deil of Dundee."

That the town, frequently obliged to accommodate soldiers or fugitive peasants in numbers out of all proportion to its size, should ever have presented a clean bill of health in those days is far more astonishing than the constant recurrence of infectious maladies with which it was visited, whilst the appearance in quick succession of two nervous epidemics serves to indicate that the burden of the times produced a strain upon the mental powers more painful than any physical disease. Ghastly are the details of the occasional outbreaks of the plague; the first suspicious cases, the vain attempts of the sufferers to conceal the true nature of their malady, their removal to the ruined and isolated house so conveniently situated facing the cemetery, the forcible impressment of barbers, nurses, and gravediggers to be shut up, with their patients, in the pest-house, the survival of the few, the death of the majority. Ghastly, too, is the episode of the surgeon-barber, a man evidently above the average in his profession, and withal an ardent and energetic Huguenot. For a while he courageously tended the sick, and faced the danger with impunity, but at last he also found himself attacked by the pestilence in the midst of his ministrations. Forthwith he arranged his worldly affairs, took leave of his wife and child, and then waited the advance of death. But, in the interim, there came to the enfeebled and forsaken man those "obstinate questionings, vanishings, blank misgivings of the creature moving about in worlds not realised." He summoned his fast-failing strength, and on the Sunday, as the Catholics, after High Mass, were leaving their church, they were startled by the apparition of the death-stricken yet still sentient sacrifice to humanity who, standing afar off, though within full view and hearing of the congregation, first asked pardon of his God in that he had maligned the Catholic religion, next begged the priest to receive his confession and absolve him of his sins, and then besought the people to grant straightway him burial in their cemeterwent and digged his own grave in the consecrated acre, laid himself down in it, and died.

> "Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm, Even under covert of the wormy ground."

Another instance of fearless devotion to self-imposed duties is found in Marie de Luzé, the rich heiress of the house of Plessis aux Tournelles. Having already been married twice to Catholic gentlemen of good fortune, she took for her third husband M. de Mouy, an able soldier. In '60 they both joined the new religion, and thenceforth gave that cause their zealous support. After the battle of Jarnac and the death of Condé in '69 many withdrew from the Huguenot party, and a collapse was only averted by the loans offered by Queen Elizabeth on condition that certain persons of repute should be given over to her as security. In this emergency Mme. de Mouy at once volunteered her services, and, quitting her husband and family, went to England as a hostage. She had not long left her country when the Huguenot Maurévart (otherwise Montravel), incited by the 2,000 écus that Charles IX. had promised for Coligny's corpse, treacherously shot at the Admiral, but, missing his aim, killed De Mouy on the spot, an act in the avenging of which, some years later, the murdered man's eldest son was killed. The widow meanwhile, in the land of her exile, was reduced to 50 pitiful a condition of want, starvation, and servitude, that on reading the account of her sufferings her mother died of grief. In '71, after three years' captivity, Mme. de Mouy returned home, and was reinstated in her possessions by her son-in-law, who, during her absence, had feigned to seize them for himself to prevent their sequestration. In '72 the lady was meditating a fourth marriage with the distinguished Huguenot leader La Noué, when the persecutions compelled her to fly from her château disguised as a peasant woman; but she was ere long hunted out and captured by a Catholic colonel, De Rancé, who, on her refusal to marry him on the score that she must first know whether La Noué were dead or alive, forced her to buy her freedom by transferring to him certain of her châteaux and villages. Soon afterwards she married La Noué, as keen a zealot as herself, and though in '79 a decree of the Parliament of Paris obliged De Rancé to restore to the lady the estates of which he had so ungallantly deprived her, they did not long remain in her possession, for La Noué, who on a previous occasion had narrowly escaped being executed by the Spaniards, again fell into their hands in '80, and the last we hear of his restless wife is that she was selling her lands "to aid the Protestant cause, and to purchase her husband's

release." After an imprisonment of five years and the endurance of terrible cruelties he was exchanged for the Count of Egmont. He finally ended his career at the siege of Lamballe, where he was mortally wounded, fighting for Henry IV., in 1591.

Notwithstanding his tonsure, Haton may be considered a fair representative of the feelings and prejudices entertained by the provincial citizens and bourgeois, a class which, though manifesting a certain reverence for princes and great seigniors, professed an unqualified contempt for the ordinary country gentlemen. These he describes with great acrimony as robbing and oppressing their peasants, whom they had not the courage to defend against the attacks of the most insignificant enemy. Nay, moreover, if their dependents exhibited any opposition to the exactions of the seigneurial corvées, these "genstue-hommes" would invite some military chief to quarter his men for a while on the mutinous village. Marvellous were the tales they told of their own valour and prowess; yet, if called out to perform their bounden duty in the arrière-ban, they were at once seized with "la fièvre poltronne," and besought doctors and lawyers for "sick certificates," that they might remain in security at home catching hares and partridges to sell to the dainty townspeople.

It will be allowed that amongst the peculiarities of the period was the feat performed by all in authority of extracting something out of nothing. "The People," writes Corero, "have been so pillaged and eaten up by the soldiery that they have scarcely wherewithal to cover their nakedness." Yet the soldiers always found something to steal, the treasurers something to embezzle, and the sovereign something wherewith to augment that enormous revenue already derived from the taille. Thus the sale of timber was so restricted by royal monopolies, that though one-sixth of France consisted of forest, yet fuel was twice as dear as in Venice, and so scarce as frequently to cause the greatest distress amongst the poor; wine was taxed at onethird of its value; opposition to the royal banalités only caused these to be more rigorously enforced to the ruin of the ordinary millers and bakers; a heavy impost was demanded on every measure of corn entering the town, and at last the crown levied a tax on every marriage-portion and on every new-born infant. But the gabelle on salt was the most hated of these exactions; the royal magazines were leased to agents, who became the sole lawful vendors of the commodity and who sometimes gained by their frauds fortunes of 4,000,000 livres. A certain quantity of salt would be adjudged necessary for each individual, and everyone would be forced to buy in advance a three-

<sup>1</sup> Haton; also Capitaines Français, par Pierre de Bourdeille.

months' supply according to that estimate, and at an exorbitant price. Montesquieu leads us to infer that in his day the tax exceeded the intrinsic value of the article by more than seventeen-fold; thus the profit to be made by its evasion was so great, that the mere confiscation of the contraband merchandise did not avail to stop illicit dealings; therefore recourse was had to excessive punishments, out of all proportion with the offence, till persons who could not be regarded as bad characters were nevertheless treated as felons. Meanwhile, as if in derision, fashionable philosophers took for their

motto, "Le salut du peuple est la suprême loi."

Yet these peasants, who knew nought of independence save that they were thereby deprived of the protection their seigniors had in former days been obliged to accord them, and who were ever described as having become by long oppression so abject, so servile, so spiritless, nevertheless, exchanging the lassitude of resignation for the energy of discontent, deriving courage and ambition from the instincts of parental affection, began with eagerness to qualify their sons for some of the numerous prizes offered by the clerical and legal professions. "Every one learnt to read and write, however poor he might be."2 The Jesuits, whose establishment in France had been strongly opposed by the doctors of the Sorbonne and the mendicant Orders, and who were accused of not sufficiently lauding the Virgin and the Saints, gave gratuitous public instruction to all comers, and made many a poor student into an accomplished scholar. But the popularisation of learning met with numerous opponents; amongst them we find Tasso, who complains that "Philosophy, like a royal dame wedded to a villein, when treated by plebeian wits, loses much of her native dignity." Bernard Palissy expresses his astonishment at the number of foolish labourers who spend a large portion of their hard-earned gains to raise their children above their own condition, often sending some favourite son to the schools, and putting him into the law, "making him into a Monsieur, which Monsieur ends by being ashamed of his fathers company." Haton likewise deprecates the ardent desire of the peasant to educate at least one out of his three or four sons for the Church, at a time when the immorality of the Holy Order was notorious, the lower grades being filled with men whose licentiousness and vice seldom met with adequate punishment, who distinguished themselves as tavern roisterers, as adepts at dancing, fencing, tennis, and cards and who, sword in hand, were foremost in every village fray, whilst

<sup>1</sup> De l'Esprit des Lois, Liv. XIIL, Ch. 8.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ambassadeurs vénitiens, M. Giustiniano, 1535.

many were bragging poltroons, capable of disgusting barbarities. Thus a soldier-priest, enrolled in Haton's company, being jeered at for a coward by his clerical brethren, bought the ear of a murdered Huguenot seignior, and, sticking it in his hat, paraded it as a trophy of his personal prowess.

Of churches there was certainly no lack; Poictiers, for example, contained 120, whilst the swarms of priests far exceeded the requirements of the population. Still the want of spiritual instruction was admitted by all, for absenteeism pervaded the ecclesiastical ranks, from the highest to the lowest. The archbishops, bishops, and cardinals lived at court; the abbots, priors, and curés sought their pleasure in the country towns, farming out their benefices to the highest bidder. Thus "Mons. le Vicaire was not unfrequently the greatest idiot and most sordid fellow in the parish, but that mattered not, so long as he could pay a good rent to Mons. le Curé et Prieur." However, there are two sides to every question, and whereas Haton deemed the separation of the pastor from his flock to be the root of all evil, Brantôme pleaded, somewhat after the fashion of the good old English gentleman of fifty years ago, that the arrangement was equally beneficial to both parties. Why, argued he, should not the prelates live at court, which they adorned by their splendour, where they were obliged to conduct themselves with comparative decorum, and where, if they chose, they might become acquainted with virtue? Surely that was more advantageous to them than passing their days at their dioceses, sunk in idleness and vice. As for preaching to their flocks, that was the devil's own work; ever since there had been so much fuss about preaching and preachers there had been nought in France save heresy and disturbances; it was far better to leave the people, as before, in simple ignorance. The experienced Lippomano, however, finds that "The French priest is not so very dissolute; he has no other vice than gluttony, which he shares with the rest of the nation. Some are even good and learned men, able to hold forth three or four hours at a time, without resting, without even spittingit is quite marvellous." The nature of some of these discourses is thus epitomised by another writer:

"Notre prescheur, au lieu de prescher l'Evangile,"
Ne fait rien que rotter l'aspre guerre civile;
Feu ardent, sang humain son estomac vomit."

words which well describe the frenzied anathemas hurled in '68 from

At a certain grand procession in Paris, Francis I. was accompanied by upwards of twenty cardinals in full pontificals, each having his own train of bishops and attendants.

the Paris pulpits against Charles IX., comparing him to King Ahab, and his mother to Jezebel, because he had been guilty of making a truce with the Huguenots, "those prophets of Baal." A more creditable type of a scolding orator is represented by the monk Poncet, who publicly denounced as "La Confrérie des Hypocrites et Athéistes" the pseudo-religious brotherhood styled "La Confrérie des Pénitents," established by Henry III., and composed of the King, his courtiers, and many of the Paris notabilities.1 Then there were the less dangerous but more wearisome "stage divines," so detested by Erasmus, and who would descant "allegorically, tropologically, and analogically;" whilst "if perchance their subject be of fasting, for an entrance to their sermon they shall pass through the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack, or if they are to preach of Faith, they shall address themselves in a long mathematical account of the Quadrature of the circle."2 At Provins a preacher was declared a Calvinistic heretic because he held that Mary Magdalene was saved by faith and not by But though "such tickle-points of nicenesse" doubtless works. amused schoolmen, over the masses they could have neither power nor interest; the national fermentation was caused by leaven of a different origin. That the so-called religious war was not waged for the sake of a creed, for the sake of an idea, but rather to enforce a "thorough reform in the head and members of the Government, in taxation and expenditure," that Huguenots were malcontents, comprising both Catholics and Protestants, were political facts fully recognised by G. Michel in '75, whilst we find Cardinal Bentivoglio stating the same conception still more explicitly early in the following century. "The chief danger to the kingdom," he writes, "arises from the likelihood of an internal opposing power; and such opposing power to royalty does exist, beyond all doubt, in that popular republic which the Huguenots are daily endeavouring to establish more securely in the kingdom."3 When Henry IV. left the Church of which as Henry of Navarre he had been the champion, the act was less a change of ritual than a repudiation of those principles of Liberalism so frequently affected by heirs-presumptive, and as frequently abjured by them on their accession to power.

When we read of the ceaseless multiplication of office, note the almost fabulous sums netted by judges and treasurers, and remember that every place in the judicature, legislature, treasury, and excise

<sup>2</sup> Panegyrick upon Folly.

<sup>1</sup> Journal de Henri III. par N. Poulain.

Bentivoglio, Lettere; parallel with this is the phrase of L. Venillot, "Phérésie albigeoise qui était le socialisme d'alors."

was filled from the legal profession, which again was recruited exclusively from the plebeian classes, to whom it opened the only portal through which these could hope to tread the threshold of nobility, we need not wonder at the thousands of starving country lads who thronged the schools of the Paris University, allured by the chance that they too might some day rise from the ranks of the oppressed to that of the oppressor, and make their millions by that sale of justice which was the natural result of the sale of office. Corruption reigned in every department of government. "In that parliament of which formerly every senator was an Aristides, justice is now become a question of favour and money." "The judges care for naught but money. Every place is for sale, and he who buys it buys it as an investment to get as much money out of it as possible." 1 The capital required for such investment varied from 3,000 to 30,000 livres, "whilst the sum of 2,500 livres was paid to the King by each of the numberless subordinate justiciaries, called lieutenants criminels, who were established in every little town and village in order the better to pillage and devour the poor people, who had to pay them a salary of 200 livres a year. This is the way to turn judges into thieves, for they cannot retail cheaply that for which they have paid so large a sum of ready money." Highwaymen pursued their vocations undisturbed by means of an amicable arrangement with justice; the gravest crimes would be condoned by a judicious distribution of 2,000 écus,<sup>2</sup> whilst the most trivial cause could not be settled until a formidable list of members of the long and of the short robe had been satisfied. "A case for a 1,000 écus cost 2,000 écus in expenses and lasted ten years," and the course of law became so slow that "none but the rich could afford to plead, and even they complained." 3 The truth of these and many similar statements is confirmed by the address of the Chancellor l'Hôpital to the Paris Parliament in '60, and soon afterwards by Silli at the States General, where, as spokesman for the nobles, he demanded the abolition of the sale of office, and the diminution "of that crowd of employés who, to gain a living, only added to confusion, protracted lawsuits, and fomented with wonderful cunning endless quarrels throughout the community." 4 Not, however, that the national love of litigation

<sup>1</sup> G. Corero, 1569.

<sup>2</sup> Journal de Henri III.

<sup>3</sup> M. Cavalli,

At the same assembly a deputy of the people suggested that when holders of church benefices were at law, the revenue of such benefices should be paid to the King during the litigation,—an idea which might be offered to the consider of Lord Penzance.

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needed much encouragement. The French country gentlemen were notoriously partial to the amusement, and were ever at variance with their neighbours. The Sieur de Gouberville, for instance, had often three or four lawsuits on his hands; if judgment were occasionally given against him, he felt no delicacy in complaining that such treatment was unfair, as he was so liberal in the matter of term which, originating in the small gift of sweetmeats made after the suit by the successful party to the judge, soon acquired a more extended meaning, and led to the nickname "noblesse épicière," so contemptuously bestowed by the feudal seignior on the "noblesse de robe."

Although l'Hôpital asserted that none of the doors leading to honour were closed, so that not only could the people obtain the great ecclesiastical and judicial offices, but that they could likewise, through the profession of arms, acquire the highest positions, even nobility itself, yet it is evident that when the bourgeois did manage to purchase admission to the equestrian branch of the army, hitherto the birthright of the noble, complaints at once arose from the wellborn hommes d'armes that their captains, incited by gain, had thus lowered the tone of their companies, and many gentlemen in disgust forsook the Cavalry to serve in the ranks of that Infantry which they had before despised.2 Still greater was the indignation when the roturier, aspiring to knighthood, was decorated with the insignia of the Order of St. Michael, formerly the coveted prize of the princes and great nobles of the realm, but which, in consequence of its lavish distribution by Henry II., came to be designated "Le collier à toutes bêtes." 3 The princes, to avoid the degradation of such associates, invariably found excuse to absent themselves from Court on St. Michael's Day, and at last Henry III. compromised the matter by instituting the Order of the St.-Esprit for the reward of his more select followers.

Montesquieu contended that it is equally at variance with the spirit of commerce and with that of monarchy for the nobles living under a monarchy to enter commerce, and asserted, moreover, that the English monarchy had been greatly weakened by a disregard of this principle. Whether this dogma might not be opposed by a comparison of the subsequent fortunes of the commerce and monarchy of France with those of the rival land is not a question for

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Revue des deux Mondes, Mai, 1878. An edict of St. Louis forbade the judges to receive more than ten sous' worth of sugar plums per week. Legrand d'Aussy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> G. Corero, 1569.

<sup>3</sup> Journal de Henri III.

this paper; still, the maxim explains the policy under which the French merchant found himself inexorably bound to the tiers-état. He was consoled, however, for want of position by the attentions and caresses he received from the King and nobles,1 who sincerely reverenced the money of which he possessed so large a share, and which rapidly increased in his hands as French trade passed almost at a bound from infancy to adolescence. So quick, indeed, was this growth, that Bodin, together with some other contemporary economists, reckoned the fact as one of the causes of the distress and high prices then prevailing. He argued that 120 years previously, when England, by right of possession or influence, ruled all the ports in Guienne, Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, and when the Moslems scoured the Mediterranean, France, having no outlet, consumed her own produce, whilst her commerce, restricted within her border, was merely an exchange of commodities,-corn for wine and wine for corn,-effected without the intervention of money, which in those days was excessively scarce. But when France, freed from the English yoke, opened a trade with all the countries in the north of Europe, supplied Spain and Portugal with corn in return for the treasures of their American mines, and established, besides, an important commerce with Turkey and the Levant, the export of the greater part of her produce naturally enhanced the value of the remainder; the price of which was still further heightened by the sudden influx of Spanish gold. In fact, if the combination of bad seasons, the devastations of war, the export of grain, and the superabundance of specie continue, "we shall soon be all gold, and yet the scarcity will be so great that no one will be able to buy food." "That which formerly could be bought for a teston now costs at least an écu," says Brantôme; and Corero in '69 complains that prices were so high, that his horses alone cost him for their keep more than half the sum-total of his ambassadorial allowances. Everyone possessed gold and silver plate, while in the higher classes the profusion was extreme. In '75, G. Michel describes in raptures the apartments prepared for him at the palace of the Duke of Guise, the gold and silk hangings, and the bed which alone was valued at several thousand écus. In '81 the fêtes for the marriage of the Vicomte de Joyeuse cost Henry III. 1,200,000 écus, though it is true that, a few months later, when the Swiss through their ambassadors demanded payment of their debt, the King declared he had no money.2

<sup>1</sup> Ambassadeurs vénitiens.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Journal des choses mémorables advenues durant tout le Roy de France et Pologne, N. Poulain, 1621.

At the commencement of the century the day labourer or vinedresser received in winter four deniers a day (one-third of a sou) and in summer six deniers (half of a sou); the price of a fat sheep, fleece included, being five sous; arable land cost ten to twelve écus per acre, and vineyards thirty écus. In '59 the labourer got 21 sous "avec ses dépens," the sheep cost twenty-five to thirty sous, arable land fifteen to twenty livres (about 43 to 63 écus) and well-planted vineyards 100 livres (31 to 33 écus) free of all charge except "cens." In '78 the labourer declared he could not possibly live on less than eight to ten sous per diem, and the fat sheep cost four to six livres. Arable land had risen to twenty and twenty-four écus, and vineyards to sixty écus; but as it had thus only doubled in price during the period in question, it must, when compared to the far higher rise in the cost of produce, be considered to have retrograded in relative value, the result, doubtless, of the devastation of constant war.1 In 1524, after two severe winters, wheat was considered excessively dear at twenty-six livres "le muid" (five quarters); in '65 it was at 260 livres ready money. In some parts of the country, Toulouse for instance, the price of corn had risen twentyfold in one hundred years.2

The currency question indeed forms the most perplexing of the many puzzles which beset the reader of sixteenth-century memoirs, not only from the fluctuating value of specie in relation to labour and produce, but also from the still more frequent alternations in the price of gold as compared with that of livres, whilst the intricacies of the royal coinage are increased by the quantity and variety of provincial, antiquated, and foreign money also afloat. The only gold coins struck by Francis I. were the écu and the demi-écu; the teston (10 sous) and the demi-teston were the only silver ones. The gold "Henri" (two écus) and the "double Henri," pieces remarkable for their beauty, belong to the reign of Henri II.; the "gros de Nesle" (21 sous) is of the same period. During the troubled days of Charles IX. the inhabitants of the town of Montauban, having embraced Calvinism, struck some silver coins, with the inscription "Monnoye de la République de Montauban," whilst Condé had pieces made on which he assumed the title "Premier Roy Chrétien des François." These, however, were but numismatic curiosities.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The set of rates for '59 are from Haton, the others from Bodin. In '58 Haton states that a man could live well on bread and wine for a sou and a half a day; and in '54 he speaks of the inmates of a certain religious house being allowed for their support two sous tournois, a white loaf, and three tumblers of wine daily.

Discours de J. Bodin sur le rehaussement et diminution des Monneyes tant or que d'argent, &c. &c. 1578.

Henry III. abolished the teston, replacing it with the silver franc (twenty sous), the demi-franc and the quart-de-franc; he also introduced the quart-d'écu and the demi-quart-d'écu, both silver. More complicated was the "Monnaie de billon," a mixture of silver and copper, of which the better description was termed "Monnaie blanc," and comprised the carolus or dizaine of Charles VIII., the gros blanc or onzaine of Louis XI., the douzaine of Henry II., the blanc or solblanc, the gros-tournois, gros-denier blanc, all one-sou pieces of ten to twelve deniers each, with the petit blanc or half-sou piece; the liard (3 deniers), the double (2 deniers), and the denier (one-twelfth of a sou), were styled monnaie noire-lastly came a coin of infinitesimal value called "maille." There were besides in circulation the Portuguese and Spanish double ducats (nine to ten livres); the rose noble (twelve livres); the Flemish gold Imperial (six livres); the Polish gold ducat, struck in France (four livres fifteen sous); the silver Philippus (five livres); the Spanish silver reals (six or seven sous) with half- and quarter-reals; the carolus of Metz, Besançon, Lorraine, Geneva and Savoy; Flemish dalles or thalers, jucondalles, &c. "All these caused great inconvenience to the poor people of France, who had to live according to their discretion." Fully to understand the inconvenience, it must be remembered that the standard, from its fluctuations and nominal character, was worse than useless, being based on the livre which was "une monnaie imaginaire," "la livre de compte," an imaginary sum by which contracts and prices were fixed, and which, nevertheless, had no decreed value. The livre, whether the parisis or the tournois, was divided into twenty sous, and these again into twelve deniers; the livre parisis however was worth one-fourth more than the livre tournois, and would therefore be equal to twenty-five sous tournois. But the price of gold and silver was raised or lowered with such utter disregard to the standard, that in Paris the écu would be worth four livres five sous, and the teston twenty-two sous, whilst, at the same date, in Orleans and other towns, the écu would be computed at from five to six livres, and the teston at thirty to thirty-five sous.1

To select a single coin out of the medley and trace its individual history is scarcely less bewildering than the general survey of the whole; thus the vicissitudes of the golden écu suggest to the student the impossible inference that the piece rose in inverse ratio to the price of the metal of which it was composed. In the early days of Francis I. the écu was said to be worth but one livre, and even when

<sup>1</sup> J. Bodin. Journal de Henri I de France, 1692.

the country was being drained of gold for the ransoms of the King and his nobles, the Bourgeois de Paris reckoned it at less than two livres. It was then gradually raised by royal edict till it reached to three, and ultimately, under Henry III., to six livres, this price being contemporaneous with Bodin's complaint anent the superabundance of gold. Soon afterwards it fell to five livres, the depreciation being further assisted by the edict of '77, which reduced the same coin to three livres. This capricious and arbitrary change, the fall within so brief a period of fifty per cent., caused a general disorganisation of prices, created the greatest confusion in all credit accounts, entailed heavy losses on foreign travellers holding letters of exchange, and offered a rare occasion for roguery to such as were behind the scenes-French merchants and money-lenders, to whom the King, in return for his own pecuniary obligations, willingly granted permission to tamper with the currency of the realm. At times this fraternity would buy up all the smaller French coin to resell at an advance on the legal standard. As the taille was perforce paid with money from the King's mint, this species of fraud chiefly injured the peasant who for ordinary purposes fell back on the cheaper foreign coin, till the circulation of this was prohibited in the usual sudden and peremptory fashion. To the rich, well furnished with royal marked money, and able either to wait the turn of the tide or to dispose of the proscribed pieces to foreign merchants, the matter was of trifling consideration; to the peasant the loss was twofold; possessing little else save foreign change, he was obliged first to sell the condemned carolus at a terrible discount to the royal agent, and then to pay exorbitantly for the scarce standard coin. Haton, in his numerous denunciations of the means employed as a remedy, and which threw so much of the unavoidable loss on the weakest portion of the community, overlooked the fact that a purification of the currency by some mode or other had become an urgent need. After great opposition this was effected in '77 by establishing the gold écu as the standard and "abolishing the reckoning by sous and livres, which is imaginary." What mattered the suffering of the poor so long as the end was attained? The coinage was re-adjusted, and in '78 the peasant was thrown into despair by being compelled to pay the taille in écus, a difference which cost him more than 25 per cent.

"I know but three ways of living in this world; by wages for work; by begging; thirdly, by stealing, so-named or not so-named," thus said the Prophet of Chelsea. But few indeed were they who in

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> François Garrault, Général de la Cour des Monnoyes, 1578. Recueil des ncipaux advis &c.

#### A French Cure in the Sixteenth Century. 3

the sixteenth century attempted to live by the first method in its unadulterated form; the majority subsisted by a mixture more or less delicate, but always recognised, of both working and stealing; the combination affected by the French was, as described by Machiavelli, of a somewhat superior kind. "It is the character of the nation to be covetous of the wealth of others; this when obtained they spend as prodigally as they do their own. The Frenchman thieves with the intention of eating, squandering, and enjoying the booty with him whom he has robbed. Not so the Spaniard; you never see again anything that he has stolen from you." Avaricious, yet extravagant and vain; treacherous in his dealings, but genial and gay; inordinately addicted to the pleasures of the table; unstable, yet ever making the favour of kings his divinity; extremely humble in bad fortune, and in good just as insolent; it is thus that the scornful yet envious foreigners delineate the Frenchman who, emerging from a half-civilised state, was endeavouring to conceal his deficiencies with the veneer of Italian corruption. But even these bitter critics were fain to confess that the nation was characterised by one valuable quality, a quality which, whatever else has changed, she still retains: "It has always happened that when the kingdom seemed half conquered, after great defeats, the loss of territory, the captivity of the chief nobles, of the captains, and even of the kings themselves, that France has sprung up more bold than ever, not only able to save herself from ruin, but able also to overawe those who had been oppressing her. Such is the vitality and good fortune of the kingdom, ever begetting new strength when her need is greatest."1

E. BLANCHE HAMILTON.

<sup>1</sup> Suriano, 1561.

# ON THE WAY HOME.

ALL who could read the message written in the gathering clouds and hurrying waves, prophesied bad weather; and drew pictures of tumbling seas and tossing ships black enough to cast terror into the souls of those unseasoned landsfolk who had determined to take the long way home, for the sake of Tangier and a glimpse of Spain. But when things are arranged in one way it is difficult to reconstruct them in another. Wherefore, in spite of prophecy and pictures, the plunge was taken, the passage-money paid, and a week's existence in the narrow limits of a Mediterranean Cunard was determined on as a thing to be done, let the gods thunder as they might.

Our special boat was one of the smallest of the line. Admirable as a troopship, she was by no means delightful as a passenger-ship; for the cabins were small and ill-provided, and, when contrasted with the luxuriously-appointed state-rooms of French and Italian steamers, were as dry sticks compared to flowering bushes. In view of what we, the poor unseasoned landsfolk, suffer at sea, it seems to be such gratuitous cruelty to add unnecessary personal discomfort to inevitable personal pain! But the auri sacra fames is as the Lamb of the Steppes which eateth up all the tender herbage beneath its feet; and if a Company—corporations having neither souls to be saved nor consciences to be pricked—can save a few pounds by close shaving the discomfort of the scraped skin does not count.

The weather justifies the Cassandras who prophesied and fore-warned. Once out of the immediate shelter of the Golden Shell—when Zafferana has faded into the mists of distance and Pelligrino has sunk into the depths of darkness—the story of the halcyon becomes an audacious myth which never could have had a living basis, and mermaids and sirens are only poetic names for seaborn Fates and Furies. The Cave of the Winds lets loose all its occupants at once, and it is as if the "Lord, the shaker of the earth, had gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands," to "loosen the knees" of these modern representatives of Ulysses. Black clouds chase the golden hours

and overtake them as they fly. The boat becomes as it were alive, and as sensitive as she is nimble. She stops and shivers from keel to gunwale as the waves strike her between the eyes, and staggers under the blow as if she would sink beneath the liquid floor on which she floats. Then, with a spring like that of a buckjumper, she bounds forward, seeming to leap from wave to wave, with daylight clear beneath her keel. Now she is like a drinking hen, her prow lifted to the skies; now she is like a diving duck, her stern turned up to where her prow had been. All the antics to be performed by wood and iron does car romantically-named ship go through, as an acrobat goes through his performances; and the accustomed travellers eat and drink, and laugh, and run, as if nothing extraordinary were going on, while the unaccustomed lie in their narrow berths, and groan.

At last, after days many and sore, comes a blissful steadiness in our acrobatic ship, when even the most hardly holden take heart of grace and emerge from their dismal depths; and there, bright in the light of the blessed sun, are the glorious mountains of Spain, crowned with snow, clad with verdure below the waist, and adorned here and there with splendid colours. Still and solemn as Egyptian gods these white and silent peaks stand out against the sky; while the many-hued rocks, as free from snow as bare of verdure, look like jewels roughly flung on their setting, and the green fields and leafy woods are idyls fashioned in substance not sung in verse. Obscure villages and unnamed homesteads reveal themselves as the ship sails on, past jutting cape and towering promontory. A railway, running along the line of the coast, is as a message sent from earth to sea. Human life is busy there among those dwelling-places which have no name for us and no history-busy, but silent and invisible. What a strange longing comes over one at the sight of these green woods and fields! To hear the birds sing and see the bright eyes of the little brown beasts as they scamper, scared and panting, to their hidden homes-to gather wild flowers and smell the fresh scent of the earth-could there be greater happiness? It would scarcely seem so, at least when pictured from the deck of a ship singularly deficient in even ship-comforts.

Then all these nameless places pass like phantasmagoria, and we catch the dim outlines of the grand old cathedral at Malaga. Now our pace slackens, our engine slows, and soon we come to a full stop and a fast anchor; when we run up a couple of flags which tell the port-authorities all they want to know, and bring to the ship all she wants to have.

That first landing in Spain !--t' vol. ccl.vii. No. 1846.

and the heroic Cid; the country where St. Dominic's stern followers proved their Christianity by their oblation of human blood, making Torquemada their St. John, and honouring Christ under the guise of Moloch; where the best and wisest of the day were slaughtered or expelled; where Columbus bound the New World as a pendant to the throne of Isabella, and his successors made of Eden a hell; where chivalry flourished till Cervantes dressed it in motley and slew it with a jest; where pride had its apotheosis, and stately poverty in tattered purple kept fast hold of both dignity and selfrespect; where the present is still lying in the grave of the past, and the winter of decay has scarcely begun to give place to the spring time of renovation. It may be ridiculous to "enthuse," but it is natural. No one can banish the thronging phantoms of history, which pass through the mind like clouds over a river. The soil teems with them; the air is full of them; the subtle threads cross and interweave; and memory reproduces its old lessons, as far-off echoes faintly sounding from the distance long after the original note has been given. Bullfights and Lockhart's Spanish ballads, Washington Irving and Doña Inez, the Inquisition and Gil Blas, Phillips's pretty woman and Queen Christina, all mix together and jostle one another like so many unstrung beads; and the first barber's basin hanging over a doorway is again Mambrino's helmet for those who have tilted with Don Quixote against the windmills in the plains of Monteil, and supped with the Duchess and Sancho Panza.

Sitting, lying, squatting on the pavement are ragged, close-cropped urchins, reproducing Murillo. One, investigating the bosom of his Isabella-coloured shirt, is the exact counterpart of the picture we all know by heart. Dark-eyed girls with flowers in their shining black hair; ladies dressed in black, carrying their mass-books and attended by their duennas—the mantle drawn over the face in anticipation of the veiled East—as it were the fringe of the substance; silvey fish in wattled baskets of cool, moist green; carts, the sides of which are uprights wound in and about with matting; shops full of fans, and shops full of dolls—these are the things which are most evident to us as we land on the quay and wander through the town, where modern omnibuses ply for fares, as if Malaga were London, substituting mules with bells for horses with blinkers.

The Cathedral is an enormous building and heavily ornate. The shrine is at once splendid and tawdry, in the manner of all Roman Catholic shrines and altars, where tinsel and coarse colours, worthless bead-work, and faded artificial flowers, are of as much value as the noblest picture ever painted by Lionardo, or the most perfect bit of goldsmiths' work ever designed and chiselled by Cellini. The choirstalls, however, are exquisitely carved; but take care where you sit when in the choir; for if you subside, as I did, on the first crossbench that comes, thus unconsciously turning your back to the Altar, the custodian will make you understand your lapse of good taste and propriety with not much regard to your dignity. There is a strange Moorish look about the building; as there is about the Duomo at Palermo; as if the horns of the Crescent were peeping up from behind the arms of the Cross-as if the profile of Mahommed were in the shadow cast by Christ. The whole thing is grandiose but also oppressive. In every way it is too big and imposing for the insignificant town it dwarfs and dominates. In the town itself is nothing specially picturesque nor even quaint. It is just an assemblage of ordinary European houses, neither better nor worse than are to be found elsewhere. To be sure there is the beautiful Alameda, and a public garden where we sit and eat ripe bananas freshly plucked from the tree-afterwards arguing in unknown tongues with the proprietor about the relative value of an English shilling and a Spanish peseta.

The people stare, laugh, and make uncomplimentary remarks on our general appearance as we wander through the streets in the aimless way of sightseers and strangers. One of our party wears a large flapping straw hat which affords infinite amusement to the gathering crowd. They liken it to a circular fan or an umbrella, and make jokes on the "double debt" which it pays like the poet's bedstead. A small army of idlers gradually assembles at our heels, and our treacherous guide adds fuel to the fire of their saucy merriment. After a time the patience of that one of our party who understands a little Spanish gives way, and on a sudden outburst the pack disperses and we are no longer hunted.

Two famous gardens, about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the town, are to be seen by orders obtained for the asking. The road to them is a marvel of badness. How grave and responsible citizens can submit to the inconvenience of such a highway is as great a marvel. A lake of mud counts for nothing. A hole, deep enough to swallow up a Spanish Curtius, is a trifle over which philosophy skips lightfooted. A hillock, which would cant over an artillery train drawn by elephants, is of no more consequence than if it were a worm-cast. The erratic river winds and meanders in an endless succession of S's, and is crossed again and again, with the water up to the carriage floor. That also seems to be a trifle not worth the cost of straightening and a bridge. To judge by the broad waste of stones.

here and there, the task of fording in the winter must be both difficult and dangerous. As it is, though neither difficult nor dangerous, it is not pleasant.

On our way we pass the prison which looks curiously insecure. Unlike our own grim and silent strongholds, where no one is seen till the bolts are drawn and the door is opened—and unlike the Italian prisons, where the heavily-armed guards are so prominent and ubiquitous—this place has an open archway tenanted by officials, who might be merely lounging, chatting comrades, assembled there as in a club-house. No close-barred and impervious door hides its shameful secret. An open-worked iron gate shuts in the prisoners, but shows them like caged birds between the bars. It reminds one of the jewellers' shops in Regent Street, where the shutterless windows, protected by iron bars only, leave the contents of the shop to be scanned by all passers-by.

The gardens, which we have gone to see, repay us for the joltings and bumpings of our drive. They are beautiful beyond description. Palms and tree-ferns; roses which are almost human in their beauty. and white and stately arums like so many transformed nymphs; a sward as green as our English grass, though formed not of turf but of close-growing, small-leaved mesembryanthemum; tumbling cascades making music among the rocks; silent ponds where gold and silver fish dart in and out among the water-plants; beds of pink and scarlet begonias and of all sweet-smelling blossoms; heliotropes and geraniums in bushes as large as our laurels and laurustinus; hot-houses for tropical plants -rare orchids and the like; green-houses for the sub-tropical and tender growths which want protection even in Spain; order and perfect neatness, such as we see in the best-kept English gardens, and the same air of luxuriance, though of a richer and more pronounced kind; all this is what we find in these beautiful gardens; and we forget the miseries of our acrobatic ship while taking in the delights of these delicious oases of loveliness. Then we go back over our wonderfully neglected road; and, as a refreshment meander into a café and solace ourselves with Spanish chocolate, which we find equal to its repute.

At Malaga we ship extra passengers and are more closely packed than before; our captain, who is not well, becoming suddenly both cruel and arbitrary. But it is not for long. A night's slow steaming brings us to Gibraltar, standing in the morning light as grim and gaunt and aggressive, as powerful and menacing, as belongs by right to an English military outpost. The day is worthy of the mothat country. The Union Jack clings limply to the flag-mast, and the

rain pours down as if the windows of the leaden sky were open and a second Deluge had begun. Wet through and chilled to the marrow, with that wretched sense of moral degradation which belongs to bedragglement added to the physical misery of cold, ourselves and our luggage tumbled anyhow into the over-laden steam-launch told off to carry us ashore, we plunge through the tumbling waves which break bodily over us and threaten to swamp us altogether. The only comfortable circumstance in the day's gloom, with the sharp tempers thereby generated, is the kindness of the Customs House officer-a frank, soldierly, good-natured man, who compassionately helps us with advice and a carriage. He, who knows every stone and street of Gibraltar-for he has never left the Rock from birth to now-understands and pities the ignorance of strangers, and tells us what to do and where to go, as if he had been a guardian angel at the gate-not of Paradise, but of that place "Giù, più giù." For Gibraltar is detestable-at least, my own experience was unpleasant enough; and not all the picturesque mingling of costume in Spaniard, Moor, and our own variously clad Tommy Atkins, made it palatable in view of what was suffered. But Gibraltar and its extortionate hotel, ill-found and unhealthy, its brackish water, fiery sun, and wolfish wind, must wait till we come back from Tangier, the principal object of the journey.

About a month before this I had been with other friends to Tunis; but I was told that going to Tunis to see the East was like going to Whitechapel to study England, and that Tangier supplied all the local colour in which the capital of the kingdom of the Bey was wanting. It was, in short, an exemplification of the theme:— "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." Having carried away from Tunis an impression of absolute delight, I was naturally anxious to deepen and round off the pleasant picture already engraved on my memory. But the personal condition of things was not so favourable now as then; and a double experiment is always doubtful.

A dirty, ill-kept cockle-shell, destitute of every kind of decent comfort, tossing on a stormy sea for seven hours and a half instead of the average four; sickness to die of, and no compassion from the gods nor help from man; faintness, hunger and every kind of physical distress; waves in mountains and rain in buckets—this is the rough outline of our passage. The reader may fill in the details according to his strength of sympathy and vividness of imagination. It is almost night when we arrive at the Tangier mooring and the long lines of fiery red and burning gold shining heavy bars of sullen purple cloud cast a strange ligh

sea. In this fantastic kind of splendour, dark yet glowing, things look weird and unearthly. The high landing-stage, with its sharp flight of steep steps, up which we have to climb, is filled with a shrieking crowd of swarthy Moors and blacker negroes, gesticulating, yelling, fighting, like so many demons let loose. Their brown rags and white haiks, yellow slippers and red fezes, form a chord of colour in itself startling enough to those who see it for the first time; but in this wild and lurid light these colours, intensified, help to make the yelling crowd more than ever like creatures from the lower regions dressed in an infernal masquerade. It is really like a canto of Dante impersonated; and it is not to be wondered at if I at least confess to a certain shrinking of the flesh and spirit at the rough contact to which we all are doomed. We are, however, in for it; and as we have begun so must we go on. We clamber up those steep and breakneck-looking steps, when we are instantly hustled, surrounded, yelled at, captured. Our luggage is seized by a dozen bare-legged pirates, as so much booty to be ransomed at a high figure; and we ourselves are seized by as many more as so much prey-jetsam and flotsam cast up by the waves to be the lawful property of the boldest wrecker. We do not know where we are nor where we are going. Our small party is separated and we are like so many corks tossed to and fro on a surging sea of vociferous and unintelligible humanity, when a close-shaven, clean-looking, well-dressed Arab pushes forward through the throng; cuffs, abuses, threatens; flings one to the right, another to the left; gathers in a compact knot those who have our effects on their heads; speaks to us in French sibilant words of encouragement and consolation, to the crowd in Arabic gutturals of abuse and menace; sees that we are not molested in the muddy shed which serves for the Tangerine Customs House; shows us the way we are to go through the steep and dirty streets, every moment getting darker and darker; and finally deposits us at the door of the cheery and well-lighted Continental Hotel, whither we are bound He is Hadji, a guide and interpreter connected with the hotel, and henceforth devoted to us for our stay. And now our sufferings are at an end, and we may cease to fear and begin to enjoy.

Tunis and Tangier are not to be compared. They are as unlike each other as Gibraltar is unlike both. Tunis is richer, more varied, more animated than Tangier. The costumes are more elegant and the colours more beautiful. The mixture of races is more picturesque; and, in spite of the influx of the French, the whole thing is more complete. Perhaps artists would prefer Tangier. Finding, as so many do, their chief materials in dirt and rags, the beauty of order-

liness and cleanliness is that for which they have but scant admiration. All, therefore, who love the rich brown tones of dirt and the crumbling surfaces of neglect and decay-to whom the unsymmetrical arrangement of rags is beautiful, and who prefer a group of unwashed peasants sitting on their heels in the mud of an uncleansed market place, without stalls or shelter, and in friendly association with camels, mules, and horses, to any other combination of men and things-all these will find an inexhaustible mine in Tangier. And they will find little else. Save the owners of the few good shops in the small townwitness that exquisitely-draped old man in his filmy burnous over his more substantial body-garments, all of snowy white-there is not a well-dressed person to be seen. Riffs with their bare brown legs and their one covering of coarse brown sackcloth; negro slaves, closeshaven, bareheaded, and also in one brown sack for all their covering; peasants, who are amorphous bundles of fringed rags, crowned with huge straw hats, battered and torn, and more like our field scarecrows than living human beings; the very poorest Arabs in the very poorest haiks-these take the place of the military Pashas in their orders and gold-laced uniforms; the portly Beys in dark blue and striped yellowin strong red and compensating green; the sleek young Abdallahs in salmon colour and pale blue; the handsome Zadoks in white with slight touches of saffron-yellow here and there to relieve the monotony; the oddly dressed Jewish women, unveiled, with their painted faces, joined eyebrows, horned head-dresses beneath their shawls, and the fat limbs of maturity or the slender ones of maidenhood cased in tight leggings-black for the matron, white for the maid-visible to the hip; the gaudy uniforms of the French soldiers, all blue and red and yellow-whom one meets in the streets and bazaars of Tunis. And that bazaar itself, with its many-arched arcades and multitudinous rabbit-hutches rather than shops, where the owner sits cross-legged among his wares, all of which he can reach with his hand without rising from his place, waiting in sleepy dignity for such customers as Allah may think fit to send-is ill represented by two or three Europeanized "Emporia," where you are not worried to buy; where they do not give you coffee as an "arlespenny"; where there is none of the fun of bargaining-getting for fifteen francs a piece of stuff for which the original sum asked was ninety; and where a dozen persons and more may walk about at their ease and look at the goods at leisure. Still, Tangier has many things of exceeding interest for the traveller, if some are full of painful association

the beating-place-to take the most charact

Once the beating-place was outside a

you have the most beautiful view imaginable of the gardens and cupolas, the flat roofs and palm-trees, of the city. Now it is under an arcade abutting on the Court of Justice, so that sentence is pronounced and executed without delay. The prison is close by. Under the arcade and clustered round the open door of the court, are the native police and executants. They are picturesque enough as they sit there in the graceful dignity proper to all Easterners-too proud to be vain, too contemptuous to be conscious. To an artist they would be invaluable. Those who are not artists may be excused if they remember, with a shudder, what cruel offices these nobly draped living statues are told off to fulfil-how they are the hands of a legislative and executive system to which it would be a farce to give the name of either law or justice. The place seems to reek with blood and to echo with the cries of the tortured wretches for whose lightest fault the kourbash is ordained; and we ask again, as so often: "How long, O Lord, how long?" We look in at the open doorway, which we are not allowed to enter, and see the judge sitting in his place and hear the voice of the plaintiff or defendant, who is pleading before him, and wonder what it is all about and what the upshot will be Then we go a few steps to the right and enter the outer hall of that noisome den, the prison. The three places-the Court of Justice, the beating-place, and the prison-are all close together, the Court being in the middle.

Nothing on earth can be more terrible than that Tangerine prison. Looking through a round hole in the wall we see the miserable creatures within, chained like so many wild beasts (one is chained to a pillar), emaciated, half-starved, uncleansed, abandoned by man and unhelped by God. Two grey-bearded men, grand and patriarchal, keep watch and ward in the outer court. Quiet, dignified, silent, Abrahamic, they might be impersonations of the fine old Biblical patriarchs, and are as far removed from our popular ideas of turnkeys and gaolers as are those sublime Jacobs and Esaus outside the Court of Justice from English policemen or French gendames. Through this round hole an eager, speechless, half-starved but unchained prisoner, silently thrusts a few baskets, by the sale of which, and by the gifts of the charitable, the wretches within are enabled to live. It seems incredible, but we are assured that Government does not supply the prisoners with any kind of food; and that, if they cannot keep themselves by the sale of their work, if the doles of the charitable run dry, they have nothing for it but slow and sure starvation. The whole thing is infinitely terrible. We keep our wild beasts in a menagerie in far more comfort, not to speak of sufficiency, than these our brother-men are kept by the authorities of a nation to which we send our accredited ambassadors. Can nothing be done? Is civilization indeed of so slow a growth, and so difficult to learn? It is with a sense of absolute physical pain that we turn away into the sunlight from the dismal place of waiting. But that dear sunlight is blurred and watery, to one at least of our little party; and the painful thought of how many countless thousands are made to mourn by man's inhumanity to man, for some time dims the pleasure of life and blots out the beauty of nature.

All the negroes here are slaves, and there is still the slave-market where they are bought and sold like so many head of cattle; but in deference to the better public opinion of the West, this slave-sale is held in a room, no longer in the open market-place. The slaves are not allowed to be taken out of the kingdom; and the children and adults, whom we see, seem to be well taken care of and are sleek and comfortable to look at. In the bazaars the little fellows who hand and help are slaves; the negresses, who go out unveiled to buy the family provisions, are also slaves; and those grim Misrours, who sit at the gate of rich men's houses, are the specialized slaves to whom is confided the care of the women. At the door of a pasha's house, which we often pass, sits one of these men-a Kislar Aga in his own small way. He is a grim, uncompromising kind of person, to whom the sack for an erring woman would be the only righteous award-a dagger-thrust to an unlawful intruder the only righteous retribution. It would be rather a hopeless contest to try conclusions with this grim and ferocious-looking guardian of the House! His very aspect is formidable, and he has the same effect on one's nerves, at once mysterious and terrifying, as has the shadow cast by a thundercloud set in the midst of a brilliant sky. We go into a pasha's house, of which the hareem is away in the country. All the furniture has gone with the ladies, but we see the disposition of the rooms, as well as certain ornaments which have been left carefully locked up in the wall-cupboards. Among these ornaments are soap and tooth-brush dishes, as well as sauce-boats, of common English crockery-evidently as much prized as we prize Japanese blue ware or Chinese dragon porcelain. But there are silver-hilted swords and huge stone jars, and many-coloured hanging-stands and brazen vessels of native manufacture, which are both beautiful and desirable. We might have suggested a better fastening for the door than the huge pole or small battering-ram which supplements the clumsy locks and bolts, in themselves sufficiently secure. It makes the house

more of a prison than else it would have been; and as things are it

is prison-like enough.

This kind of battering-ram is popular as a door-fastener in Tangier. In the "sweetstuff" shop, where we go to buy those delicious little cakes of almond paste, which are like Guli's Easter lambs of "pasta reale," the door is secured by one of these poles laid across it. The shop is shut, and we have difficulty, first in finding the proprietor, and then in inducing him to come and trade with us. At last we succeed, and the door is duly opened. The sweets are covered with gauze to protect them from the flies and wasps which are there in myriads; but these myriads are all underneath the gauze, and the various kinds of cakes and "dolci" are simply indistinguishable beneath the black and yellow swarms which have settled on them.

One afternoon we go to a hareem in the country. After passing the bleak and desolate hill-side burying-place, where the grave-stones are lost in weeds, aloes, and over-growth of all kinds, our way lies through a sandy lane, the hedge-rows of which are bright with our garden nasturtium and small blue convolvulus, and sweet with aromatic herbs, fresh and fragrant. In due time we arrive at a dilapidated garden door, with peep-holes broken into the decayed planks, and never a bell nor knocker for summons or demand. Hadji yells out some unintelligible words, and hammers away at the door, lustily, with stones of ascending sizes and weights picked up from the road, one heavier and bigger than the other, as no response comes to hand or voice. At last he tells us that the slave is coming to open the gate; and sure enough, in a few minutes a stout, coarse-looking, goodhumoured negress strides down the weed-grown path and noisily undoes the bolts and locks which keep in the hareem and bar out the world beyond. The garden, full of orange-trees, is utterly untended. The only flowers in the borders are unsatisfactory monthly roses and a strong kind of coarse salvia. All the rest are weeds. But the orange-blossoms, with which the trees are covered, fill the air with perfume. After walking for some distance under the guidance of the slave-Hadji discreetly remaining at the gate-we come upon a young man of goodly presence sitting under the trees with a pretty, refined, sad-looking woman, who, he tells us in his broken English, is his "sweetheart." She is the widow of a pasha, and of some obscure relationship to himself. We cannot make it quite class whether she is his aunt or his cousin; but whatever she may ! is going to marry her, he says. His own age is seventeen. Il just under thirty; and she is probably some ten years or

than he. They are drinking coffee, and it is to be supposed, making love under the fragrant shade of the orange-trees. They rise as we come up to them, and are courteous and friendly. The man speaks a little English, as I said; to her belongs only the language of gentleness and natural courtesy, of refinement and evident suffering.

We accompany them to the house where the rest of the hareem is to be found. Here, at the door of a dirty and dilapidated place, more like a hen-house than a human habitation, we find a group of women of all sizes and ages. They are the mother and sisters of the pretty "sweetheart," and are all the family of the dead Pasha, and the near relations of the young lover. The mother is a dark, brisk, bright-looking woman, who is intensely amused by us and our strange ways. She shows us one or two small English trifles which have been given to her, and is charmed by our contribution. Both she and the "sweetheart" accept our gifts with simple, childlike pleasure, thrusting them into the folds of their dress, which serve them for pockets. All wear two kerchiefs, knotted picturesquely round their heads; and all have flowers in their hair. All look, too, as if one not very vigorous shake would free them from their clothes, which have a curious air of slipping down and insecurity. They are pretty women but not dazzlingly beautiful; and they are courteous and pleasant. We are given small branches of orange-blossom, and the ladies say many graciously-sounding words on our departure, Altogether the visit is pleasant and though the slave, with her thick brown legs and thick red lips, is greedy of money and apparently insatiable, the ladies and the young lover have been sympathetic and sweet-mannered.

We visit other hareems. One is the "house" of a rich merchant in the city, where are two pretty young sisters, with round faces and soft skins, a mother, and a lovely little child. The ladies are dressed in showy garments, also with two wonderful kerchiefs of different colours knotted round their shining black hair. The court where they receive us is beautifully decorated, and as beautifully clean. In the shadow, under the arcade, sit slaves in white, working. While we are there, a living white bundle comes in from the outside, laden with her purchases. She kisses, first the hand of the mistress-mother, then those of the younger ladies, each in order of seniority; and then she, too, subsides with her companions in the dark, under the arcade. The child is marvellously pleased with a little inlaid moustache-brush and comb given to it, and a bottle of eau-de-cologne brings a worked hand-kerchief to the donor.

Again, - I weem introduces us to a Pasha's young wife,

twelve months married, and ill-bred from timidity. Her marriage has been the result of an intrigue, mainly promoted by her own family, which had for its object the dismissal of a magnificently beautiful and fondly-loved only wife, after a happy marriage of many years. The installation of this young girl in the place of that cruelly misrepresented woman, was the prize aimed at and won. Perhaps, however, love and justice may prevail in the end, and this unslaughtered Desdemona may be restored to her rights and place. But the new wife has also to be considered, says Pasha Othello, dubiously-polygamy, though allowed by the law, being found more difficult than satisfactory in practice. The new wife is pretty, but looks mindless and inane. An old woman, sitting against the wall of the room, is embroidering a jacket; but she herself, and her companion, are idle and désœuvrées. The slave, one of the fattest, biggest, and coarsest of her kind, is ruder than our former laughing and greedy friend; and altogether, the visit is barren of incident and of pleasure. The garden is as neglected as was the former; the weeds are as rampant; the ways and walks are as muddy; and the orange-blossoms are by no means so generously dispensed as they were by the family of the handsome youth, whose heart was made soft by love for his sad-eyed, gentle-natured "sweetheart."

Our Minister, Sir John Drummond Hay, to whom we have letters of introduction, is no longer in the city, but has moved up to Ravensrock, his summer quarters and a long hour's ride from the town. We are invited to luncheon; and at the proper time set out. Wheeled vehicles there are none in the whole kingdom of Morocco. They say there is not so much as a wheelbarrow; and personally, I am not inclined to try the pack-saddle bound across the back of my small donkey. As I am a good walker I insist on walking. A tramp of an hour is nothing to me, and a pack-saddle on a small donkey is abhorrent. But there are difficulties of a formidable kind in the way of my inconvenient will. First we come to a stretch of mud which is simply impassable, and where no ingenuity can find a way of picking one's steps. Here, Hadji and my own donkey-boy make a sedan-chair of their hands, and so carry me across. Then we go on again, and Hope tells her flattering tale that now the worst is over-as she has told it, any time, these millions of years during which man has listened and believed. Full of confidence in my own powers, I walk on, while the others ride. The small mud-huts of the Riffs interest me; the splendid Arabian, given by the King to the Spanish minister, delights me to see, as it caracoles over the plain, tail and mane flying in the wind-fulfilling the conditions of a

perfect Arab steed, which are that the rider should be able to be hidden between the tail and mane. The pickets of soldiers are also pleasant to contemplate; the horses are fine, and the soldiers themselves-to strangers not distinguishable from civilians, but to the natives, stamped and labelled by the pointed skull-cap, their one sole sign of uniform-are also interesting. Those seated on the ground, clothed in brown, are "great" soldiers, spoken of by Hadji with respect broadening into veneration. All things go well till we come to the river, which we have to ford, with never a bridge nor even a row of stepping-stones to help. Here again I am carried as before; and again over the second turn; when, stumbling over a stone while going up the sharp ascent, I am seized on by the men and forcibly seated on my donkey's back, as a prisoner who has neglected her duty and is punished by the authorities. Here I have to be held by Mohammed the boy, he putting his arm round my waist, I mine, in maternal confidence, round his shoulders. Of that ride and its results, I bear the marks even to this day. It was a dreadful experience, the nature of which I must hold as secret as a Hindù woman holds the name of her husband, or a savage his own.

Ravensrock is worth a little trouble to see. The sharp pitches and steep ascents, the phenomenal mud and rushing loose-stoned river, the pack-saddle and the donkey are forgotten when once the goal is gained; for Sir John has chosen his site well. A keen sportsman and mighty hunter, he remembered the rock for which the wounded wild boar used to make when he turned at bay; and when he wanted to build his summer home he bought that plot. No more beau-tiful site could be found in the whole kingdom of Morocco. Set on a commanding height, with still higher rocks and crags above, the broken foreground falls sharp to the sea, which to-day is as darkly, brightly, beautifully blue as the ideal Mediterranean should be. The clearly-defined Spanish mountains rise across the strait in front; and the tender distance, of that wonderful amethystine colour which makes the solid hills look as unsubstantial as sunlit clouds, carry the imagination into infinity. The garden, terraced on this steep escarpment, is a marvel of skill and a miracle of beauty. Beds of arums dazzle the eyes like so much snow; the roses are superb, and the damask, of which is made the attar, are fragrant to a point unknown to us at home. The shrubbery is chiefly of largeflowered, fluttering, wild white gum-cistus trees, and is like a dream more than reality. A stream of iron water, as rare as it is valuable in this country, gives strength and freshness to everything that a and besides all this natural beauty, there is that unmistaka

of English industry and order which adds so much to the charm of nature.

Within-doors there is the strange mixture of Orientalism and Anglicanism which is so piquant to strangers. The servants themselves are gorgeous creatures, like pictures in a romance. A lean, tall, handsome, brown man in a Moorish dress of rich geranium-red, handing the dishes with the technical deftness of a London butler, is a rarity, take it how one will. But on my speaking of this, and praising the man's appearance to Sir John, like the griffin I am, he laughingly tells me that he has infinite trouble to keep his native servants up to the mark; for that their main endeavour is to reduce him and his to a common dish, out of which they must eat, squatted on the floor, all surperfluities of Western civilization broken and laid aside.

In consequence of this visit we pay another to our Minister's son-in-law, in whose garden the native wild-flowers, carefully preserved, take away one's breath for admiration. A splendid crimson mallow is like our hot-house hibiscus; an aristolochia flung over the hedges as freely as our black bryony or clematis, bears a profusion of purple-brown pitchers such as our cultivators would be proud to rear under glass; beds of irises, purple, white, yellow, make great washes of glorious colour; the grand ornithogalum arabicum stands up like a sceptred queen, and the sweet-scented star of Bethlehem is the fragrant twin of our fair and foul wild garlic; burning masses of blood-red poppies of a deeper crimson than ours; tracts of waxen cerinthe; ivy-leaved ferns; white, yellow, primrose-coloured chrysanthemums; scarlet vetches, like rubies flung broadcast on the ground; a low-growing centaurea, like a mesembryanthemum in size; the Tangier pea, as variegated and handsome as our cultivated sweetpea; orchids, convolvuluses, nasturtiums—these are a few of the more prominent wild-flowers in this exquisite garden. Add to these roses, arums, lilies, palms, bamboos, tree-ferns, geraniums, heliotrope, rare tropeolums, and every kind of sweet-scented and lovely growth, "by cost and care and warmth induced to shoot," and then say whether life may not be made rich even in the comparative banishment of Tangier, with such wonderful gifts of nature so freely lavished beneath such a glorious sky! These gardens remain in my mind as pictures of absolute loveliness without flaw or failing. Indeed Tangier has many pleasant memories in spite of some drawbacks which need not be dilated on; for the hotel on which so much of our well-being depends, is all that can be desired; and with comfort, cleanliness, and moderate charges, a genial manager and a

good commissariat as the background, the embroideries of picturesqueness and novelty have their full value.

A brisk passage back to Gibraltar pre-supposes a strong wind and a running sea. With wind and tide in our favour we forge gallantly ahead, but when we arrive at Gibraltar we find an angry Bay of heavy water, which makes crossing in a small open boat unpleasant at the best. To make matters worse our captain does not give us time to get off at the first anchoring-place. Our baggage is in a boat which tosses like a cork on the waves, and we are only waiting our turn to descend, when the private steam-launch of the Company puts in her sharp nose among the smaller craft, scattering them to the right and the left, and takes off the captain's friends in comfort Immediately after this our vessel moves, nearly and security. capsizing an unlucky lady who has one foot on the ladder and another in her boat; drenches her and all the other boats clustered round; and then makes off to the coaling-bunks, having half her Gibraltar passengers still on board. The boats, in one of which is our luggage, follow in the wake, and are as much under the water as on it. We have therefore to go about double the distance of our rightful transit in a small overladen sailing craft, where we have with us a poor French lady, deadly sick and miserable, and where we are certainly not very far from eternity more than once.

Fired by the crafty counsel of a Rock Scorpion, who denounces the whole proceeding, but who says he cannot, for official reasons, stir openly in the business himself, I undertake the task of general complainant, and go to the Captain of the Port to lodge a formal complaint against him of the Insulaire. Not much practical good comes of it. The agent of the French Company to which our peccant boat belongs, comes down to the office on the summons of the captain, and expresses his regret at the inconvenience we have suffered; adding that this special captain is the most courteous on To which I cannot but make the obvious reply, that if the line. this is the best, what then must be the others? The only good got out of the whole transaction is the knowledge that such a person exists in seaports as the Captain of the Port, a fact of which I was ignorant before; and, by the publication of my name, the meeting with a dear old friend by whom I am introduced to the really fine Garrison Library. For the rest Gibraltar is a nuisance. We take up our quarters in about the worst hotel possible to be found, the said to be the best in the place—a dirty, dear, uncivil, carele with dungeon-like rooms giving into closed house

out light or air—and extortionate charges. Coming after the Continental at Tangier this wretchedly-conducted place is doubly distasteful. But we are bound, like so many smaller versions of Prometheus, to the Rock, and we cannot escape. No homeward-bound vessel is available. All the spare berths are engaged, and we come tenth on the list where only six berths are to be given away. So we utilise the time and go off to Granada.

We cross to Algeciras opposite, whence the Spanish boat is to take us back to Malaga. We dine at a quaint and primitive little hotelthe waiter advising us, in confidence, what to eat, and praising this dish above that; whence we watch the life and manners of the place. A diligence with seven horses is the main feature of the time; and some frank and good-natured Americans make the hours pass pleasantly. The Spanish boat for Malaga is large, and the berths are both clean and comfortable; but of help or food there is none on board. We have to carry our own luggage and "fix " ourselves as best we may, with no more guidance or direction than had the merchant in the Beast's Garden. The boatman charges us twenty francs for the transit to and fro. He is content to take, The two customs-houses six; which is double his legal fare. through which we pass, at Algeciras and at Malaga, are not irksome in their search; and in due time we find ourselves on the railway, which takes for the journey to Granada about four times as many hours as we would take for the same distance in England. It goes about as fast as a bicycle, well-ridden.

It is a hot day and the dust is terribly annoying; the carriage bumps as if it were going over the mud-heaps on that famous road to the gardens outside Malaga; but the way is very interesting; and the method of tilling the ground and planting the olive-trees-each tree in its own little isolated circle-repays that incessant watching from the window, which is at once so fatiguing and so instructive. Two Spanish gentlemen talk to us; with the result of misapprehension, unavoidable where there is no common language. One, who has his dinner in his portmanteau, invites us courteously, after the Spanish fashion, to join him in his repast. As we pass a fine group of rocks, he tells us a long story about the Moors and the Christians, of which, I am bound to confess, we make only a guess at his meaning. As our visit here has been so hurried and so impromptu, we have no guide-books to enlighten our ignorance; and whether this story was an old love-legend, or whether it related to the doings and the stronghold of the great Captain Muley Aben Hassan, I do not know. All I do know is, that it was a story of Moors and Christians, and how

some one was hurled down the face of the rock—whether foe or lover left doubtful; but the whole was wound up with "This is historical."

We finally arrive at Granada, where we have a fierce scramble in the dark at the station, law and order not being conspicuous among the officials or the passengers. At last we find our places in the smallest omnibus afoot—a tiny box which holds four persons only, and not much room for them. The fourth is a pretty young Frenchwoman, who is ostentatiously, and, so far as my own feelings go, maddeningly solicitous about the throat and the health, the comfort and the wraps of her handsome young husband seated outside with the driver. She leans over our intervening knees at every two minutes, with cries of "Eugène, mon ami!" "Eugène, mon cheri!" Eugène takes it all very amiably, and seems to like it on the whole.

We go on and on, through the town, jolting over the stones, and then up a hill as steep as that rock down which the Moor was hurled or over which he flung his foes. It never ends. Surely we are on the track of nowhere! Yet, steep and long as it is, the way is consoling and refreshing. The night is dark, and the hill-road is made darker still with trees. We hear the cool wind whispering among the leaves and the pleasant sound of running water—running, running, like a song on each side of the way. How cool and deliciously suggestive it all is! But shall we ever reach our destination? The way is interminable; and, will the mules go on? Will they not jib and refuse the hill? Fears and pleasant sensations cross and intermingle in this night's drive up the steep incline; but all ends at last, and we draw rein at the door of our picturesque little hotel—Los Siete Suelos—where we go to sleep with the consciousness of the Alhambra to-morrow morning.

Silence is sometimes the best homage, as it is the truest modesty. What Washington Irving has immortalized, weaker hands must refrain from touching; and, strong as is the temptation to "dilate," it must be repressed. It is enough to say that to see the Alhambra for the first time, forms an epoch in one's life never to be forgotten. The whole thing is superb. Grant that there are "restorations," they are perfect, wanting only colour to be the counterparts of the original. And then the views from the various towers! Far away in the distance glitter the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada; and there is the hill where Boabdil turned and wept, when his mother rebuked him for weeping like a woman for the loss of the kingdom he could neither hold nor defend like a man. Near at hand are mountains greer and wooded, while the city lies below, full of old-world assor and historical occurrences, which tingle one's blood lit vol. cclvii. No. 1846.

champagne. The window, whence the queen-mother dropped the Hope who was to become the Despair of her House; the rooms where Washington Irving lived and dreamed, wrote and worked; the length of blasted wall where the French barbarously laid their train and vainly attempted to blow the whole thing to destruction; the Court of Lions, with the strange look of head-dresses and ear-caps given by the new marble set on the old; how full it all is of pleasure, of interest, of charm! If only we could have lingered longer in this lovely place, where the nightingales sing and the very genius of poetry has her home; if only we could! But the inexorability of times and dates takes us back too soon-too soon-and we have to leave before we have well begun to enjoy. It is more tantalization than fruition-a cup held to thirsty lips and taken away before a draught has been drunk, and with the parched lip barely moistened. Nevertheless, it must be; and help there is none. So we set our faces homeward once more, and after the necessary amount of fatig u, sharp words, and worry, find ourselves on board the California bound for Liverpool from Bombay.

Here we have twenty-two Indian babies and children, with their soft-footed ayahs, womanlike "bearers," painful mothers, and demonstrative fathers. But there are two or three pleasant people as compensation—specially that handsome woman with her military medical husband, who knows how to give her little people liberty and yet keep them well-bred and within bounds.

The Bay is not the monster feared and predicted, though the Chops pinch us, and send us and all things careering wildly from end to end of the ship. Portmanteaus and boxes slip as if on ice backwards and forwards, as the vessel rolls as though she would never right again; a basket set on the upper berth makes a leap from the bed to the door; the double fiddles are up; at every moment are heard the smashing of glass and crockery and the screams of the children; and old experiences are repeated with fresh vigour in their misery. And then comes the lull off the protecting coast of Wales, and the final landing at Liverpool.

Here we have to undergo various punishments because of the dynamitards. Every box and package is opened, and the contents are strewed on the floor of the Customs House. The officials are kindly but inexorable. They understand the futility of their search, and see for themselves that none of us are likely to have spirits tobacco, nor dynamite among our effects. All the same, they search. Their orders are strict, and must be faithfully obeyed. It is infinitely troublesome; but recalcitration would only make

matters worse than need be. So we are philosophic and patriotic; deliver up our innocent luggage to the destroyer; and when all is over, pack up again as best we may; then march out of the place of torture marked with white chalk, cleared of suspicion, and released.

And now for the arrowy rush of an English express train! Through cities of tall chimneys, black with fetid smoke—through districts of eternal gloom, shrouded also in fetid smoke—through green pasture lands, sleepy and silent, tenanted by mild-eyed cows and melancholy oxen—by clearings blue with hyacinths and banks golden with buttercups and paler cowslips—by the mansions of the great and the cottages of the poor—by well-remembered homesteads and names of sweet associations—by all those things which make up Home and give the charm of Country, we dash on at what seems a literally awful pace to me, accustomed for so long to Italian railways. And then the train grounds into the London station, and a sister-friend receives the vagrant, somewhat as the Prodigal Son was received by his father.

E. LYNN LINTON.

## ULRICH VON LIECHTENSTEIN.

N the thousand-voiced anthem of love which filled the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and which, echoing through succeeding ages, has come down to us with a soft dying fall, there rose no sweeter tones than those of the knightly minstrel Ulrich von Liechtenstein. He knows no superior, and has but few rivals, amongst the tuneful band of minnesingers. His youthful, almost childish vivacity, and his ardent chivalry are attractive and delightful. has a complete command over language and expression. art is never artificial, nature never forced, simplicity never affected. His exposition of the complicated love-problems which the minnesingers delighted to propound is perspicuous and clear, his analyses of passion and sentiment ingenious and interesting, without descending to be mere conceits, and his whole style is enlivened by apposite illustrations, by striking figures expressed with almost perfect purity of rhyme and elegance of rhythmical construction. But, it is unfortunate for Ulrich's fame that we cannot judge him with perfect We should like him better if we knew him less. If he had come down to us, as many of his fellow-minstrels have done, as an impersonal expression of poetic genius, if he had left us nothing of his life beyond his charming lyrics, our admiration for him would be unalloyed. Enveloped in the magnifying haze of tradition and legend, his figure might have appeared majestic and imposing. But, beneath the fierce light which he has himself thrown on his life, he sinks into worse than insignificance; he appears, not as the rival of Walther von der Vogelweide, but as the fellow of Don Quixote.

Most of Ulrich's minnelays or love-lyrics are not separate, isolated productions. Though complete in themselves, they are set, as it were, in the remarkable autobiography which gives us in poetical form the minutest details of his extravagant career, and which bears the significant title of Frauendienst—Woman's Service.

Ulrich was of ancient and noble lineage; and his descendants, raised to princely rank, have succeeded each other in an unbroken line as Sovereigns of the Liliputian but independent principality of Liechtenstein. The poet does not mention the year of his birth. It

is the only point about which he omits to give us the fullest information. From the other dates which he duly records it is not difficult to approximate that of his birth, and we are justified in assuming that, when it took place, the thirteenth century could not be more than two years old.

Ulrich's autobiography takes us back to the nursery. He relates that when he was a little child and still indulged in the infantile amusement of riding on a stick, he was so profoundly impressed at hearing his elders say that the only way to acquire honour and true joy was by unswerving constancy in love, by choosing one true woman, beautiful and virtuous, and by cherishing her as his own soul, that he determined to devote body, wealth, courage, and life to this noble and knightly service. The first opportunity of putting this precocious resolution into execution presented itself when Ulrich had reached his twelfth year. It was then that, in accordance with the custom of the time, his father sent him as page to the court of a high-born princess. Her name is, with chivalrous discretion, kept a profound secret. Later commentators have endeavoured to establish that it was a Princess of Meran, the last of her line, and the wife of Frederick of Austria. This most beautiful and accomplished woman at once became the object of Ulrich's boyish love. In summer he plucked the choicest flowers and brought them to her, and as she took them with her white hand, he thought to himself in his delight: "Where thou touchest them I have touched them too!" The water which, as her page, he poured over her dainty little fingers he carried away and preserved religiously until an opportunity occurred of drinking it,-a new and strange elixir of love. This silent, childish homage lasted five years. At the end of that time, the enamoured page was transferred by his father from the loved one's court to that of Markgraf Heinrich of Austria, a noble lord rich in high virtues. A sad day it was for Ulrich that separated him from the object of his passion. He parted from her in the body, but his heart remained with her. Wherever he rode she was present to his mind, and the sheen of her eyes lighted up the night of his soul.

With Markgraf Heinrich young Liechtenstein perfected himself in the knightly accomplishments of riding and tilting. He was also taught how to speak of women, and how to address them in tender verse, and warned to abstain from falsehood and flattery. He had not been long at the Markgraf's court when his father's sudden death obliged him to interrupt his training, and to return Liechtenstein. Three years later, he was rais knighthood, at a festival given by Leopold to

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of his daughter's marriage with a Saxon prince. This was in 1222. On this occasion the noble duke gave the accolade to 250 esquires. He bestowed presents of gold and silver, of steeds and costly raiment to over a thousand counts and barons. Five thousand knights enjoyed his hospitality. There was such dancing and jousting as Ulrich had never seen. The gorgeous pageant was adorned by the presence of many noble dames, amongst whom the young knight noticed with delight his former mistress. For fear of indiscreet observers—the "prying watchers," those natural enemies of the minnesingers—he forbore to speak to her. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not been unnoticed. glad that Herr Ulrich has been knighted," she observed to one of her admirer's friends; "I remember well when he left me; he was still quite a little boy at the time." The remark was duly reported by the friend to the person whom it most concerned. Commonplace as it may appear to cooler minds, it threw Ulrich into an ecstasy of delight. The bold thought occurred to him that if she was glad he had received the sword and spurs it was perhaps because she was not unwilling to accept him for her knight. At no less than twelve tournaments did Ulrich parade his fresh knighthood, attributing the success which crowned his efforts to the great love that burned within him. Approaching winter, however, put an end to his spear-break-The enforced activity which it brought was all the more bitter, that he knew of no means of communicating his love to the mistress of his heart. But fortune seemed inclined to favour him. In his wanderings he came to a castle where he met a relative of his, 2 niece, who happened to be acquainted with the noble lady to whom he had secretly vowed homage and service. Such an opportunity was not to be neglected. After exacting the usual promise of secrecy, Liechtenstein revealed to his niece his passion for her high-born friend, and solicited her assistance. With some reluctance, perhaps more apparent than real, and considerable misgiving as to the result, the good-natured niece consented to be the messenger of her uncle's love, and also to take to its destination a love-song which the knightly poet had composed in honour of the unutterable she For five weeks Ulrich was kept in suspense. At the end of that time his messenger brought an answer to his love and to his lay. The verses had found favour, but the poet's suit had been but coldly received. His homage, it is true, was not altogether rejected, and the haughty dame condescended to say that it would please her well if she could inspire him to doughty deeds. But, at the same time, she gave him distinctly to understand that he was to hope for mo

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favours from her; for even though his excellence should reach such a height as to make her forget his social inferiority-an event of the greatest improbability-she could never overlook the deformity of his mouth. Too prodigal nature had bestowed upon Ulrich three lips, and it was to this deformity that his princely mistress found objection. His mind was soon made up. The superfluous appendage was to be got rid of at any cost. Heedless of his niece's advice not to disfigure himself further, but to live as God had made him, Liechtenstein rode off toward Grätz in quest of a famous surgeon of whom he had heard. The Styrian Esculapius, however, refused to perform the operation in the winter time, and poor Ulrich was obliged to bear the deformity patiently till the month of May. As the knight was returning to Grätz at the appointed season, he chanced to meet with one of the princess's pages, whom he induced to accompany him. Together they proceeded to the house of the surgeon that was to remove the offending lip. The operator wished to bind his patient, but Ulrich, though greatly afraid, as he candidly confesses, promised to bear the knife unflinchingly. He was as good as his word. With pardonable pride, he boasts of having shown himself as great a master in submitting to pain as the doctor in inflicting it. Without revealing the name of the fair one for whose sake he had undergone the amputation, he bade the attendant who had witnessed it, tell his mistress that he was as ready to sacrifice an arm as he had been to get rid of a superfluous lip. For nearly six weeks after this Ulrich lay on a bed of suffering, tormented with hunger and thirst, but, in spite of bodily pain, cheerful and hopeful at heart. He found comfort in composing a minnelay, which the faithful niece again forwarded to her whose beauty it likened to the glorious day. On hearing all that the devoted knight had undergone for her sake, the princess relented so far as to consent to a meeting with him. But, lest he should feel too elated at this mark of favour, she was careful to state that her sole motive was curiosity to see how far the surgeon's skill had improved the objectionable mouth. Ulrich did not fail to ride to the trysting place; but, in the presence of the fair one, the courage which had borne him through so much physical pain completely forsook him. His heart whispered to him: Speak! speak! but his lips were mute. Before he could avail himself of the permission which he had so long desired and so earnestly prayed for, other knights came up and a golden opportunity was lost. All day he followed in the princess's train, and when the cave a halting-place, Ulrich summoned up sufficient

from the saddle. As she alighted from her steed, the princely coquette, whispering into his ear that he had been praised for a courage which he did not possess, pulled out a lock of his hair, and sent him home cursing his faithless tongue and calling upon death to release him from the agony of despair into which her sneers had thrown him. Next morning, however, Ulrich's courage having returned, he rode out to meet the princess, and, no longer abashed by her coquettish airs, he dared tell his love and implore the favour of being accepted as her knight. While assuring him that whether he devoted his life to her or not, he would never receive any special favours from her, she nevertheless so framed her reply as to leave her sanguine lover room for hope.

To while away the dreary months of the ensuing winter, Ulrich again had recourse to poetry, and the services of his niece were again brought into requisition to convey a Büchlein-a poem which he threw into the form of a dialogue, and which he requested might be read at night, as it contained a "good prayer." Two days later the Büchlein was returned to the niece with the remark that its contents were already well known, and that although it certainly did contain a good prayer, it was to go back to the sender. The niece, however, noticed that the poem seemed longer than it was when she had taken it to the princess, and called Ulrich's attention to the Here we learn to our intense astonishment that the poet, addition. the author of several thousand elegant verses, could neither read nor write, but that he was entirely dependent on a secretary and amanu-It unfortunately happened that this important functionary was absent at the time, and Ulrich was obliged to exercise his patience during ten long days. The lady's reply, which he had carried next his heart whilst waiting for his secretary's return, brought but cold comfort to the love-lorn knight. It was couched in the shape of a couplet, and was to the effect that "he that wishes for what he can never get only shows his great folly."

A grand tournament given at Freisach by Leopold of Austria to celebrate the reconciliation of the Prince of Kärnthen with the Markgraf of Isterreich, afforded Ulrich a new opportunity of distinguishing himself in the lists. He modestly says of himself that he was neither the best nor the worst. But the niece, who was again sent to the princess with an account of the festivities, and with another love-song, was more glowing in her report. She assured the noble lady that Ulrich had broken more than a hundred spears. The princess in reply plainly expressed her belief that the report of the young knight's exploits had been too highly coloured. Impartial

judges, she said, were less enthusiastic in their praises of the lancebreaking minstrel. Piqued at this, Ulrich at once started off to break more spears and unhorse more knights, in the hope of persuading the incredulous beauty of his valour. But still greater disappointment was in store for him. On his next meeting with his niece he was informed that the frequent messages between himself and the princess were exciting suspicion and would have to cease unless-for there was a saving clause-unless another messenger could be found. But, alas! Ulrich knew of none that he could trust. To solace himself he again rode forth in quest of knightly adventures, and tilted in innumerable tournaments at Kärnthen and Krain, Isterreich and Trieste, and finally at Brixen. At the latter place a sad misfortune befel him-at least, so it was looked upon by others -his finger was almost severed from his hand. Ulrich, however, considered this a high happiness, for it had happened to him whilst fighting for his lady, and was an irrecusable proof of his devotion to her. Six days after this occurrence, as the finger, badly dressed at first, was turning quite black, the poor knight was made happy by a message from the princess. Having heard of his misfortune, she sent to condole with him, and, apparently unconscious of his ignorance, recommended him to while away the time by the perusal of four Büchlein, which she forwarded by her messenger. Next day her attendant again called on the wounded knight, this time with a request that he should do into German an Italian song, which she could not understand in the original language. After having committed the verses to memory, Ulrich set to work with delight. He was rewarded for his willing labour not only by the gracious praises bestowed on his translation, but, in addition to this, by the present of a beautiful dog. Shortly after this the minstrel, as he was riding towards his mistress's country, chanced to meet a page who had already acted as a messenger between the princess and her friend, Ulrich's relative. The youth readily undertook the delicate task of pleading the poet's cause, and was entrusted with a new love-song which, much as it was admired, met with no better success than former productions. Poetical homage and knightly service were welcome enough to the haughty dame, but such reward as was expected for them was, she said, utterly preposterous, and would never be obtained from her.

To console himself for his repeated disappointments, Ulrich now undertook a journey to Rome. After a stay of sixty days on the banks of the Tiber, he returned to Germany with further poetical appeals, which were again for the banks of the Tiber, he returned to Germany with further poetical appeals, which were again for the banks of the Tiber, he returned to Germany with further poetical appeals, which were again for the banks of the Tiber, he returned to Germany with further poetical appeals, which were again for the banks of the tiber.

had accompanied the knightly pilgrim. On this occasion, however, the princess professed to be highly indignant at these repeated messages and solicitations. But above all, she expressed her scorn for the unknightly lie of which her suitor had been guilty, in assuring her that he had lost a finger in her service, and she could not be pacified by the explanation that, though not completely severed from his hand, it was quite useless. Ulrich, however, knew of an easy way out of this difficulty. He went to a trusted friend, Ulrich von Hasendorf, and prevailed upon him, though not without great difficulty, to cut off the offending member. The finger, enclosed in 2 gold case, lined with green velvet, and fashioned in the shape of two hands, was forwarded to the princess as proof positive that this time, at least, she had not been imposed upon. The strange present, accompanied by the inevitable Büchlein, was accepted by the princess, who, whilst condemning Ulrich's silly conduct in the matter, considerably qualified her censure by promising to place the casket where she should see it every day.

It was about this time that Ulrich resolved on an undertaking which was to eclipse all his former achievements, and to crown the extravagance of his knight-errantry. In order that no suspicion of his plan should get abroad, he assumed the staff and scallop-shell, and set out professedly on a pilgrimage to Rome. His real destination, however, was Venice, where he spent the winter in preparing for his expedition. For himself he ordered twelve complete suits of female apparel, of purest white, thirty-five pairs of fine white linen sleeves, three cloaks of white velvet, and two coronets of costly Twelve attendants, from whom he carefully concealed his name and condition, were likewise arrayed in white. White helmets and shields, a hundred white spears, white harness and trappings for the horses, completed the wonderful equipment. All these things being ready, Ulrich sent a herald to make proclamation to all the knights of Lombardy, Friaul, Kärnthen, Steier, Austria, and Bohemia that, on the day after the feast of St. George, Queen Venus, the Goddess of Love, would rise from the waves, at Mestre, and thence proceed towards Bohemia. Every knight who broke a spear with her was to receive a golden ring, which, if sent to the lady of his love, was warranted to enhance her charms, and, more important still, to ensure her constancy. Those knights whom Venus should overthrow were to be required to bow towards the four corners of the earth, and do homage to a lady, whose name, however, was not to be revealed to them. Should any knight be so fortunate as to overcome the Goddess, he was to receive, as his reward, all the house

that were in her train. It is a significant mark of the exaggerated and almost burlesque chivalry of the age, that this proclamation, instead of being looked upon as the production of a maniac, was received with enthusiasm by all true knights.

On the appointed day-it was April 24-Ulrich von Liechtenstein started on his expedition. Clad in white, thickly veiled, with costly head-gear, and two long tresses hanging to his waist, the knightly mummer followed a long procession of trumpeters and fiddlers, accompanied by esquires that bore his banner and his arms. Between Mestre and Neuenburg, where the strange progress was brought to a close by a grand tournament, Queen Venus broke no less than three hundred and seven spears. Though once wounded, she was never overthrown. The number of spears broken against her is given as two hundred and seventy-one, an equal number of rings being distributed to her opponents. An idea of Venus-Ulrich's knightly prowess and power of endurance may be formed from one single day's tilting. It lasted from early in the morning till late at night; indeed, it was brought to a close by torch-light, and resulted in forty-three broken spears.

Ulrich expresses his particular pleasure at the enthusiastic reception accorded him by the fair sex. In every town through which he passed the women crowded to meet him; at every window beautiful faces smiled upon him, and fair hands waved a welcome. At Vienna he received quite an ovation. The lovely enthusiasts donned their costliest garments to do him honour. At this, the object of all this homage and admiration rather cynically remarks that every woman, young or old, is fond of dress, but only that she may excel her neighbours. She delights in beautiful garments, he says, even though she may not have an opportunity of wearing them; she can find comfort in the thought that, if she chose, she could array herself far better than this one or that other one.

At one of the stations appointed for a halting-place an illtempered official refused to allow the tournament to come off. But he found to his cost that, though the bürgermeister may propose, it is woman that disposes. To prevent a female insurrection, with all its terrible consequences, the unpleasant personage was obliged to recall his veto, and the spear-breaking took place as had been announced.

Ulrich gallantly attributes his uninterrupted success to the good wishes showered upon him by the encounters. Neither were successed in the success to the good wishes showered upon him by the encounters. Neither were successed in the success to the good wishes showered upon him by the encounters. Neither were successed in the success to the good wishes showered upon him by the encounters.

to have been gratified by general homage, but affects to consider that shown by single admirers an encroachment on the absolute and exclusive rights of the princess in whose honour the whole expedition was planned and carried out. On one occasion he received a present of an under-garment and a set of jewels, accompanied by a letter thanking Queen Venus in the name of the whole sex for having assumed female attire. Another time an indiscreet page brought a rich suit of clothes, together with costly ornaments of gold and jewels whilst Ulrich was in his bath. Instead of answering the knight's questions as to the sender of these gifts, the messenger, taking an unfair advantage of circumstances, buried him completely—" so that he could not be seen"—under a heap of rose-leaves

Notwithstanding her reputed heathenism, Queen Venus showed herself a devout Catholic. She never failed to hear mass, walking up the aisle mincingly, "with steps not more than a hand's breadth," in accordance with her sex and station, and sitting on that side of the church which was set apart for women. At Treviso a noble countess claimed the honour of bearing the Goddess's train. At the Agnus Dei, when the kiss of peace was passed around, the Queen of Love did not miss the opportunity of receiving the osculation from the fair lips of her neighbours to right and left. But when, encouraged by his experiences amongst the daughters of sunny Italy, the disguised knight attempted to obtain a similar salutation by the same false pretences from his own countrywomen, he found them less free of their kisses, and was politely reminded that there were liberties which his disguise did not justify.

It is not a little surprising to learn from the love-lorn knight-errant that, on the nineteenth day of his journey, having reached Glokeniz, he secretly rode away with one trusty attendant, and went to visit his wife! Up to this point the reader, amused by the strange story of a wild passion, is willing to make some allowance for Ulrich's vagaries. Madness and love are proverbially akin. But when the astounding discovery is made that there is at home in Liechtenstein a good lady, Ulrich's wedded wife, the mother of his children, "whom he loves so tenderly that she could not be dearer to him, though he has chosen another to be the mistress of his life," when it is revealed that all this amatory ardour is purely conventional, a mere thing of fashion, then a feeling of utter contempt for the high-flown harlequinade dispels the effect of the elegant verse, and the whole narrative appears a mere travesty.

Shortly before his arrival in Vienna, Ulrich was made happy by

a message from the princess. On perceiving the well-known page, the knight's heart beat violently beneath his white dress. But, for fear of betraying himself, he passed on, as though he had not recognised the messenger. The latter, however, joined the cavalcade, and by singing one of Walther von der Vogelweide's minnelays-that in which the minstrel celebrates the praises of German women-gave Ulrich to understand that there was good news for him. When at last an opportunity occurred for a secret interview in a meadow some distance from the road, the knight was required to kneel, and to receive his lady's congratulations in the attitude of a worshipper. The bearer of the relenting dame's kind message also brought with him a ring which she had worn on her white hand for more than ten years, and which she now bestowed on her knight as a reward for the expedition and the valiant deeds performed in her honour. Encouraged by these marks of high favour, Ulrich, immediately on his arrival in Vienna, sent his own messenger to assure the princess of his undying love, and to request that she would lend him a jewel of hers to wear in the final tourney at Neuburg. To his dismay, instead of granting this favour, she demanded the return of her former gift, alleging that she had been made aware of the knight's faithlessness. At this poor Ulrich broke out into the bitterest lamentation. Of what use to him, he cried, were now wealth, and courage, and life itself? He would forsake the world, and wander about in poverty and obscurity. While he was thus bewailing his fate, weeping and wringing his hands, "so that they cracked with a noise of dried sticks," his friend the Dean of Regensburg chanced to call, and from very sympathy, without the least knowledge of the cause of all this distress, he likewise burst into tears, and wept as though his own father were dead. Whilst this edifying duet of sighs and sobs was at its height, Ulrich's brother-in-law, Heinrich von Wasserberg, came upon the two performers, and very sensibly reproved them for behaving more like weak children or sick women than like knights. The rebuke failed in producing the desired effect. Ulrich's grief rose to such a paroxysm that blood gushed from mouth and ears. Wasserberg was not proof against such manifestations of feeling, and was obliged to change his chiding for words of sympathy and comfort. With much persuasion, and after actually fastening on his armour for him, piece by piece, be succeeded in bringing his despairing brother-in-law to the tournament. A messenger was again despatched to the jealous princess, to inform her of the sad state into which her suspicions and her anger had thrown her devoted ke and to lay at her feet the homage of a new lay of which m

love and fidelity were naturally the burthen. She had already been informed of Ulrich's bleeding fit by her own page, who had been sent to watch and report the effect of her angry message. Her heart was softened, or rather her coquetry flattered, by the knight's despair. She consented to grant him an interview on the following Sunday morning; but, she added, it was only to request him to desist from his useless suit, and to carry elsewhere his homage and service. As a precaution it was required that Ulrich should disguise himself as a leper, and approach the castle in the company of some thirty poor wretches-real lepers-who received their daily food from the princess. Circumstances having delayed the messenger, Ulrich was obliged to ride some hundred and twenty miles on the Saturday, killing two horses in the performance of the feat. At a village four miles distant from the princess's castle he stopped for the night, and there prepared his loathsome disguise. By means of a root, with the properties of which he was acquainted, he gave himself the sickly, diseased appearance of those amongst whom he was to mix. He clad himself, and an attendant who was to accompany-him, in beggar's rags, and thus disguised, he rode another two miles in the early morning. The last two miles were performed on foot. On his arrival at the castle Ulrich learnt the unpleasant news that his lady was confined to her room and could not attend to her lepers. The maid to whom the charitable office was entrusted whispered to the knight that no interview could be granted him before the evening of the next day. To pass away the weary time Ulrich and his attendant amused themselves with the novel occupation of begging in the neighbouring villages. Rather than stay amongst the lepers, they spent the night in a cornfield. To add to the discomfort of their position, a heavy storm broke over them, accompanied by a deluge of rain, which turned their hiding-place into a swamp and drenched their scanty clothing. After passing the whole of the Monday in this sad plight the two adventurers again made their way to the Castle, where, after concealing themselves in a ditch to avoid being discovered by the warder as he went on his round, they were at length informed, through the signal of a light at the window, that permission was granted them to appear. Communication between the fair inmates of the Castle and the love-lorn and shivering knight being established by means of a number of sheets tied together, the attempt at scaling the walls was begun. So long as the attendant could render unpoetical but material assistance from below, all went well with Ulrich. As soon, however, as he rose above the page's reach, his knightly weight was too much for the weak hands above; he fell

back ignominiously, and not softly, to the ground, his thrice-repeated failure exciting more laughter than pity from those at the window. Then Ulrich bethought himself of the expedient of sending up the lighter page as a reinforcement to the willing but weak hands within the castle. The experiment met with success. The page reached the window, where he was greeted with a kiss, which one of the attendants-a niece of Ulrich's-ignorant of the substitution, intended for her uncle; the mistake, we are assured, causing the damsel much shame afterwards. Without further mishap the knight at last succeeded in reaching the window, where the tender salutation was repeated. After laying aside his filthy, dripping rags for garments of gold and silk, Ulrich was introduced to the princess's presence. The noble lady, clothed in scarlet and ermine, and enveloped in a green mantle, was reclining on a beautiful bed covered with silk and velvet. Eight attendants in costly attire stood about her. Two large torches at the foot of the bed, and more than a hundred lights suspended from walls and ceiling, cast a dazzling light through the apartment. Ulrich, more disappointed than pleased at all this show, did not scruple to give the lady to understand that he had expected a very different reception. But the princess was obdurate. She assured her lover that the favour granted him as a reward for his devotion and his constancy was more than had yet been shown to any man but her husband. And so, we learn to our amazement that she too was married! But now, Ulrich, seeing that his entreaties were vain, in his turn became obstinate, and declared, that come what might, he would remain till morning; it would cost him his life, that he knew, but it would also cost the lady her honour, and he would not be unavenged. In this emergency the princess was ready with a stratagem. She proposed to Ulrich that he should allow himself to be let down by his sheet, and then pulled up again; she promised to receive him as his niece had done, with a kiss, and this was to be the earnest of future favours. The knight, at first, was not disposed to put much faith in his mistress's word. He hesitated to put himself at her mercy. To show her sincerity, however, she consented to give him her hand, which he was to hold during the acrobatic performance. When she had him well out of the window, clinging to the sheet with one hand and to her own hand with the other, she spoke these flattering but deceitful words: "God is my witness that I have never seen a knight that was so dear to me as he who now holds me by the hand." Then putting her free hand under his chin : "Now kiss me, friend," she cunningly said. Delighted at this, the knight, who does not seem

to have remembered the moral of Æsop's fables, loosened his hold of the fair flatterer's hand, and dropped down screaming, with considerable danger to his bones, and with such clatter, that the warder on the keep thought the evil one was abroad, and hastily made the sign of the cross for protection. With a pitiful: "Woe me, that I was ever born!" Ulrich, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his fall, ran off to the nearest pond, bent on ending his sorrow and his shame with his disappointed existence. But his attendant, who had been hastily sent after him, coming up just as he was preparing for the fatal plunge, persuaded him, by means of an ingenious lie, to abandon his rash design. In a fortnight's time, he said, Ulrich was again to be received, and to be kept ten days in the castle; that he had been so unceremoniously dismissed was owing to no ill-will and to no wish to deceive him, but solely to the unexpected appearance of one of the maids of honour in whom no trust could be placed. Soothed in spirit by this plausible fabrication, the disappointed and bruised knight rode back to Liechtenstein, and sought to forget his troubles in jousting and spear-breaking. From Pölten he again sent his messenger to the princess to inquire of her when and how the appointed meeting was to be kept. Her answer, instead of settling this momentous question, conveyed to him a request that, for her sake, he should take the cross and join the next expedition to the Holy Land. Hereupon, in another Büchlein, the enthusiastic Ulrich, at once forgetting the supposed tryst, expressed his delight at being able to do something for the lady of his love, adding abundant thanks to God and to her for the high favour. In a song which accompanied the Büchlein, he prayed for the same reward as Isolde granted Tristram. After another summer had been spent in jousting and composing minnelays, perhaps also in some kind of preparation for the Crusade, for which, however, he had in the mean time been told not to start till word was sent him, Ulrich was summoned to his lady-love. "I shall not say more," he adds, "and from modesty keep many things secret." The Crusade was no more spoken of, and for two summers and two winters the love-lorn knight was, he says, happy. In what his happiness consisted, is not clear. If it was in the triumph of his love-though we scarcely think the sequel justified the assumption-this triumph was but short-lived. In the third summer his lady played him so outrageous a trick, that for very decency-aus zucht-he refrains from recording it. And so, when the autumn began to strip with his frosts the green woods of their foliage, Ulrich's song was heard in bitter lamentation. His verse was no longer devoted to love, but to

reproaches and invectives against her who, like a murderess, had killed all his joy, whose humour was as changeable as April weather, whom for thirteen years he had served faithfully, and without reward. The Princess was greatly incensed at the hard things her former lover said and sung about her, but this was what Ulrich desired, and her anger did not stay the flow of his taunting and sarcastic verse. Still, love, or at least the mummery to which he gave the name of love, was dearer to the knight's heart than even revenge. After a while he began to think that he could best spite the faithless one by choosing another mistress for his heart and homage. He selected the fairest, best, most beautiful, and most lovely in the land, and offered her knightly and poetic service. But mere love-songs and ordinary spear-breaking were not sufficient proof, he thought, of the ardour of his new passion. For his first mistress he had assumed the character of Queen Venus; for the second he undertook an expedition as King Arthur, the hero of the Round Table. A gap in the old manuscript deprives us of the details of the preparations for King Arthur's journey. We may suppose that they were similar to those made by Queen Venus. All loyal knights were challenged to meet the Monarch, and those that were able to break three spears with him were to be privileged to sit about the Round Table, and to bear the legendary names of Arthur's former companions. Thus a Gawain, a Parcival, a Lancelot, a Tristram soon swelled his train. Wherever he passed, or held his tournaments, he was received with the same enthusiasm that had accompanied Queen Venus's progress. No less a champion than Frederick of Austria announced his intention of measuring his prowess against that of the new Arthur. But the mimic warfare was interrupted by real bloodshed. Frederick was obliged to march against a more earnest and more dangerous enemy. He fell in battle near the Leitta, fighting against the fierce Hungarians. Ulrich, always happy at the prospect of hard blows, had brought his own expedition to an abrupt close, in order to accompany the Austrian prince. He escaped the dangers of the battle-field, only to fall a victim to the treachery of false friends. Two knights attacked him in his castle of Frauenburg, and took him prisoner. His attendants were driven out of the castle, his wife and children were obliged to flee from it. Only one son remained in captivity with him. For fifteen months he was kept chained in his own home, often threatened with death, and, on one occasion, brought to the window with a rope around his neck and shown to his wife and a few retainers, who had gathered about her, with the assurance " " " " " arst attempt at rescue would be the signal of his imp VOL. CCLVIL. NO. 1846.

by the intervention of Count Meinhard von Görz, he was released. Neither captivity nor the loss of his estate—for he had to pay heavily for his ransom—could, as he boasts, daunt his spirit. In the midst of his troubles he found comfort in singing the praises of love. His poem closes with advice and instructions to women and to men, with warnings against too hasty love, and with exhortations to constancy. Of his book he says that it is dedicated to good women; many a sweet word has he spoken of them in it, and therefore its name shall be Woman's Service—Frauendienst.

But little is known of Ulrich von Liechtenstein's later life. It appears that about 1268 he was arrested on a charge of treason against King Ottocar, and, though released after six months' imprisonment, forfeited two of his castles. His death is supposed to have occurred between 1274 and 1277.

The adventures contained in Ulrich's remarkable book are undoubtedly genuine and worthy of credit, however extraordinary some of them may appear. The fact that, in the beginning of his poem, he professes to have undertaken to narrate nothing but the plain truth about himself, is not necessarily of great weight. Such assertions as this not infrequently preface the purest fiction. For the genuineness of the work we have stronger proof than the author's bare word in the accuracy of all his details, the exactness of all his descriptions, the correctness of his dates. Many of the facts which he relates and of the episodes which he introduces are of known historical authenticity, and their connection with the more personal incidents is so natural as to render all suspicion of imposture and fabrication impossible. Moreover, the very extravagance of the adventures is perhaps the best proof of their truth. They are such as no writer who wished to he believed and to keep up a semblance of truth would ever think of inventing; they are too improbable to be mythical. As Uhland has justly remarked, that which gives an appearance of fiction to the whole poem is the influence which, at that time, poetry exercised on life itself, an influence, however, which no longer flourished in its natural strength, but which had become in the highest degree affected and conventional. It is not Ulrich's narrative which is false, but it is the life which he faithfully pictures that is itself wanting in sincerity and in truth.

LOUIS BARBÉ

# CANNIBALISM.

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THERE is a certain weird attractiveness about the subject of cannibalism, a grim fascination in its grisly horrors, that is not easily to be explained, but which, although few of us will admit it, most of us have experienced. Perhaps it is in subjective cannibalism alone that this uncanny attraction exists; objective cannibalism may not possess the same eerie charm. But the very fact that cannibalism either exists now, or ever existed, is, however, denied by some sceptical persons—mostly strict and rigid vegetarians, one would think—who argue that wild and natural races of men cannot and do not lust for flesh. The fact remains the same.

It seems that this time-honoured practice—crime, many unthinking and unjudicial people would call it, whose opinions have been formed without consideration of the relation of crime to custom—has, at different times, existed in almost every part of the earth. It seems to have lingered longest in the most beautiful regions of it—in Polynesia, namely, where the writer of this, but for a fortunate and timely warning, would himself have fallen a victim to the custom for which he has a feeling of respect, if not exactly of affection.

Our remote, possible forbears themselves, the prehistoric cave men of Europe in the quaternary period, were addicted to this habit, which a pious feeling of respect for our ancestry should alone prevent us from characterising as a crime. Evidences of their occasional little anthropophagistic failings, in the shape of scraped and chipped human bones which, besides being cooked, are broken in a manner too scientific and skilful to be the work of animals, are not infrequent, though it is believed by palæontologists that the custom was more of an exception than a rule. Animal food being plentiful at that time in these cold northern latitudes, the greatest incentive to cannibalism was wanting, and the very practice of it shows a tendency to epicurean indulgence and luxury that already (from a very long way off) pointed to the future extinction of their race. The ancient Irish, too, in more recent than quaternary times, ate their own de Saxon forefathers must have possessed a km

if they did not in early times actually practise it, as is shown by the Saxon word manæta, which occurs not infrequently in their literature.

Tales of cannibalism have also come down to us from classic times, which prove that the Greeks were at least not ignorant of it. Polyphemus in the Odyssey was a man-eater; and Herodotus tells us of a race of men, the Massagetæ, who ate their aged parents, going only a step farther than the Fijians, who simply buried theirs alive. The Padæi, the father of history also tells us, ate their relatives when they became incurable; and the Issedones did the same, resembling, in this particular, the Tupis of Brazil, who, when the pajé (chief) despaired of a man's recovery to health, killed and eat the invalid—a rough and ready method of proving that their respected chief and medicine-man could not be mistaken in his diagnosis of the case.

Our own hero-king, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, is said to have eaten human flesh during the Crusades; the popular belief of the time being that the cooked head of a Saracen had restored him to strength and activity from a bed of sickness. A verse of a contemporary ballad records this:

King Richard shall warrant
There is no flesh so nourissant
Unto an Englishman
Partridge, plover, heron, ne swan,
Cow ne ox, sheep ne swine,
As the head of a Sarazyne,

The probable causes for this strange variation from normal appetite are more numerous than would be supposed. Famine and the consequent insistent demands of hunger are the likeliest primary causes of this as well as of most things—the necessity for food being the first and most urgent incentive to action of all sorts. Modern stories of shipwreck, when the survivors have taken to the boats and all food is gone, or of travel in the barren wastes of Australia, show how naturally this means of prolonging life suggests itself to the minds of men ravenous with hunger, and from whom the thin cloak of civilisation, with which we all hide the natural animal, has fallen away.

Enmity, hatred, and revenge are also excellent reasons for the origin of cannibalism, which would be almost as likely as hunger to have suggested it, as famine is not a constant factor in savage life, and we are led to suppose that hostility and rancour are. What more satisfactory method for the expression of detestation and contempt can be imagined than that one should cook and calmly eat an enemy when one has slain him? The thing is then complete, find

coronat opus, the termination rounds and finishes the deed to a perfect whole; without this climax it were but half accomplished and entirely unsatisfactory. The happy and peaceful mind and the satisfied and replete body of a savage who has killed and cooked his foe, and eaten him, can easily be imagined, and they present a pleasant picture to the mind that is marred by no sense of incompleteness.

In many places, however, where food was plentiful, and where the people were otherwise amiable and gentle, and far advanced towards an admirable civilisation-for instance, Mexico and Peru before the Spanish conquest—this custom of cannibalism prevailed, and to an extent that necessitated frequent wars for the providing of the requisite victims. Here the cause was of a more complex nature than the simple expression of hatred or contempt, or the supply of necessary food. The custom was closely associated with their religious observance; the eating of the flesh by the people, after the blood and quivering hearts of the victims had been offered to the deity, partook of the character of a sacrament as well as of a banquet. Prescott, in his Conquest of Mexico, tells us, in his picturesque language, of the awful sacrifices to the war-god Huitzilopotchli, to whom hecatombs of human beings were usually sacrificed; and of the more epicurean and delicate Tezcatlepoca, who required but one victim, but insisted that that one must be "distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a blemish on his body."

"The most loathsome part of the story," Prescott goes on to say, "the manner in which the body of the sacrificed captive was disposed of, remains yet to be told. It was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle, and by him, after being dressed, was served up in an entertainment to his friends. This was not the coarse repast of famished cannibals, but a banquet teeming with delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art, and attended by both sexes, who, as we shall see hereafter, conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilised life."

This shows that the custom of cannibalism in Mexico must be laid to the charge of religious feeling. The step is an easy and natural one that would lead a people who followed a strictly anthropomorphic worship, to the consumption of the sacrifice which they were led to believe was acceptable to the gods. Prescott notes the same thing: "One detestable feature of the Aztec superstition, however, sunk it far below the Christian. This was its cannibalism, though in truth the Mexicans were not cannibals in the coarsest acceptance of the term. They did not feed a succeptance of the term. They did not feed a succeptance of the term.

repasts were made of the victims whose blood had been poured out at the altar of sacrifice. This is a distinction worthy of notice."

But with Aztecs, as with other peoples, the appalling appetite only grew by what it fed on, and a morbid and overmastering craving for this awful diet prompted them to frequent cannibal feasts, in which desire alone, and no religious ceremony, was the cause. Men having once tasted human flesh, like the man-eating tiger, always hanker after it with a strange and morbid pertinacity that seems almost unconquerable, as is shown in the case of Fiji, where the traditional and immemorial custom was habitually practised (and is continued to this day in remoter parts) long after the introduction of pigs.

In the Fijis and other Polynesian islands, where there are no indigenous animals, cannibalism may be allowed, perhaps, some excuse. Man is by nature carnivorous as well as graminivorous, and the natural promptings of his physical wants would suggest the food that we, with our plethora of beef and mutton, too unadvisedly stigmatise as unnatural and monstrous. It is not to be gainsaid that in Fiji the habit quite exceeded necessary requirements; but without wishing to deny that fact, there is much, when the question is considered judicially, to palliate the offence in those parts. Until the introduction of pigs, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the only animal indigenous to Fiji and the adjacent islands was a rat. Birds and fish there certainly were, but no other animal, and the turning to profitable account of the body of an enemy slain in battle is, under those circumstances, perhaps very easily understood and condoned with. A friend of the writer's, who settled, very early in the history of that colony, on the banks of the Wai-ni-mala River, has related to him, with graphic simplicity, many deeds of horror that he has witnessed within very recent years; how bakolo, as human flesh is called there, was sent from one chief to another, much as one gentleman sends game to another in our country; and how the sound of the death-drum-heard only once by the writer, but beaten then for himself-was so frequent in his district as to pass unnoticed, almost, by him.

The same excuse cannot be urged in defence of the inhabitants of the West Coast of Africa, who, with a supply of animal food sufficient for all their wants, still indulge, much more frequently than is credited, in this strange flesh, even in those parts where for more than half a century the elevation and improvement of the native races have been the constant labour of the resident white traders, missionaries, and inhabitants. Hutchinson, who was for many years

H.B.M. Consul on the Gold Coast, writes in 1861, "People in England would scarcely believe that in these days, whilst I write, cannibalism is almost as rampant on the West Coast of Africa as it has ever been." He quotes, in support of this statement, from the report of the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in that colony: "Mr. Priddy, who is employed by the society, stated that the cruel and barbarous practice of cannibalism was still indulged in during the late war; and that he saw hampers of dried human flesh carried on the backs of men, upon which they intended to feast." Mr. Hutchinson goes on to say that "cannibalism exists in the Oman country, up the Cross River; and I am informed that the Boole tribe, who reside far interior to Corisco Bay, come down the river to get some of the sea-shore-dwelling people to make 'chop' of them, because they are reputed to have a saltish, therefore a relishable flavour." This last statement only shows how taste varies in different quarters of the globe, for Fijians prefer a brown man to a white one on the very grounds that a white man is saltish, and therefore not so pleasant.

Until Mr. Hutchinson wrote it was not generally credited that the Western Africans were addicted to cannibalism, but his evidence is not to be doubted. "In 1859," he says, "human flesh was exposed as butcher's meat in the market at Duketown, Old Calabar." It almost seems that some religious grounds may actuate them, as the same writer says, "In Brass (or the Mimbe country) cannibalism often occurs. Even within the last year a chief of that district, named Imamy, killed two of the Acreeka people before mentioned, who were sacrificed to the manes of his father. In Brass, as in Bonny, they eat all enemies taken in war; and they put forth, as a justification for this, that devouring the flesh of their enemies makes them brave." The account given by the same writer of the killing of a native for the purposes of cannibalism, of which he was an eye-witness, is most admirably graphic and striking, but it is, unfortunately, too long, if not too terrible, to quote in these pages.

Nor is cannibalism confined to the Ethiopian and Polynesian races alone; it is prevalent to an astonishing extent amongst the inhabitants of the Malayan Islands, Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. Some of the earliest voyagers to the Eastern seas came back with stories of how the people of those parts were man-eaters; but however much credence their tales may have received at the time, they have been greatly doubted since. But Marsden, and other writers, prove that the statements of those early pioneers of travel and observation were entirely correct. Marsden, in his account of Sumatra, so

although he had heard reports of the cannibal habits of some of the tribes, he had always discredited them until the truth of the statement was made entirely clear to him. He says that the Battas, one of the peoples of Sumatra, eat human flesh regularly, not to satisfy the cravings of hunger, but as a sort of ceremony to show their detestation of certain crimes by this most ignominious punishment, and as a savage display of revenge and insult to their unfortunate enemies. People killed or badly wounded by them in war are eaten, and the captured sold as slaves. These same Battas show a certain amount of culinary art in the preparation of this food, for they broil the flesh over a brisk fire, and flavour it with salt, lemon, and red pepper.

A friend of the writer's, who for more than forty years has been in the employment of the Dutch Government, bears personal witness to the prevalence of the custom in Sumatra up till recent times. He was once making scientific investigations in the interior of that island, and was being entertained in the most hospitable manner by the native Rajah, or chief, of the place he was then in. A feast had been made to which he was bidden, and to which he went, taking his own native servant with him. The banquet had proceeded for some time without interruption, when at last, as crown of the feast, a beautiful brown roast joint was brought from the back of the house to the open airy place where the repast was being held. This was cut up without remark and handed round, and the Dutch gentleman was on the point of eating his portion, having raised part of it to his lips, when his servant rushed forward and stopped him, saying, "Master, master, do not eat, it is a boy." The chief, on being questioned, admitted, with no small pride at the extent of his hospitality, that hearing that the white man would feast with him, he had ordered a young boy to be killed and cooked in his honour, as the greatest delicacy obtainable, and that the joint before them was the best part, the thigh.

One is too apt to associate all sorts of ferocious qualities, cruelty, deceit, brutality, and inhospitality, with the mere word cannibal, thus stigmatising with these vicious qualities whole races of people who do but retain this one amongst other ancient habits and customs; whereas in reality cannibals are much the same as other folk whose food is of a less barbarous nature. The very Caribs themselves, from the Latinised name of whom the word is probably derived, the arch-types of what cannibals should be, are described as possessing very different qualities. Their tribes, the remnants of which still linger in one of the West India isles, inhabited the northern part of South America and many of the Antilles before the arrival of the Spaniards, who lestroyed almost the whole race. The description their conquerors

give of them is more like that of a nation of lotos-eaters than of a sanguinary and ruthless people. "They are quiet, calm, and sedentary, and given up to idleness and day-dreams," say their historians, "but are well made and possess great powers of endurance." The testimony of the writer must be given on the same side; he has had the pleasure and privilege of knowing many cannibals, Fijian, New Hebridean, Solomon Islander, and others, and he has, on the whole, found them gentle, quiet, and inoffensive when not engaged in the practice and observance of the special principle that they uphold. It must be confessed, however, that he had not the same appreciation of their character upon the one occasion when he ran the narrowest chance of ministering to what he then considered a very depraved and morbid appetite.

Early travellers in New Zealand always express astonishment, when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants, that so gentle and pleasant-mannered a people could become upon occasion such ferocious savages. Earle, who wrote a very readable, intelligent, and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterwards he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learnt that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls in pieces, like a bit of blotting-paper, if well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome, pleasant-looking girl of sixteen, and one that he used frequently to see about the Pah. To quote his own words :-

"While listening to this frightful detail we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi" (the chief who had killed the girl), "and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting feast was cooking. Not a native was now near it; a hot steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass, and the same dog that we had seen take the head of the girl now crept from beneath the bushes and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large rl been hawk rose heavily from the very street

cut in pieces. My friend and

it was a lowering, gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings."

Earle goes on to relate how he, and three other compatriots whom he summoned from the beach for the purpose, with the Englishman's usual impertinent interference and intolerance of customs differing from his own, determined to frustrate Atoi's intention. They together visited the hill where the flesh was cooking, and, destroying the oven, buried the remains in the earth. They found the heart put on one side for the special delectation of their constant friend and companion, Atoi. Earle was afterwards good-humouredly told by the chief that their interference had been of no avail, as they had found the grave where the flesh had been buried, and opening it, soon after he and his friends had left, had finished cooking it and eaten it all. Earle argued long, and probably loudly, with the chief upon this question. Atoi asked him what they did with their thieves and runaways in England, and he told him "flog them or hang them." "Then," replied the Maori, "the only difference is that we eat them after we have killed them." The same chief told him that before the introduction of potatoes the people in the interior had nothing to eat but fern roots and kumera (another edible root); fish they never had in the rivers, so that human flesh was the only sort that they ever partook of.

Another early traveller in New Zealand, Ellis, who had admirable opportunities for arriving at the real motive for this custom, tells us that the Maoris "eat the bodies of their enemies that they might imbibe their courage;" and that they exulted greatly at the banquet upon the body of a great chief, for they thought that they would thus obtain his valiant and daring spirit.

The Eastern Polynesians made war chiefly for the purpose of obtaining bodies; hence when clearing away the brushwood from a place where they expected to engage an enemy, they cheered each other with cries of "Clear away well, that we may kill and eat, and have a good feast to-day." Their haughtiest threat was always "We will kill and eat you," and to be eaten was always the greatest dread of the exiled and conquered. Dr. Turner, in his most interesting work on Samoa, tells us that in New Caledonia "it was war, war, incessant war," and that all the good bodies were picked out from the dead for the oven, whilst the bad were thrown away. If it was a woman, they are only the arms and legs. On Maré they devoured all. Their appetite for human flesh was never satisfied. "'Do you mean to say that you will forbid us the fish of the sas? Why, these

are our fish!' This is how they talked when you spoke against cannibalism."

When white men first landed in Australia the degraded natives received them with the greatest respect, they considered them to be the embodied spirits of their own dead. The Australians were, and still are in the less-known northern parts, habitual cannibals, and always eat their own dead, for fear of wasting good provision. The black bodies being scalded, when being prepared for the oven, became white as the black cuticle came away. Thus, when Europeans first presented themselves to their astonished visions they simply and reverently received them as the materialised spirits of their scalded ancestry.

Amongst the Indians of America the custom does not ever seem to have been a universal one, although it was general amongst certain tribes. Schoolcraft relates, in his great work on the "Indian Tribes," that the Sioux will eat the heart of an enemy, and that all the war party will try to get a mouthful, believing, with the Maoris, that they gain courage thereby. Back, too, in his "Arctic Expedition," tells of a Cree Indian who had killed and eaten his wife, daughter, and two sons, and would have killed the youngest, a boy, and fed upon him also, had he not come upon Back's encampment. But this can hardly be cited as a case typical of the cannibal instincts of that tribe, as it was only brought about by the direct famine. In Terra del Fuego the otherwise unreasoning natives show a spirit of intelligent economy by always eating, in times of great distress and want, the oldest women of the tribe, as being of much less value than their dogs, which they will not kill until all the grandmothers are consumed.

But one of the strangest phases of cannibal lore has yet to be touched upon, that, namely, with which all the greatest thaumaturgists and necromancers have been accused from the days of Hadrian, who is known to have sacrificed many young lives in the prosecution of his unholy inquiries, to our own. There is some foundation for this belief in the fact that for some of the deeper and wilder mysteries of the black art an innocent life had to be offered up, from the emanations of whose spilt blood the disembodied spirits of the invoked dead could materialise themselves, and answer the queries of those daring seekers who stopped at nothing to gain their unhallowed ends. It is related that the necromancers of Thessaly added the blood of infants to that of black lambs in their incantatory rites, that the evoked spirits would render themselves objective from of the blood. In the present day Hayti is chemoe of a secret sect of devil-worshippers

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most mysterious and impious solemnities, in which children are killed and offered up, and the bodies eaten by the adepts as part of the awful ceremonial. The Russian, Polish, and indeed all the Slav races, credit the Jews with the use of this rite to this day, and it is one of the many groundless reasons that they hold for the constant persecution of that race. They believe that at the Passover a child is killed and eaten with many dark and unheard-of observances. How thoroughly this absurd tradition is credited may be learned from the perusal of the recent criminal trials in Hungary.

It has been a pleasant task to the writer to attempt, in the above pages, to excuse the habit of cannibalism amongst its votaries. It is always unpleasant to remain silent when one hears a comrade unfairly aspersed; just so it has been with the writer when he has read or heard of the unjust estimation in which all cannibals are held. Many, in fact most writers improperly and wrongly charge cannibalism with being a morbid and unnatural appetite; in most cases it is nothing but the expression of a natural want. and desire for human flesh would die out in nearly all places were the other flesh obtainable. In those regions where cannibalism still flourishes much may be done, and is done, by the example of the first white settlers—the traders—and the teaching of the missionary, but teaching and example alone will never suffice to remedy the evil; the root of the matter must be gone to; and to cure it, many and varied animals that are fit for food must be introduced, when the thing will right itself.

A. ST. JOHNSTON.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

#### SCINTILLATION.

NE of the earliest of my physical speculations was an explanation of the twinkling of the stars. My theory was, and still is, that it is a simple result of the varying refraction of the atmosphere; that the air above and around us is in a state of perpetual commotion, is a billowy ocean, and consequently we are at one moment under the crest and at the next under the hollow of a wave, and thus the total density of the air in which we are immersed varies from moment to moment.

This being the case, the refraction must vary, and with such variation the apparent position of some of the stars must change. As they have no visual diameter, are mere points of light, a barely measurable variation of this kind would displace the whole orb, and cause such lateral agitation of the proceeding light rays as would modify their presentment to the eye, and produce visual chromatic disturbances.

To test this theory, look at any star or stars on or near the zenith. No scintillation of these can *ever* be seen. The perpendicular rays suffer no refraction whatever, therefore no variations of refraction are there possible.

Then follow the stars downwards to the horizon. On a clear night the amount of scintillation will show itself increasing steadily with the obliquity of the star rays on their incidence to our atmosphere.

I have observed again and again that on clear windy nights, that is, when the atmospheric billows are greatest, the stars of given altitude and brilliancy twinkle more than in calm weather.

That the density of the air varies from moment to moment is shown by the tremblings of the surface of a well constructed water barometer, where every variation of atmospheric pressure is displayed on a scale 13½ times greater than by an ordinary mercurial barometer.

M. Ch. Montigny, of Brussels.

His observations appear to

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his explanation is different. He forecasts the weather by the colour which predominates in the scintillation; blue indicating rain. I have only a short abstract before me, but if I can procure the original publication, described as a "brochure," I will return to the subject in a future note. It is one of especial popular interest, as the observations demanded may be made by anybody without any costly astronomical appliances.

I may add that I have used an ordinary binocular opera glass (a good one, of high power) with much advantage in observing scintillation. The modern binocular telescopes advertised by Browning are probably still better, but I have not yet tried one. Great telescopes are of no use.

#### JAPANESE FORESTRY.

THE Japanese contribution to the International Forestry Exhibition at Edinburgh is exceedingly interesting, not only as regards the exhibits themselves, but, further, on account of their skilful display. The combination of objects and pictures is especially instructive, the objects showing what could be but imperfectly or less satisfactorily represented by pictures; the pictures showing those features that cannot be presented as objects. Thus the timber, the bark, the fruits, the industrial applications of a given tree are shown as objects, while the growing tree in its forest home is shown by a picture of itself and surroundings.

I have already referred (April last) to the lessons we may learn from the Japanese in the utilization of coal mines as scientific observatories, and now it is evident that we have much to learn from them above ground. Forestry as a science is practically unknown in this country. I am not aware of the existence of any chair of forestry in any of our universities—dead languages and living trees are probably incompatible—and we certainly have no special schools of forestry. In Japan, the science of forestry has long been established as an important branch of national education, with very profitable results.

Many of the Japanese exhibits—barrels for example—are polished, and one of their polishing tools is the bark of a species of *Equisdum*. My readers may remember that, in March last, I described the little known uses of the silicious coat of mail of the dried equisetum stems that are sold in some obscure by-streets of London under the name of "Dutch rush."

The Japanese use another natural sand paper which they find prepared for them in the leaves of Aphananthe aspera. I have so

practical acquaintance with these, and, therefore, can say nothing concerning their practical merits as compared with our glass paper,

sand paper, and emery paper.

As a "wrinkle" for the uninitiated, I may add, by the way, that glass paper is the most suitable for polishing soft wood, sand paper for very hard wood, bone, ivory, &c., and emery paper for metals. Dutch rush will cut either, following the smoother of these papers for a higher polish, but it is specially applicable to plaster of Paris and other similar soft material that would show ugly scratches after either of the above-named papers.

The great success of the Health Exhibition has fully justified the opening of another on the same ground. We—the British public in general and cockneys in particular—may all hope that its speciality will be interpreted with the same elasticity as "Health" has been, and that South Kensington will keep its eye on Edinburgh, and not allow the Japanese Forestry contribution to leave our shores without

showing in London.

## EMERALD GREEN WALL PAPERS.

In "The Journal of Science" of August last is a paper by Mr. Robert Galloway on "Emerald Green," a favourite bugbear of alarmist paragraph writers who describe the terrible consequences of arsenical wall papers. Mr. Galloway has an intimate practical knowledge of the pigment, having been concerned in its manufacture on a large scale. He describes the various methods of manufacture, and confirms the views which I expressed in my notes (April, 1881, and June, 1884,) concerning the fallacy of the stories that are told of the poisonous doings of arsenical wall papers—not only in newspaper paragraphs, but also in works of considerable scientific pretensions.

Thus, in Dr. Kolbe's "Inorganic Chemistry" it is stated that arseniuretted hydrogen is formed by the fermentation of the starch paste employed for fastening the paper to the walls. Mr. Galloway says that "it is perfectly obvious that the fermentation must cease after a time, and, therefore, the poisonous effects of the paper must likewise cease, if its injurious effects are caused by the fermentation." He might have added that no such fermentation could possibly commence, seeing that arsenic effectually prevents such fermentation by poisoning the fungus germs that produce it.

He shows that the alleged volatilization of arsenious aci \*
others as the source of danger, cannot occur with
of the compound, which is an aceto arsenite

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parts with any of its arsenic, it loses its colour. Instead of doing this, it is remarkable for stability of colour.

Even the mechanical detachment of the pigment from the paper, which I admitted to be a possible source of mischief, can do but very little harm. This is proved by the fact that it is manufactured in the form of a dry powder, and Mr. Galloway says that when this is packed in the factory, "clouds of its dust ascend in the air, and during the time I had to do with its manufacture I never heard that any of the factory hands suffered, nor did I suffer from arsenical poisoning. If there is any abrasion of the skin, the dust produces a sore, and also the delicate lining of the nostrils is apt to be affected."

I quote this testimony in support of my own heresy on this subject, because the baseless panic has largely deprived us of one of the richest pigments that can be manufactured at a moderate expense.

The practice of covering one paper with another instead of effective stripping off of the old paper and removal of the old paste, is mischievous, if the paper is non-arsenical and the walls are at all damp, owing to the decomposition of the old paste and old paper, and the organic poison thus produced. I once encountered a disagreeable demonstration of this. After a long walk in Wales I stopped at a poor inn, was soon asleep in a little ill-ventilated bedroom, but awoke in the early morning with a headache and the idea of breathing a sickly atmosphere. This was confirmed on opening the window and comparing the inner with the outer air. found that the walls were thickly padded with cushion-like layers of paper, and learned that the hostess, in order to please her guests by making the room look fresh and clean, papered it herself at the beginning of every season. She had done this ever since her marriage, and her children were then full grown.

Had she used arsenical papers, the paste and old layers of paper would have remained undecomposed, like the layers of bird-skins packed by Mr. Gould and other ornithologists in the manner described in my first note on this subject.

#### THE MAELSTRÖM.

THE killing of a popular legend, even when baseless, is a slow process, but when it has some sort of slender foundation, which is commonly the case, its vitality is wonderful. This is curiously shown by the stories of the Maelström, which is still described as of old in some of our geographical text-books. I have just turned

up a quotation from "The Leisure Hour" of last November which is amusing. We are told that "An American captain visited this whirlpool in one of its calmer intervals, and ran along the edge of it with his ship." His estimate of its diameter was about a mile and a half, and he says that "The velocity of its current increasing as it approximates to its centre, and gradually changing its dark blue colour to white, and foaming, tumbling, and rushing to its vortex, very much concave, as much so as the water in a funnel when half run out; the noise too, hissing roaring, dashing—all pressing on the mind at once—presented the most awful, grand, and solemn sight I ever experienced. We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it two hours. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships were they drawn in at the same moment."

All this, though in perfect accord with the regular old orthodox story, is rank fiction.

On the 10th July, 1856, I was sailing very near to the spot where the Maelström is marked on our English maps, and therefore looked for it on the detailed sailing charts and other Norwegian maps that were on board. It was not to be found on any of them. I then asked the captain as to its whereabouts, he having had much experience in these parts. He told me that the only information he had ever been able to obtain concerning it was derived from English geography books, and the accounts of English passengers; that the fishermen who lived on the islands on each side of it knew nothing at all about it in consequence of their ignorance of the English language. He was cruelly satirical.

There is a current between Lofotoden and Mosken (the position usually assigned to the fabulous vortex) known as Mosköströmmen, one of the many tidal currents that run through the sounds between the multitude of islands constituting the Lofoden archipelago. At the spring tides when heavy gales are blowing from the east or west, the Mosköström is sufficiently dangerous to be avoided by prudent navigators, but in fair and calm weather it is no more dangerous than that between the arches of old Putney bridge. As Tönsberg says in his "Norge" (the National Illustrated Handbook of Norway), "the fishermen dwelling on the spot have no fear of the Ström, they fish in it and suffer their boats to drift on its surface." For reasons that I have explained (Science in short Chapters, page 139), this current may have been more rapid in former times than now, but it was never anything but a simple tide stream

It is not even the

Norway.

The Saltström, near Bodö, on the mainland, is altogether on a very much larger scale. Dean Schytte says that "in all Norway no natural phenomenon is so deserving of notice as Salströmmen; indeed there is nothing like it." Boats are actually swamped and lives are lost here when fishermen venture through it at the wrong time. It is caused simply by a large fjord (the Indre Saltenfjord or "Skjaerstadfjord" of Munch's Map), an inland lake of many miles' area communicating with the sea by a narrow channel, through which the tidal waters rush into and out of the fjord.

If Captain Webb had done the Maelström instead of attempting the Niagara rapids he might still be among us and enjoying the joke of being credited with a great achievement. He could have drifted through in half-an-hour without wetting his head.

#### LOW TEMPERATURES.

I N one of my notes of August last, on the solidification of nitrogen by the agency of the low temperature obtained by boiling liquid oxygen, I ventured to suggest that a still lower temperature will be obtained by the boiling of nitrogen.

I have since learned that this has actually been done by S. Wroblewski. The -186° C., or 367 degrees of Fahrenheit below the freezing point, has been beaten. According to the abstract of Wroblewski's paper, published in the August number of the Journal of the Chemical Society, temperatures of "several degrees below -200° C.," 424° Fah. below freezing, have been obtained by boiling nitrogen and carbonic oxide in vacuo.

The construction of a thermometer for measuring these low temperatures is one of the difficulties of such experiments. Wroblewski avails himself of the thermo-electric properties of metals for the purpose, using a hydrogen thermometer to start the graduation.

#### SEPULCHRAL SANATORIUMS.

In the vaults of the ancient church of St. Michan, Dublin, the corpses, instead of decomposing, become dry like mummies. Mr. C. A. Cameron has investigated this mystery. The vaults are built of limestone; the air confined within them is remarkably the and free from dust. To ascertain whether organic germs were absent several tubes of infusion of melon were prepared, sterilized and sealed. Many of these were opened at different times in the laboratory, where they speedily became turbid, owing to the development

of microzoa, which were sown therein by deposition of germs from the air of the laboratory.

Ten of twelve were opened in one of the vaults, and left there for six weeks. Seven remained quite clear, including the two not opened; the other five were filled with fungus. When the clear tubes were exposed to the air of the laboratory they became so thick that they could not be poured out.

Here then we have evidence of the absence of bacili, bacteria, &c., in underground chambers; and if the bacterium scare goes on developing, the catacombs of Paris will become a fashionable health resort, and limestone caverns in full demand at high rentals.

## TREES AND CLIMATE.

THE rain that falls upon the land finds its way to the sea by two distinct courses. Some of it runs over the surface down the slopes, forming rills, brooks, and tributary rivulets; another portion sinks beneath the porous surface, and thus forms the "underground waters" that have been so ably studied by Mr. de Rance in this country.

The remainder returns to the atmosphere as vapour before it reaches the sea. This evaporation is partially effected by the direct action of the sun upon the superficial moisture, and some of the underground water is absorbed by the roots of plants, carried upwards as ascending sap to the leaves, and by them exhaled as vapour.

The amount uplifted by this action is far greater than is commonly supposed. In the official report of Geological Survey of Wisconsin, published under the direction of the chief geologist by the Commissioners of Public Printing, is an account of the determinations made by Dr. J. M. Anders of the amount of water pumped from the earth by trees.

He finds that the average exhalation from soft thin-leaved plants in clear weather amounts to about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ounces troy, per day of twelve hours, for every square foot of surface. Hence a moderate-sized elm raises and throws off  $7\frac{3}{4}$  tons of water per day, and a grove of 1,000 trees, oaks, maples, &c., exhales above 45,000 "barrels" of water during every clear day of its growing time.

In the report the facts are applied to what is going on in America, where certain inland fertile districts are becoming converted into deserts by wholesale clearings; and in other places, such as the plains of Colorado, where only five or six years of irrigation and planting has already produced a measurable increase

There can be little doubt that a great part + '

and Africa are artificial; have been desolated by reckless improvidence in cutting down trees to supply immediate wants, and that the original luxuriance of such historic regions as the site and neighbourhood of Palmyra may be restored by skilful replanting.

A British colony anywhere on the high ground forming the equatorial watershed of the Nile and Congo basins, with agricultural extensions on all sides, would gradually influence its own surroundings and render the reclamation of all the African deserts merely a

question of time and growing population.

Those who are still under the influence of the plausible demonstrations of Malthus should take the area of Africa and multiply it by the average number that tropical land skilfully cultivated can feed per square mile. The result will show that all the present inhabitants of the world would be insufficient to people this island, for since the cutting of the Suez canal it has ceased to be a continent, or even a peninsula.

#### MALTHUSIAN MATHEMATICS.

BY assuming that what may be actually must be (the customary foundation fallacy of mathematical theorists), Malthus proved—mathematically—that the human race must increase in geometrical ratio, unless this mathematically demonstrated rate of increase is checked by lack of means of subsistence.

Many refutations of this have been offered, but the following, which, I think, is especially conclusive, appears to have been overlooked.

The British aristocracy do not lack the means of subsistence, and they have not multiplied in geometrical ratio, nor even in arithmetical ratio, nor any other ratio; they have not multiplied at all; they have not been able to maintain their numbers, in spite of the strongest inducements, and had we not continually created new peers, the present burning political question would have settled itself by the House of Lords becoming, ere this, a little sub-committee of about a dozen members.

The same decay has occurred to all other aristocracies, of all races of men, and in all climates. So broad and general a fact supplies a full refutation of all the Malthusian speculations

supplies a full refutation of all the Malthusian speculations.

The hard-working class is the only one that steadily multiplies, the rich, idle, and luxurious die out. As we increase our means of producing luxury and inducing idleness the greater is the proportion of those who rise from the lower multiplying ranks to enter the upper decaying classes; and hence there is more reason to fear the future decline, than the future excessive increase, of the human race.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

## TABLE TALK.

BOHN'S LIBRARIES AND THE PURCHASE OF BOOKS.

NE aspect of the career of the late H. G. Bohn has not, in the biographical sketches which have appeared since his death, received sufficient attention. To Bohn belongs the credit of having established, so far as it can yet be said to be established, the habit, in middle-class life, of purchasing books, instead of obtaining them The series known as the Standard Library was from a library. practically the first collection of cheap and desirable books brought within reach of the general public. Other cheap publications had, doubtless, preceded them. One Scotch firm gave a series of volumes, in a species of harlequin cover, which contained many readable tracts and a few works of solid interest. These, however, looked poor and cheap, and had few attractions for the purchaser. The same may be said of the series, in paper wrappers, of Charles Knight. Lardner's Cabinet Encyclopædia was good so far as it went, but did not go far enough, and was not, on its first production, specially Other series might be mentioned. All, however, were cheap. distanced by the Standard Library. The European Library of Mr. Bogue is said to have been earlier in date. If this is so, Mr. Bogue is entitled to the honour of originating a scheme which Bohn took out of his hands. I well remember the pride of ownership I felt as a youth in the augmenting row of goodly-looking books which, with the appearance of a new volume of "Bohn," extended along my shelves. The cloth covers seemed, in their day, models of good taste; the volumes were convenient in shape and fairly printed, and the literary value of the contents was satisfactory. Italian literature had, at first, almost a monopoly, thanks to the possession by Bohn of copyright or MSS. of Roscoe, an elegant scholar, who, however, lived in comfortable times for an author, won by not very arduous effort a high reputation, and is already, to some extent, out of date. Lanzi and Cellini and Machiavelli gave way, however, in time to Schiller and Goethe and Schlegel, and the 1° writers like Milton, Gibbon, De Fo Guizot, &c., gave the whole

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maintained. That the volumes are all perfect, or in every case so good as they ought to be, may not be maintained. Their claim to have widely extended the circle of the book-buying public cannot, however, be disputed.

#### Mr. Woolner's Silenus.

UMEROUS as are the reviews of Mr. Woolner's lovely poem1 Silenus, which have appeared in different organs of critical opinion, none that I have seen gets at what I take to be the kernel or the substantificque mouelle, as Rabelais calls it, of the work. The interpretation I put upon it seems, in part, indicated by the design on the cover, a strong spear broken, and with the point turned back towards the hand by which it has been grasped or hurled. The lesson of Silenus which has puzzled the pundits, is the breaking of the will in a man of high ideal and lofty ambition. In a time when life grows more complex, when the strife is more arduous, and the conditions surrounding success are less independent, discouragement and possibility of collapse attend closely upon genius. For a successful struggle with the world men of the highest and most refined type are not always the best fitted. A hundred things are capable of breaking the will of genius, and from the moment that this result is obtained the life is "cast in shallows and in miseries." Silenus, genius, warrior, demigod, "exultant in the might of youth," "radiant as a summer morn," "loved of the loveliest, Syrinx," leaves home to range with Dionysus the southern seas and bear to Indian lands the treasure of the vine. He returns and finds his love dead, drowned among the reeds to which she had fled to avoid the impure embrace of Pan. At this point, then, his life is shattered. No object worthy of ambition remains within his reach. After an arraignment of Pan such as Timon might have uttered, and before which the god, immortal as he is, recoils in fear, Silenus withdraws himself from companionship, rejecting the consolation put forward by Dionysus. Following this, the narrative portion of the poem, comes the psychological, in which is exhibited the decadence of Silenus into the irreverent being whom the "Edonean king" derides as a "huge wine-bag." One flash of his divine power survives, and for a few moments he stands heroic, accepted and protected of the gods, who will not willingly see what is most divine flouted, scorned, and injured by ignorance. In his prophecies, Silenus, from the depths of his knowledge, sees through the coarse natures around him and reveals the

fate. Captive maidens wail his sorrows while hoping in another world to find "the lovers of our souls we never found." To those whom the fine and eminently poetical treatment of this poem has delighted, this insight into what seems to be its lesson can scarcely be otherwise than acceptable.

#### French and English Modes of Address.

MONG the many instances of difference between ourselves and our closest neighbours on the continent, none is more striking than the manner in which, in writing or in speech, we address foreigners. While, with an easy assumption that in bestowing a French designation he is paying a compliment, the Frenchman addresses as Monsieur the stranger of every country from Coromandel to Nova Zembla, the Englishman strives to bestow on each visitor his appropriate designation. This, the more polite course, would be the more sensible also, if our knowledge were equal to our desire to please. When, however, a Frenchman has been called Monsieur, a German Herr, an Italian Signor, and a Spaniard Señor, the limited acquaintance of most Englishmen with foreign modes of address is at fault. Which of us knows how a Russ, a Norwegian, a Greek, a Turk, or a Montenegrin is to be called? point we fall back with a rather servile imitation upon the French and address all as Monsieur, unless, with some vague notion of race, we prefer to assign them a German origin and speak to them as Herr. On the whole then, for convenience at least, the French system seems the better. Our word Mr. looks so foolish when written at length, some hesitation might be felt about according it. Still, we should be wiser in adhering to one uniform method of address, and this, of course, involves the general employment of Mr. It is doubtful in another respect which is the more to be condemned, the pride or the mauvaise honte of a Frenchman, that makes him decline to speak any language except his own, until he has duly mastered it, or the rather arrogant courage of the Englishman who bungles along through a foreign language regardless of the ridicule he incurs or the solecisms he commits.

## AMERICAN ACTING IN ENGLAND.

A MONG the countries to which we have to take off our hats in the man frame acting is America. France, Germany,

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acting better than anything we can claim, and the United States have now followed suit. To make such a statement involves some humiliation and some surrender of national pride. It has none the less to be made. In a series of wretched pieces which, from motives of vanity or of economy, were confined to adaptations by the manager, the Augustine Daly Company, which held possession of Toole's theatre, proved itself superior to any company for the performance of farcical or eccentric comedy we can boast. separate actors may, of course, be rivalled in England. Regarded from this point of view, however, our cause for self-congratulation is not overpowering. If we are provided with a Mrs. Sterling to pit against Mrs. Gilbert, whom are we to oppose to Mr. John Lewis? It is, however, in respect of ensemble that the merit of the American company is entitled to highest acknowledgment. A company so admirable in discipline has not been seen since the unfortunate but never to be forgotten visit of the Rotterdam troupe. In England the desire of one actor to go beyond his fellows is constantly apparent. Pieces are written for an actor who enjoys an absolute supremacy over others. When this is not the case, certain actors are always trying, at the expense of the piece or their fellows, to obtain an undeserved and undesirable prominence. Very few are the cases where the stage management is strong enough to resist so unblessed an ambition. A representation such as was given by the Daly Company of Colley Cibber's "She Would, and She Would not," in which every part was fitted with the precision of machinery, conveys a lesson in art we still need to study. That a company under the direction of Mr. Hare, and with an actress like Mrs. Kendal, is incapable of giving a representation of this class, I do not say. I should like, however, to see the effort made.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

#### THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

November 1884.

# PHILISTIA.

By CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

FTER all Ernest didn't get many more socials to write for the Morning Intelligence, as it happened; for the war that came on shortly after crowded such trifles as socials fairly out of all the papers, and he had harder work than ever to pick up a precarious living somehow, by the most casual possible contributions. Of course he tried many other channels; but he had few introductions, and then his views were really so absurdly ultra that no reasonable editor could ever be expected to put up with them. He got tired at last of seeing his well-meant papers return to him, morning after morning, with the unvarying legend, "Declined with thanks;" and he might have gone to the wall utterly but for the kindly interest which Arthur Berkeley still took in his and Edie's future. On the very day after his conversation with Lancaster at the club, Arthur dropped round casually at Holloway, and brought with him a proposal which he said had just been made him by a colonial newsagent. was a transparent little ruse enough; but Ernest and Edie were not learned in the ways of the world, and did not suspect it so readily as older and wiser heads might probably have done. Would Ernest supply a fortnightly letter, to go by the Australian mail, to the Parramatta Chronicle and News, containing London political and social gossip of a commonplace kind-just the petty chit-chat he could pick up easily out of Truth and the World-for the small sum of thirty shillings a letter?

Yes, Ernest thought he could manage Very well, then. The letter vol. cclvii. No. 1847.

days to the colonial newsagent's address, and it would be duly forwarded by mail to the office of the Parramatta Chronicle. A little suspicious, that item, Berkeley thought; but Ernest swallowed it like a child and made no comment. It must be addressed to "Parramatta, care of Lane & Co.," and the payments would be made fortnightly through the same agency. Arthur watched his friend's face narrowly at this point again; but Ernest, in his simple-minded, unsuspecting way, never noticed the obvious meaning of this little deception. He thanked Arthur over and over again for his kindness, but he never guessed how far it extended. The letters kept him employed for two days a week, or thereabouts, and though they never got to Parramatta, nor any farther than Arthur Berkeley's own study in the little house he had taken for himself at Chelsea, they were regularly paid for through the colonial newsagent, by means of a cheque which really owed its ultimate origin to Arthur Berkeley himself. Fifteen shillings a week is not a large fortune, certainly; but still it is considerably better than nothing, when you come to try both methods of living by practical experience.

Even so, however, Ernest and Edie had a hard struggle, with their habits of life and Ernest's delicate health, to make both ends meet upon that modest income. They found the necessity for recourse to the imaginary pawnbroker growing upon them with alarming rapidity; and though the few small articles that they sent out for that purpose never really went beyond kind Mrs. Halliss's kitchen dresser, yet so far as Ernest and Edie were concerned, the effect was much the same as if they had been really pledged to the licensed broker. The good woman hid them away carefully in the back drawers of the dresser, sending up as much money for the poor little trinkets as she thought it at all credible that any man in his senses could possibly advance—if she had given altogether too much she thought it probable that even the unsuspicious Le Bretons would detect the kindly deception-at the same time remarking to John that 'if ever them pore dear young creechurs was able to redeem 'em again, why, well an' good; an' if not, why, they could just find some excuse to give 'em back to the dear lady after pore Mr. Le Breting was dead an' gone, as he must be, no doubt, afore many months was over.' What wretched stuff that is that some narrow-minded cynics love to talk, after their cheap moralising fashion, about the coldne and cruelty of the world! The world is not cold and cruel; it is brimming over everywhere with kindliness and warmth of heart; and you have only got to put yourself into the proper circumstances in order to call forth at once on every hand, and in all classes, its

tenderest and truest sympathies. None but selfish, unsympathetic people themselves ever find it otherwise in the day of trouble. It is not the world that is cold and heartless—it is not the individual members of the world that are cruel and unkind—it is the relentless march of circumstances—the faulty organisation which none of us can control, and for which none of us is personally responsible, that grinds us to powder under its Juggernaut wheels. Private kindliness is for ever trying, feebly and unsuccessfully, but with its best efforts, to undo the evil that general mismanagement is for ever perpetrating in its fateful course.

One day, a few weeks later, Arthur Berkeley called in again, and on the stairs he met a child playing—a neighbour's child whom good Mrs. Halliss allowed to come in and amuse herself while the mother went out charing. The girl had a bright gold object in her hand; and Arthur, wondering how she came by it, took it from her and looked at it curiously. He recognised it in a moment for what it was—a gold bracelet, a well-remembered gold bracelet—the very one that he himself had given as a wedding present to poor Edie. He turned it over and looked closely at the inside: cut into the soft gold he saw the one word "Frustra," that he himself had carved into it with his penknife the night before the memorable wedding.

"Where did you get this?" he asked the child.

"Mrs. 'Alliss give it me," the little one answered, beginning to cry. Arthur ran lightly down the steps again, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Halliss's kitchen, with the tell-tale bracelet in his hand. Mrs. Halliss opened the door to him respectfully, and after a faint attempt at innocent prevarication, felt bound to let out all the pitiful little secret without further preamble. So Arthur, good, kind-hearted, delicate-souled Arthur, took his seat sadly upon one of the hard wooden kitchen chairs, and waited patiently while Mrs. Halliss and honest John, in their roundabout inarticulate fashion, slowly unfolded the story how them two pore young creechurs upstairs had been druv that low through want of funs that Mrs. Le Breting, God bless 'er 'eart, 'ad 'ad to pawn her poor little bits of jewellery and such like ; and how they 'adn't 'ad the face to go 'an pawn it for her, and so 'ad locked it up in their drawers, and waited hopefully for better times. Arthur listened to all this with an aching heart, and went home alone to ponder on the best way of still further assisting them.

The only thing that occurred to him was a plan for giving Frientoo, a little relief, in the way of what she might suppose to getting occupation. She used to paint a little remembered, in the old days; so he put

morning paper, which he got Mrs. Halliss to show Edie, asking for drawings of orchids, the flowers to be supplied and accurately copied by an amateur at a reasonable price. Edie fell into the harmless friendly trap readily enough, and was duly supplied with orchids by a florist in Regent Street, who professed to receive his instructions from the advertiser. The pictures were all produced in due time, and were sent to a fixed address, where a gentleman in a hansom used to call for them at regular intervals. Arthur Berkeley kept those poor little water-colours long afterwards locked up in a certain drawer all by themselves: they were sacred mementoes to him of that old hopeless love for the little Miss Butterfly of his Oxford days.

With the very first three guineas that Edie earned, carefully saved and hoarded out of her payments for the water-colours, she insisted in the pride of her heart that Ernest should go and visit a great London consulting physician. Sir Antony Wraxall was the best specialist in town on the subject of consumption, she had heard, and she was quite sure so clever a man must do Ernest a great deal of good, if he didn't even permanently cure him.

"It's no use, Edie darling," Ernest said to her imploringly.

"You'll only be wasting your hard-earned money. What I want is not advice or medicine; I want what no doctor on earth can possibly give me—relief from this terrible crushing responsibility."

But Edie would bear no refusal. It was her money, she said, the first she had ever earned in her whole life, and she should certainly do as she herself liked with it. Sir Antony Wraxall, she was quite confident, would soon be able to make him better.

So Ernest, overborne by her entreaties, yielded at last, and made an appointment with Sir Antony Wraxa'l. He took his quarter-hour in due form, and told the great physician all his symptoms as though he believed in the foolish farce. Sir Antony held his head solemnly on one side, weighed him with puritanical scrupulosity to a quarter of an ounce on his delicate balance, listened attentively at the chest with his silver-mounted stethoscope, and perpended the net result of his investigation with professional gravity; then he gave Edie his full advice and opinion to the maximum extent of five minutes.

"Your husband's case is not a hopeful one, Mrs. Le Breton," he said solemnly, "but still, a great deal may be done for him." Edica face brightened visibly. "With care, his life may be prolonged for many years,—I may even say, indeed, quite indefinitely." Edic smiled with joy and gratitude. "But you must strictly observe my rules and directions—the same that I've just given in a similar case to the Crown Prince of Servia who was here before you. In the

first place, your husband must give up work altogether. He must be content to live perfectly and absolutely idle. Then, secondly, he must live quite away from England. I should recommend the Engadine in summer, and Algeria or the Nile trip every winter; but, if that's beyond your means-and I understand from Mr. Le Breton that you're in somewhat straitened circumstances-I don't object to Catania, or Malaga, or even Mentone and the Riviera. You can rent furnished villas for very little on the Riviera. But he must in no case come farther north, even in summer, than the Lake of Geneva. That, I assure you, is quite indispensable, if he wishes to live another twelvemonth. Take him south at once, in a coupé-lit of course, and break the journey once or twice at Lyons and Marseilles. Next, as to diet, he must live generously-very generously. Don't let him drink claret; claret's poor sour stuff; a pint of good champagne daily, or a good, full-bodied, genial vintage Burgundy would be far better and more digestible for him. Oysters, game, sweetbreads, red mullet, any little delicacy of that sort as much as possible. Don't let him walk; let him have carriage exercise daily; you can hire carriages for a mere trifle monthly at Cannes and Mentone. Above all things, give him perfect freedom from anxiety. Allow him to concentrate his whole attention on the act of getting well, and you'll find he'll improve astonishingly in no time. But if you keep him here in England and feed him badly and neglect my directions, I can't answer for his getting through another winter. . . . Don't disturb yourself, I beg of you; don't, pray, give way to tears; there is really no occasion for it, my dear madam, no occasion for it at all, if you'll only do as I tell you. . . . Quite right, thank you. Good morning.-Next case, McFarlane.-Good morning. Good morning."

So that was the end of weeping little Edie's poor hardly-spared

three guineas.

The very next day Arthur Berkeley happened to mount the stairs quietly, at an earlier hour than usual, and knocked at the door of Ernest's lodging. There was no answer, so he turned the handle, and entered by himself. The remains of breakfast lay upon the table. Arthur did not want to spy, but he couldn't help remarking that these remains were extremely meagre and scanty. Half a loaf of bread stood upon a solitary plate in the centre; a teapot and two cups occupied one side; and—that was all. In spite of himself, he couldn't restrain his curiosity, and he looked more closely at the knives and plates. Not a mark of anything but crumbant even butter! He looked into the cups.

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tea at the bottom! Yes, the truth was only too evident; they had had no meat for breakfast, no butter, no milk, no sugar; it was quite clear that the meal had consisted entirely of dry bread with plain tea—call it hot water—and that for a dying man and a delicate over-worked lady! Arthur looked at that pitiable breakfast table with a twinge of remorse, and the tears rose sharply and involuntarily into his eyes. He had not done enough for them, then; he had not done enough for them.

Poor little Miss Butterfly! and had it really come to this! You, so bright, so light, so airy, in want, in positive want, in hunger even, with your good, impossible, impracticable Ernest! Had it come to this! Bread and water; dry bread and water! Down, tears, down; a man must be a man; but, oh, what a bitter sight for Arthur Berkeley! And yet, what could he do to mend it? Money they would not take; he dare not even offer it; and he was at his wit's end for any other contrivance for serving them without their knowledge. He must do what he could; but how he was to do it, he couldn't imagine.

As he stood there, ruminating bitterly over that poor bare table, he thought he heard sounds above, as of Edie coming downstairs with Dot on her shoulder. He knew she would not like to know that he had surprised the secret of their dire poverty; and he turned silently and cautiously to descend the stair. There was only just time enough to get away, for Edie was even then opening the door of the nursery. Noiselessly, with cat-like tread, he crept down the steps once more, and heard Edie descending, and singing as she came down to Dot. It was a plaintive little song, in a sad key-a plaintive little song of his own-but not wholly distressful, Arthur thought; she could still sing, then, to her baby! With the hot tears rising a second time to his eyes, he groped his way to the foot of the staircase. There he brushed them hurriedly aside with his hand, and turned out into the open street. The children were playing and tumbling in the sun, and a languid young man in a faultless frock coat and smooth silk hat was buying a showy buttonhole flower from the little suburban florist's opposite.

With a heavy heart Arthur Berkeley turned homeward to his own cosy little cottage; that modest palace of art which he had once hoped little Miss Butterfly might have shared with him. He went up the steps, and turned quickly into his own small study. The Progenitor was there, sitting reading in an easy chair. "At least," Arthur thought to himself, "I have made his old age happy. If I could only do as much for little Miss Butterfly! for little Miss

Butterfly! for little Miss Butterfly! If I could only do as much for her, oh, how happy and contented I should be!"

He flung himself down on his own sofa, and brushed his eyes nervously with his handkerchief before he dared look up again towards the Progenitor. "Father," he said, clutching his watchchain hard and playing with it nervously to keep down his emotion, "I'm afraid those poor Le Bretons are in an awfully bad way. I'm afraid, do you know, that they actually haven't enough to eat! I went into their rooms just now, and, would you believe it, I found nothing on the table for breakfast but dry bread and tea!"

The Progenitor looked up quietly from the volume of Morley's "Voltaire" which he was at that moment placidly engaged in devouring. "Nothing but dry bread and tea," he said, in what sounded to Arthur a horribly unconcerned tone. "Really, hadn't they? Well, I dare say they are very badly off, poor people. But after all, you know, Artie, they can't be really poor, for Le Breton told me himself he was generally earning fifteen shillings or a pound a week, and that, you see, is really for three people a very good income, now isn't it?"

Arthur, delicate-minded, gentle, chivalrous Arthur, gazed in surprise and sudden distress at that dear, good, unselfish old father of his. How extraordinary that the kindly old man couldn't grasp the full horror of the situation! How strange that he, who would himself have been so tender, so considerate, so womanly in his care and sympathy towards anything that seemed to him like real poverty or real suffering, should have been so blinded by his long hard working-man life towards the peculiar difficulties and trials of classes other than his own as not to recognise the true meaning of that dreadful disclosure! Arthur was not angry with him-he felt too fully at that moment what depths of genuine silent hardship uncomplainingly endured were implied in the stoically calm frame of mind which could treat Edie Le Breton's penury of luxuries as a comparatively slight matter: after all, his father was right at bottom; such mere sentimental middle-class poverty is as nothing to the privations of the really poor; yet he could not help feeling a little disappointed for all that. He wanted sympathy in his pity, and he could clearly expect none here. "Why, Father," he cried bitterly, "you don't throw yourself into the position as you ought to do. A pound a week, paid regularly, would be a splendid income of course for people brought up like you or me. But just consider how those two young people have been brought up! Consider their wants and their h Consider the luxury they have been accustomed to

think of their being obliged to want now almost for food in their last extremity !"

His father answered in the same quiet tone-not hardly, but calmly, as though he were discussing a problem in political economy instead of the problem of Edie Le Breton's happiness-" Well, you see, it's all a matter of the standard of comfort. These two friends of yours have been brought up above their future; and now that they've got to come down to their natural level, why, of course, they feel it, depend upon it, they feel it. Their parents, of course, shouldn't have accustomed them to a style of life above their station. Good dry bread, not too stale, does nobody any harm : still, I dare say they don't like coming down to it. But bless your heart, Artie, if you'd seen the real want and poverty that I've seen, my boy-the actual hunger and cold and nakedness that I've known honest working people brought down to by no work, and nothing but the House open before them, or not that even, you wouldn't think so much of the sentimental grievances of people who are earning fifteen shillings a week in ease and comfort."

"But, Father," Arthur went on, scarcely able to keep down the rising tone of indignation at such seeming heartlessness, "Ernest doesn't earn even that always. Sometimes he earns nothing, or next to nothing; and it's the uncertainty and insecurity that tells upon them even more than the poverty itself. Oh, Father, Father, you who have always been so good and kind, I never heard you speak so cruelly about anyone before as you're speaking now about that poor, friendless, helpless, penniless, heart-broken little woman!"

The old shoemaker caught at the word suddenly, and looking him through and through with an unexpected gleam of discovery, laid down the life of Voltaire on the table with a bang, and sat straight upright in his chair, nodding his head, and muttering slowly to himself, "Little woman-he said 'little woman!' Poor Artic Poor Artie!" in a tone of inexpressible pity. At last he turned to Arthur and cried with a voice of womanly tenderness, " My boy, my boy, I didn't know before it was the lassie you were thinking of; I thought it was only poor young Le Breton. I see it all now; I've surprised your secret; you've let it out to me without knowing it Oh, Artie, if that's She, I'm sorry for her, and I'm sorry for you, my boy, from the bottom of my heart. If that's She, Artie, we'll put our heads together, and see what plan we can manage to save her from what she has never been accustomed to. Don't think too hardly of your old Progenitor, Artie; he hasn't mixed with these people all his life, and learned to sympathise with them as you've done, my son;

he doesn't understand them or know their troubles as you do: but if that's her that you told me about one day, we shall find the means to make her happy and comfortable yet, if we have to starve for it. Dear Arthur, do not think I could be harsh or unfeeling for a moment to the woman that you ever once in passing fixed your heart upon. Let's talk it over and think it over, and sooner or later we'll surely find the way to accomplish it."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### PRECONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.

WHETHER Ronald Le Breton's abstruse speculations on the theory of heredity were well founded or not, it certainly did happen, at any rate, that the more he saw of Selah Briggs the better he liked her; and the more Selah saw of him the better she liked him in return. Curiously enough, too, Selah did actually recognise in him what he fancied he recognised in himself, that part of his brother's nature (not all wholly assumed) which was just what Selah had first been drawn to admire in Herbert himself. It wasn't merely the originality of his general point of view: it was something more deep-seated and undefinable than that—in a word, his idiosyncrasy. Selah Briggs, with her peculiar fiery soul and rebellious nature, found in both the Le Bretons something that seemed at once to satisfy her wants, to fulfil her desires, to saturate her affinities: and with Ronald, as with Herbert before, she was conscious of a certain awe and respect which was all the more pleasant to her because her untamed spirit had never felt anything like it with any other human being. She didn't understand them, and she didn't want to understand them: that constituted just the very charm of their whole personality to her peculiar fancy. All the other people she had ever met were as transparent as glass, for good or for evil; she could see through all their faults and virtues as easily as one sees through a window: the Le Bretons were to her inscrutable, novel, incomprehensible, inexplicable, and she prized them for their very inscrutability. And so it came to pass, that almost by a process of natural and imperceptible transference, she passed on at last to Ronald's account very much the same intensity of feeling that she had formerly felt towards his brother Herbert.

But, at the same time, Selah never for a moment let him see it.

She was too proud to confess now that she

man: the Mr. Walters she had once believed in had never, never, never existed: and she would raise no other idol in future to take the place of that vanished ideal. She was grateful to Ronald, and even fond of him; but that was all—outwardly, at least. She never let him see, by word or act, that in her heart of hearts she was beginning to love him. And yet Ronald instinctively knew it. He himself could not have told you why; but he knew it. Even a woman cannot hide a secret from a man with that peculiarly penetrating intuitive temperament which belongs to sensitive, delicate types like Ronald Le Breton's.

One Sunday evening, when Selah had been spending a few hours at Edie's lodgings (Ronald always made it an excuse for finding them a supper, on the ground that Selah was really his guest, though he could not conveniently ask her to his own rooms), he walked home towards Notting Hill with Selah; and as they crossed the Regent's Park, he took the opportunity to say something to her that he had had upon his mind for a few weeks past, in some vague, indefinite, half-unconscious fashion.

"Selah," he began, a little timidly, "don't you think it's very probable we shan't have Ernest here much longer with us?"

"I'm afraid it is, Ronald," Selah answered. She had got quite accustomed now to calling him Ronald. With such a poor, weak, sickly fellow as that, why really, after all, it did not much matter.

"Well, Selah," Ronald went on, gravely, his eyes filling with tears as he spoke, "in that case, you know, I can't think what's to become of poor Edie. It's a dreadful contingency to talk about, Selah, and I can't bear talking about it; but we must face these things, however terrible, mustn't we? and in this case one's absolutely bound to face it for poor Edie's sake as well as for Ernest's. Selah, she must have a home to go to, when dear Ernest's taken from us."

"I'm very sorry for her, Ronald," Selah answered, with unusual softness of manner, "but I really don't see how a home can possibly be provided for her."

"I do," Ronald answered, more calmly; "and for their sakes, Selah, I want you to help me in trying to provide it."

"How?" Selah asked, looking up in his face curiously, as they passed into a ray of lamplight.

"Listen, Selah, and I'll tell you. Why, by marrying me."

"Never!" Selah answered, firmly, and with a decided tinge of the old Adam in her trembling voice. "Never, Ronald! Never, never, never!"

"Wait a minute, Selah," Ronald pleaded, "till you've heard the

end of what I have to say to you. Consider that when dear Ernest's gone (oh! Selah, you must excuse me; it makes me cry so to think of it), there'll be nowhere on earth for poor little Edie and Dot to go to."

"Did ever a man propose to a girl so extraordinarily in all this world," Selah thought to herself, angrily. "He actually expects me to marry him in order to provide a home for his precious sister-in-law. That's really carrying unselfishness a step too far, I call it."

"Edie couldn't come and live with me, of course," Ronald went on, quickly, "if I were a bachelor; but if I were married, why then, naturally, she and Dot could come and live with us; and she could earn a little money somehow, no doubt; and, at any rate, it'd be better for her than starvation."

Selah stopped a minute, and tapped the hard ground two or three times angrily with the point of her umbrella. "And me, Ronald?" she said in a curious defiant voice. "And me? I suppose you've forgotten all about me. You don't ask me to marry you because you love me; you don't ask me whether I love you or not; you only propose to me that I should quietly turn domestic house-keeper for Mrs. Ernest Le Breton. And for my part, I answer you plainly, once for all, that I'm not going to do it—no, never, never, never!"

She spoke haughtily, flashing her eyes at him in the fierce old fashion, and Ronald was almost frightened at the angry intensity of her contemptuous gestures. "Selah," he cried, trying to take her hand, which she tore away from him hurriedly: "Selah, you misunderstand me. I only approached the subject that way because I didn't want to seem overweening and presumptuous. It's a very great piece of vanity, it seems to me, for any man to ask a woman whether she loves him. I'm too conscious of all my own faults and failings, Selah, to venture upon asking you ever to love me; but I do love you, Selah, I'm sure I do love you; and I hoped, I somehow fancied-it may have been mere fancy, but I did imagine-that I detected, I can't say how, that you did really love me, too, just a very, very little. Oh, Selah, it's because I really love you that I ask you whether you'll marry me, such as I am; I know I'm a poor sort of person to marry, but I ventured to hope you might love me just a little for all that."

He looked so frail and gentle as he stood there pleading in the pale moonlight, that Selah could have taken him to her bosom then and there and fondled him as womanliness; but the devil in her blood kept her from doing it, and she answered haughtily, instead: "Ronald, if you wanted to many me, you ought to have asked me for my own sake. Now that you've asked me for another's, you can't expect me to give you an answer. Keep your money, my poor boy; you'll want it all for you and her hereafter; don't go sharing it and spending it on perfect strangers such as me. And don't go talking to me again about this business as long as your sister-in-law is unprovided for. I'm not going to take the bread out of her mouth, and I'm not going to marry a man who doesn't utterly and entirely love me."

"But I do," Ronald answered, earnestly; "I do, Selah; I love

you truly and faithfully from the very bottom of my heart."

"Leave off, Ronald," Selah said in the same angry tone. "If you ever talk to me of this again, I give you my word of honour about it, I'll never speak another word to you."

And Ronald, who deeply respected the sanctity of a promise, were it only a threat, bided his time, and said no more about it for

the present.

Next day, as Ronald sat reading in his own rooms, he was much surprised at hearing a well-known voice at the door, enquiring with some asperity whether Mr. Le Breton was at home. He listened to the voice in intense astonishment. It was his mother's.

"Ronald," Lady Le Breton began, the moment she had been shown into his little sitting-room, "I didn't think, after your undutiful, ungrateful conduct-with that abominable woman, too-that I should ever have come to see you, unless you came first, as you ought clearly to do, and begged my pardon penitently for your disgraceful be-haviour. It's hard, I know, to acknowledge oneself in the wrong, but every Christian ought to be above vindictiveness and obstinate self-will; and I expect you, therefore, sooner or later, to come and ask forgiveness for your dreadful unkindness to me. Till then, as I said, I didn't expect to call upon you in any way. But I've felt compelled to-day to come and speak to you about a matter of duty, and as a matter of duty strictly I regard it, not as any relaxation of my just attitude of indignant expectancy towards yourself; no parent ought rightly to overlook such conduct as yours on the part of a son." Ronald inclined his head respectfully. "Well, what I've come to speak to you about to-day, Ronald, is about your poor misguided brother Ernest. He, too, as you know, has behaved very badly to me."

"No," Ronald answered stoutly, without further note or comment.
Where the matter touched himself only he could maintain a decent

silence, but where it touched poor dying Ernest he couldn't possibly restrain himself, even from a sense of filial obligation.

"Very badly to me," Lady Le Breton went on sternly, without in any way noticing the brief interruption, "and I can't, of course, go to see him either, especially not as I should by so doing expose myself to meeting the person whom he has chosen to make his wife. Still, as I hear that Ernest's in a very serious or even dangerous condition—"

"He's dying," Ronald answered, the quick tears once more finding the easy road to his eyes as usual.

"I considered, as a mother, it was my duty to warn him to take a little thought about his soul."

"His soul!" Ronald exclaimed in astonishment. "Ernest's soul! Why, mother, dear Ernest has no need to look after his soul. He doesn't take that sordid, petty, limited view of our relations with eternity, and of our relations with the Infinite, which makes them all consist of the miserable selfish squalid desire to save our own poor personal little souls at all hazards. Ernest has something better and nobler to think of, I can assure you, than such a mere self-centred idea as that."

"Ronald!" Lady Breton exclaimed, drawing herself up with much dignity; "how on earth you, who have always pretended to be a religious person, can utter such a shocking and wicked sentiment as that, really passes my comprehension. What in the world is religion for, I should like to know, if it isn't to teach us how to save our own souls? But the particular thing I want to speak to you about is just this: couldn't you manage to induce Ernest to see the Archdeacon a little, and let the Archdeacon speak to him about his deplorable spiritual condition? I thought about you both so much at church yesterday, when the dear Archdeacon was preaching such a beautiful sermon; his text was like this, as far as I can remember it: 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' I couldn't help thinking all the time of my own two poor rebellious boys, and of the path that their mis-guided notions were leading them on. For I believe Ernest does really somehow persuade himself that he's in the right-it's inconceivable, but it's the fact; and I'm afraid the end thereof will be the ways of death; and then, as the dear Archdeacon said, 'After death the judgment.' Oh, Ronald, when I think of your poor dear bu Ernest's open unbelief, it makes me tremble for his firm couldn't rest upon my bed until I'd been to see you to go and try to save him."

"Mother," Ronald said with that tone in which he was well accustomed to answering Lady Le Breton's religious harangues, "I don't think you need feel any uneasiness whatever on dear Ernest's account, so far as all that's concerned. What does he want with saving his soul, mother? 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.' Remember what is written: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

"But, Ronald," Lady Le Breton continued, half angrily, "consider his unbelief, his dreadful opinions, his errors of doctrine! How on earth can we be happy about him when we think of those?"

"I don't think, Mother," Ronald answered gently, "that Infinite Justice and Infinite Love take much account of a man's opinions. They take account of his life and soul only, not of the correctness of his propositions in dogmatic theology; 'Other sheep have I which are not of this fold—them also must I bring.'"

"It seems to me, Ronald," Lady Le Breton rejoined coldly, "that you don't in the least care for whatever is most distinctive and characteristic in the whole of Christian doctrine. You talk so very, very differently on religious subjects from that dear, good, excellent Archdeacon."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

LADY HILDA TREGELLIS rang the bell resolutely. "I shall have no more nonsense about it," she said to herself in her most decisive and determined manner. "Whether mamma wishes it or not, I shall go and see them this very day, without another word upon the subject."

The servant answered the bell, and stood waiting for his orders by the doorway.

- "Harris, will you tell Jenkins at once that I shall want the carriage at half-past eleven?"
  - "Yes, my lady."
- "All right, then. That'll do. Don't stand staring at me there like an image, but go this minute and do as I tell you."
- "Beg pardon, my lady, but her ladyship said she wanted the carriage herself at twelve puncshual."
- "She can't have it, then, Harris. That's all. Go and give my message to Jenkins at once, and I'll settle about the carriage with my lady myself."
  - "She's the rummest young lady ever I come across," the want

murmured to himself in a dissatisfied fashion, as he went down the stairs again: "but there, it's none of my business, thank goodness. The places and the people she does go and hunt up when she's got the fit on are truly ridic'lous: blest if she didn't acshally make Mr. Jenkins drive her down into Camberwell the other mornin', to see 'ow the poor lived, she said; as if it mattered tuppence to us in our circles of society 'ow the poor live. I wonder what little game she's up to now? Well, well, what the aristocracy is coming to in these days is more'n I can fathom, as sure as my name's William 'Arris."

The little game that Lady Hilda was up to that morning was one that a gentleman in Mr. Harris's position was certainly hardly likely

to appreciate or sympathise with.

The evening before, she had met Arthur Berkeley once more at a small At Home, and had learned from him full particulars as to the dire straits into which the poor Le Bretons had finally fallen. Now, Hilda Tregellis was a kind-hearted girl at bottom, and when she heard all about it, she said at once to Arthur, "I shall go and see them myself to-morrow, Mr. Berkeley, whether mamma allows me or not."

"What good will it do?" Arthur had answered her quickly.

"You can't find work for poor Le Breton, can you? and of course if you can't do that you can be of no earthly use in any way to the poor creatures."

"I don't know about that," Hilda responded warmly. "Sympathy's always something, isn't it, Mr. Berkeley? Nobody ought to know that better than you do. Besides, there's no saying when one may happen to turn up useful. Of course, I've never been of the slightest use to anybody in all my life, myself, I know, and I dare say I never shall be, but at least there's no harm in trying, is there? I'm on speaking terms with such an awful lot of people, all of them rich and many of them influential—Parliament, and Government offices, and all that sort of nonsense, you know—people who have no end of things to give away, and can't tell who on earth they'd better give them to, for fear of offending all the others, that I might possibly hear of something or other."

"I'm afraid, Lady Hilda," Berkeley answered, smiling, "none of those people would have anything to offer that could possibly be of the slightest use to poor Le Breton. If he's to be saved at all, he must be saved in his own time and by his own methods. For my own part, I don't see what conceivable et al. There is left for him. You can't imagin

living comfortably. It's a traj

are tragedies; but I'm terribly afraid there's no conceivable way out of it."

Lady Hilda only looked at him with bold good humour. "Nonsense," she said bravely. "All pure rubbishing pessimistic nonsense. (I hope pessimistic's the right word—it's a very good word, anyhow, even if it isn't in the proper place.) Well, I don't agree with you at all about this question, Mr. Berkeley. I'm yery fond of Mr. Le Breton, really very fond of him; and I believe there's a corner somewhere for every man, if only he can jog down properly into his own corner instead of being squeezed forcibly into somebody else's. The worst of it is, all the holes are round, and Mr. Le Breton's a square man, I allow: he wants all the angles cutting down off him."

"But you can't cut them off; that's the very trouble," Arthur answered, with just a faint rising suspicion that he was half jealous of the interest Hilda showed even in poor lonely Ernest Le Breton. Gracious heavens! could he be playing false at last to the long-cherished memory of little Miss Butterfly? could he be really beginning to fall just a little in love, after all, with this bold beautiful Lady Hilda Tregellis? He didn't know, and yet he somehow hardly liked himself to think it. And while Edie was still so poor too!

"No, you can't cut them off; I know that perfectly well," Hilda rejoined quickly. "I wouldn't care twopence for him if I thought you could. It's the angles that give him all his charming delicious originality. But you can look out a square hole for him somewhere, you know, and that, of course, would be a great deal better. Depend upon it, Mr. Berkeley, there are square holes up and down in the world, if only we knew where to look for them; and the mistake that everybody has made in poor Mr. Le Breton's case has been that instead of finding one to suit him, they've gone on trying to poke him down anyhow by main force into one of the round ones. That goes against the grain, you know; besides which I call it a clear waste of the very valuable solid mahogany corners."

Arthur Berkeley looked at her silently for a moment, as if a gleam of light had burst suddenly in upon him. Then he said to her slowly and deliberately, "Perhaps you're right, Lady Hilda, though I never thought of it quite in that light before. But one thing certainly strikes me now, and that is that you're a great deal cleverer after all than I ever thought you."

Lady Hilda made a little mock curtsey. "It's very good of you to say so," she answered, half saucily. "Only the compliment is rather double-edged, you must confess, because it implies that up to now you've had a dreadfully low opinion of my poor little intelligence."

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So after that conversation Lady Hilda made up her mind that she would certainly go the very next day and call as soon as possible upon Edie Le Breton. Nobody could tell what good might possibly come of it; but at least there could come no harm. And so, when the carriage drew up at the door at half-past eleven, Hilda Tregellis stepped into it with a vague consciousness of an important mission, and ordered Jenkins to drive at once to the side street in Holloway, whose address Arthur Berkeley had last night given her. Jenkins touched his hat with mechanical respect, but inwardly wondered what the dickens my lady would think if only she came to know of these 'ere extrornary goin's on.

At the door of the lodgings Hilda alighted and rang the bell herself. Good Mrs. Halliss opened the door, and answered quickly that Mrs. Le Breton was at home. Her woman's eye detected at once the coronet on the carriage, and she was ready to burst with delight when the tall visitor handed her a card for Edie, bearing the name of Lady Hilda Tregellis. It was almost the first time that Edie had had any lady callers; certainly the first time she had had any of such social distinction; and Mrs. Halliss made haste to usher her up in due form, and then ran down hastily to communicate the good news to honest John, who in his capacity of past coachman was already gazing out of the area window with deep interest at the carriage and horses.

"There, John dear," she cried, with tears of joy in her eyes, forgetting in her excitement to drat the man for not being in the back kitchen, "to think that we should see a carriage an' pair like that there a-drawin' up in front of our own very 'ouse, and Lady 'Ilder Tergellis, or summat o' the sort, a-comin' 'ere to see that dear little lady in the parlour, why, it's enough to make one's 'eart burst, nearly, just you see now if it reelly isn't. You could 'a' knocked me down with a feather, a'most, when that there Lady 'Ilder 'anded me 'er card, and asked so sweet-like if Mrs. Le Breting was at 'ome. Mr. Le Breting's people is comin' round, you may be sure of it; 'is mother's a lady of title, that much we know for certing; and she wouldn't go and let 'er own flesh an' blood die 'ere of downright poverty, as they're like to do and won't let us 'elp it, pore dears, without sendin' round to inquire and assist 'em. Married against 'er will, I understand, from what that dear Mr. Berkeley, bless 'is kind 'eart, do tell me; not as I can believe 'e married beneath 'im, no, not no ways; for a sweeter, dearer, nicer little 1

Le Breting I never did, an' that I tell you never did see yourself, John, for all y cracy: an' I always knew 'is people vol. CCLVII. NO. 1847. what was right by 'im. An' you may depend upon it, John, this 'ere Lady 'Ilder's one of his relations, an' she's come round on a message from Lady Le Breting, to begin a reconciliation. And though we should be sorry to lose 'em, as 'as stood by 'em through all their troubles, I'm glad to 'ear it, John, that I am, for I can't abear to see that dear young fellow a-eatin' 'is life out with care and anxiety." And Mrs. Halliss, who had always felt convinced in her own mind that Ernest must really be the unacknowledged heir to a splendid fortune, began to wipe her eyes violently in her delight at this evident realisation of her wildest fancies and wishes.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the little parlour, Edie had risen in some trepidation as Mrs. Halliss placed in her hands Lady Hilda Tregellis's card. Ernest was out, gone to walk feebly around the streets of Holloway, and she hardly knew at first what to say to so unexpected a visitor. But Lady Hilda put her almost at her ease at once by coming up to her with both her arms outstretched, as to an old

friend, and saying, with one of her pleasantest smiles,

"You must forgive me, Mrs. Le Breton, for never having come to call on you before; but I have been long meaning to, and doubting whether you would care to see me or not. You know, I'm a very old friend of your husband's-he was so kind to me always when he was down at our place in dear old Devonshire. (You're a Devocshire girl yourself, aren't you? just as I am. I thought so. I'm so glad of it. I always get on so well with the dear old Devonshire folk.) Well, I've been meaning to come for ever so long, and putting it off, and putting it off, and putting it off, as one will put things off, you know, when you're not quite sure about them, until last evening. And then our friend, Mr. Arthur Berkeley, who knows everybody, talked to me about your husband and you, and told me he thought you wouldn't mind my coming to see you, for he fancied you hadn't much society up here that you cared for or sym pathised with : though, of course, I'm dreadfully afraid of coming to call upon you, because I know you're the sister of that very clever Mr. Oswald whose sad death we were all so sorry to hear about in the papers; and naturally, as you've lived so much with him and with Mr. Le Breton, you must be so awfully learned and all that sort of thing, and no doubt despise ignorant people like myself dreadfully. But you really mustn't despise me, Mrs. Le Breton, because you see, I haven't had all the advantages that you've had; indeed the only clever people I've ever met in all my life are your husband and Mr. Arthur Berkeley, except, of course, Cabinet ministers and w forth, and they don't count, because they're political, and so very ald

and solemn, and grand, and won't take any notice of us girls, except to sit upon us. So that's what's made me rather afraid to call upon you, because I thought you'd be quite too much in the higher education way for a girl like me; and I haven't got any education at all, except in rubbish, as your husband used always to tell me. And now I want you to tell me all about Mr. Le Breton, and the baby—Dot, you call her, Mr. Berkeley told me—and yourself, too; for, though I've never seen you before, I feel, of course, like an old friend of the family, having known your husband so very intimately."

Lady Hilda designedly delivered all this long harangue straight off without a break, in her go-ahead, breathless, voluble fashion, because she felt sure Edie wouldn't feel perfectly at her ease at first, and she wanted to give her time to recover from the first foolish awe of that meaningless prefix, Lady. Moreover, Lady Hilda, in spite of her offhand manner, was a good psychologist, and a true woman: and she had concocted her little speech on the spur of the moment with some cleverness, so as just to suit her instinctive reading of Edie's small personal peculiarities. She saw in a moment that that slight, pale, delicate girl was lost in London, far from her own home and surroundings; and that the passing allusion to their common Devonshire origin would please and conciliate her, as it always does with the clannish, warm-hearted, simple-minded West Country folk. Then again, the deft hints as to their friendship with Arthur Berkeley, as to Ernest's stay at Dunbude, and as to her own fear lest Edie should be too learned for her, all tended to bring out whatever points of interest they had together: while the casual touch about poor Harry's reputation, and the final mention of little Dot by name, completed the conquest of Edie's simple, gentle little woman's heart. So this was the great Lady Hilda Tregellis, she thought, of whom she had heard so much, and whom she had dreaded so greatly as a grand rival! Why, after all, she was exactly like any other Devonshire girl in Calcombe Pomeroy, except, perhaps, that she was easier to get on with, and smiled a great deal more pleasantly than ten out of a dozen.

"It's very kind indeed of you to come," Edie answered, smiling back as well as she was able the first moment that Lady Hilda allowed her a chance to edge in a word sideways. "Ernest will be so very, very sorry that he's missed you when he comes in. He's spoken to me a great deal about you ever so many times."

"No, has he really?" Lady Hilda ash
takable interest and pleasure. "W
to tell you the truth, Mrs. Le "

very kind to me, and so patient with all my stupidity, I more than half fancied he didn't exactly like me. In fact, I was dreadfully afraid he thought me a perfect nuisance. I'm so sorry he isn't in, because the truth is, I came partly to see him as well as to see you, and I should be awfully disappointed if I had to miss him. Where's he gone, if I may ask? Perhaps I may be able to wait and see him."

"Oh, he's only out walking somewhere—ur—somewhere about Holloway," Edie answered, half blushing at the nature of their neighbourhood, and glancing round the little room to see how it was likely to strike so grand a person as Lady Hilda Tregellis.

Hilda noticed the glance, and made as if she did not notice it Her heart had begun to warm at once to this poor pale eager-looking little woman, who had had the doubtful happiness of winning Ernest Le Breton's love. "Then I shall certainly wait and see him, Mrs. Le Breton," she said cordially. "What a dear cosy little room you've got here, to be sure. I do so love these nice bright little cottage parlours, with their pretty pots of flowers and cheerful furniture-so much warmer and more comfortable, you know, than the great dreary empty barns that most people go and do penance by living in. If ever I marry-which I don't suppose I ever shall do, for nobody Il have me, I'm sorry to say: at least, nobody but stupid people in the peerage, Algies and Berties and Monties I always call them-well, if I ever do marry, I shall have a cosy little house just like this one, with no unnecessary space to walk over every time you come in or out, and with a chance of keeping yourself warm without having to crone over the fire in order to get safely out of the horrid draughts. And Dot, now, let me see, how old is she by this time? I ought to remember, I'm sure, for Mr. Berkeley told me all about her at the time; and I said, should I write and ask if I might stand as godmother; and Mr. Berkeley laughed at me, and said what could I be dreaming of, and did I think you were going to make your baby liable to fine and imprisonment if it ever published works hereafter on philosophy or something of the sort. So delightfully original of all of you, really."

Once started on that fertile theme of female conversation, Edie and Hilda got on well enough in all conscience to satisfy the most exacting mind. Dot was duly brought in and exhibited by Mrs. Halliss; and was pronounced to be the very sweetest, dearest, darlingest little duck ever seen on earth since the beginning of all things. Her various points of likeness to all her relations were duly discussed; and Hilda took particular pains to observe that she didn't

In the very faintest degree resemble that old horror, Lady Le Breton. Then her whole past history was fully related, what she had been fed on, and what illnesses she had had, and how many teeth she had got, and all the other delightful nothings so perennially interesting to the maternal heart. Hilda listened to the whole account with unfeigned attention, and begged leave to be allowed to dance Dot in her own strong arms, and tickled her fat cheek with her slender forefinger, and laughed with genuine delight when the baby smiled again at her and turned her face to be tickled a second time. Gradually Hilda brought the conversation round to Ernest's journalistic experiences, and at last she said very quietly, "I'm sorry to learn from Mr. Berkeley, dear, that your husband doesn't get quite as much work to do as he would like to have."

Edie's tender eyes filled at once with swimming tears. That one word "dear," said so naturally and simply, touched her heart at once with its genuine half-unspoken sympathy. "Oh, Lady Hilda," she answered falteringly, "please don't make me talk about that. We are so very, very, very poor. I can't bear to talk about it to you. Please, please don't make me."

Hilda looked at her with the moisture welling up in her own eyes too, and said softly, "I'm so sorry: dear, dear little Mrs. Le Breton, I'm so very, very, very sorry for you! from the bottom of my heart I'm sorry for you."

"It isn't for myself, you know," Edie answered quickly: "for myself, of course, I could stand anything; but it's the trouble and privations for darling Ernest. Oh, Lady Hilda, I can't bear to say it, but he's dying, he's dying."

Hilda took the pretty small hand affectionately in hers. "Don't, dear, don't," she said, brushing away a tear from her own eyes at the same time. "He isn't, believe me, he isn't. And don't call me by that horrid stiff name, dear, please don't. Call me Hilda. I should be so pleased and flattered if you would call me Hilda. And may I call you Edie? I know your husband calls you Edie, because Mr. Ronald Le Breton told me so. I want to be a friend of yours; and I feel sure, if only you will let me, that we might be very good and helpful friends indeed together."

Edie pressed her hand softly. How very different from the imaginary Lady Hilda she had pictured to herself in her timid, girlish fancy! How much even dear Ernest had been mistaken as to what there was of womanly really in her. "Oh, don't speak so kindly to me," she said imploringly; "don't speak so kindly, or else you'll make me cry. I can to hear you speak so kindly."

"Cry, dear," Lady Hilda whispered in a gentle tone, kissing her forehead delicately as she spoke: "cry and relieve yourself. There's nothing gives one so much comfort when one's heart is bursting as a regular good downright cry." And, suiting the action to the worl, forthwith Lady Hilda laid her own statuesque head down beside Edie's, and so those two weeping women, rivals once in a vague way, and now bound to one another by a new-found tie, mingled their tears silently together for ten minutes in unuttered sympathy.

As they sat there, both tearful and speechless, with Lady Hilds soothing Edie's wan hand tenderly in hers, and leaning above her, and stroking her hair softly with a sister's fondness, the door opened very quietly, and Arthur Berkeley stood for a moment pausing in the passage, and looking in without a word upon the unexpected sight that greeted his wondering vision. He had come to call upon Ernest about some possible opening for a new writer on a paper lately started; and hearing the sound of sobs within had opened the door quietly and tentatively. He could hardly believe his own eyes when he actually saw Lady Hilda Tregellis sitting there side by side with Edie Le Breton, kissing her pale forehead a dozen times in a minute, and crying over her like a child with unwonted tears of unmistakable sympathy. For ten seconds Arthur held the door ajar in his hands, and gazed silently with the awe of chivalrous respect upon the tearful, beautiful picture. Then he shut the door again noiselessly and unperceived, and stole softly out into the street to wait alone for Ernest's return. It was not for him to intrude his unbidden presence upon the sacred sorrow of those two weeping sister-women.

He lighted a cigar outside, and walked up and down a neighbouring street feverishly till he thought it likely the call would be finished. "Dear little Mrs. Le Breton," he said to himself softly, "dear little Miss Butterfly of the days that are dead; softened and sweetened still more by suffering, with the beauty of holiness glowing in your face, how I wish some good for you could unexpectedly come out of this curious visit. Though I don't see how it's possible: I don't see how it's possible. The stream carries us all down unresistingly before its senseless flood, and sweeps us at last, sooner or later, like helpless logs, into the unknown sea. Poor Ernest is drifting fast thitherwards before the current, and nothing on earth, it

seems to me, can conceivably stop him!"

He paced up and down a little, with a quick, unsteady tread, and took a puff or two again at his cigar abstractedly. Then he held is thoughtfully between his fingers for a while and began to hum a few bars from his own new opera then in course of composition-a stately

long-drawn air, it was, something like the rustle of Hilda Tregellis's satin train as she swept queenlike down the broad marble staircase of some great Elizabethan country palace. "And dear Lady Hilda too," he went on, musingly: "dear, kind, sympathising Lady Hilda. Who on earth would ever have thought she had it in her to comfort that poor, weeping, sorrowing girl as I just now saw her doing? Dear Lady Hilda! Kind Lady Hilda! I have undervalued you and overlooked you, because of the mere accident of your titled birth. But I could have kissed you myself, for pure gratitude, that very minute, Hilda Tregellis, when I saw you stooping down and kissing that dear white forehead that looked so pale and womanly and beautiful. Yes, Hilda, I could have kissed you. I could have kissed your own grand, smooth, white marble forehead. And no very great trial of endurance, either, Arthur Berkeley, if it comes to that; for say what you will of her, she's a beautiful, stately, queenlike woman indeed; and it somehow strikes me she's a truer and better woman, too, than you have ever yet in your shallow superficiality imagined. Not like little Miss Butterfly! Oh no, not like little Miss Butterfly! But still, there are keys and keys in music; and if every tune was pitched to the selfsame key, even the tenderest, what a monotonous, dreary world it would be to live and sing in after all. Perhaps a man might make himself a little shrine not wholly without sweet savour of pure incense for beautiful, stately, queenlike Hilda Tregellis too! But no; I mustn't think of it. I have no other duty or prospect in life possible as yet while dear little Miss Butterfly still remains practically unprovided for !"

(To be concluded.)

# THE LOCAL COLOUR OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

R OMEO and Juliet" affords a good illustration of the fallacy which lies at the root of the Shakespearologists' panegyrics of the poet's "local colour." We are told that every touch and tint is correctly and vividly Italian. Schlegel, Coleridge, and Philarete Chasles have sought to concentrate in impassioned word-pictures the colouring at once of "Romeo and Juliet" and of Italy. What Shakespeare designed to paint, in vivid but perfectly general bues, was an ideal land of love, a land of moonlight and nightingales, a land to which he had certainly travelled, perhaps before leaving the banks of the Avon. It happens that Italy, of all countries in the material world, most closely resembles this fairyland of the youthful fantasy. If we must place it on the earth at all, we place it there Therefore did Shakespeare willingly accept the Italian names for scene and characters provided in his original; and, therefore, our scenic artists very properly draw their inspiration from Italian orange groves and Italian palaces. But it is a fundamental error to regard Romeo and Juliet as specifically Italians, or their country as Italy and nothing but Italy. Their pure-humanity is of no race, their Italy has no latitude or longitude. Shakespeare could not if he would, and would not if he could, have given it the minutely accurate local colour of which we hear so much.

Could not if he would, for even the most devout believers in his visit to Italy place it after the date of "Romeo and Juliet" and before that of "The Merchant of Venice." Now, to maintain that the poet evolved Italian local colour out of his inner consciousness is merely a piece of the supernaturalism which infects Shakespearelogy. Schiller, by diligent study and conversations with Goethe, grasped the cruder local colours of Switzerland, but Shakespeare had no means or opportunity for such study, and no Goethe to aid him. By lifelong love two modern Englishmen have attempted to construct an Italy in their imagination; Rossetti quite successfully, Mr. Shorthouse more or less so. Shakespeare had neither the motives nor the means for attempting any such feat.

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But further, had Shakespeare known Italy as well as Mr. Browning, he would still have refrained from loading "Romeo and Juliet" with local colour. His audience did not want it, could not understand it, would have been bewildered by it. The very youth of Juliet ("she is not fourteen") proves, it is said, that the poet thought of her as an early-developed Italian girl. Now, the physiological observation here implied is in itself questionable, and, had it conflicted with their preconceptions as to the due period of first love in girls, would have been incomprehensible, if not repellent, to an Elizabethan audience. We, though taught to regard it as "local colour," are, by our social conventions, so accustomed to place the marriageable age later, that in our imagination we always add three or four years to Juliet's fourteen; and on the stage the addition is generally made in so many words. But the social conventions of Shakespeare's time tended in precisely the opposite direction. Anne, daughter of Sir Peter Warburton, was only twelve when, in 1539, she was married to Sir Edward Fitton. In Porter's "Angrie Women of Abington," published in 1599, some five years after the probable date of "Romeo and Juliet," it is explicitly stated that fifteen was the ordinary age at which girls married. That was the age of Lady Jane Grey at her marriage: the wife of Sir Simon d'Ewes was even younger; and a little research could easily supply a hundred other cases. In Johnson's "Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses" (1612) a girl who is single at twenty expresses her despair of ever being married. Thus we find that this renowned proof of Juliet's Italian nature resolves itself into a familiar trait of English social habit in the sixteenth century. Had it been otherwise, it would have been a fault and not a merit in a play which addressed itself, not to an ethnological society, but to a popular

A touch which may possibly have conveyed to Shakespeare's audience a peculiarly Italian impression, is Lady Capulet's suggestion that Romeo should be poisoned. In the sixteenth century poisoning was commonly known in England as "the Italian crime," and was probably connected with Italy in the popular mind as are macaroni and organ-grinders at the present day. But poison is part of the stock-in-trade of the tragic dramatist, and plays a prominent part in the two most distinctly northern of the poet's works, "Hamlet" and "Lear." Again, the Apothecary's speech,—

Such mortal drugs I have : but Mantua's law Is death to any he that utters them,

is held up as a peculiarly Italian touch, no such law appearing it English statute-book of the time. The fact is that Shakesp the idea in Brooke's "Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet," and used it simply to heighten the terror of the situation.

The insult of "biting the thumb" is said, rather doubtfully, to be characteristically Italian; but what can be more English than the cry for "clubs, bills, and partisans" which immediately follows it? Lord Campbell, indeed, seeks to prove Shakespeare's minute knowledge of English law by the frequent and accurate references to it in this opening scene. The "grove of sycamore" under which Romeo is described as wandering, is said to be of unmistakably Italian growth; why, then, does Schlegel, though one of the originators of the local-colour theory, seek to make it still more Italian by translating it "Kastanienhain"? Had Shakespeare possessed either the will or the ability to transport his hearers into specifically Italian scenes, would he have confined himself to mentioning one tree, which is neither peculiar to Italy nor a particularly prominent feature in Italian landscapes? Where are the oranges and olives, the poplar, the cypress, and the laurel? Where are the rushing Adige and the gleaming Alps? Where is the allusion to the Amphitheatre, which could scarcely have been wanting had the poet known or cared anything about Verona except as the capital of his mythic love-land? It might as well be argued that he intended the local colour to be peculiarly English because he makes Capulet call Paris an "Earl."

The truth is that when the reader's imagination is heated to a certain point, the colours which subtle associations have implanted in it flush out of their own accord, with no stronger stimulus from the poet than is involved in the mere mention of a name. There is a strict analogy in the Elizabethan theatre. Given poetry and acting which powerfully excited the feelings, and the placard bearing the name of "Agincourt" made all the glaring incongruities vanish, and conjured up in the mind of each hearer such a picture of the tented field as his individual imagination had room for. So is it with the Italy of "Romeo and Juliet." Our fancy being quickened by the mere glow of the poetry, the very name "Verona" places before us a vivid picture composed of all sorts of reminiscences of art, literature, and travel. The pulsing life of the two lovers-types of purehumanity as general as ever poet fashioned-easily puts on a southern physiognomy with their Italian names. The might of a name has power to cloak even openly incongruous details. It is only on reflection, for instance, that we recognise in Mercutio a most un-Italian and distinctly Teutonic figure, an "angelsächsisch-treuherzig" humorist, as Kreyssig truly says, who is even made to ridicule Italian manners and phrases with the true Englishman's provincial

intolerance. Thus all of us, in reading "Romeo and Juliet," are haunted by visions of Italy, whose origin the commentators strive to find in individual touches of local colour and costume, instead of in the powerful stimulus given to all sorts of latent associations by the whole force of the poet's genius. Even apart from travel, pictures and descriptions which do actually aim at local colour have made us far more familiar with Italy than any Elizabethan audience can possibly have been. It is scarcely paradoxical to maintain that the least imaginative among us gives to the loveland of "Romeo and Juliet" far more accurately Italian hues than it wore in the imagination of Shakespeare himself. In the same way I, for my part, never read Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" without forming a vivid picture of the narrow, sultry stairways of Valetta (which I have never seen), conjured up, not certainly by any individual touches of description in the text, but by the mere imaginative vigour of the whole presentation. Conversely, too, a work of small vitality, a second-rate French tragedy for instance, may be full of accurate local and historical allusion, and may yet transport us no whither beyond the cheerless steppes of frigid alexandrines. There is an art, and a high art, to which definite local colour is essential, but Shakespeare's is of another order. If we want a masterpiece of strictly Italian colouring we must go, not to "Romeo and Juliet," but to Alfred de Musset's "Lorenzaccio."

Shakespeare, in short, presents us with so much, or so little, of the Italian manners depicted in Brooke and Paynter as would be readily comprehensible to his audience. The fact, too, that the whole lovepoetry of the period was influenced by Cisalpine models gave to the forms of expression in certain portions of his work a slightly Italian turn. For the rest, he imbued the great erotic myth with the warmest human life, and left it to create an atmosphere and scenery of its own in the imagination of the beholder. No atmosphere or scenery can be more appropriate than those of an Italian summer, and therefore it is right that our scenic artists should strain their resources to reproduce its warm luxuriance of colour. "For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring," says Benvolio, and if we choose to call this hot air a scirocco, why not? But Shakespeare knew nothing of scirocco or tramontana; he knew that warmth is the life-element of passion, and made summer in the air harmonise with summer in the blood. That is the whole secret of his "local colour."

### BYGONE CELEBRITIES AND LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

#### I. DANIEL O'CONNELL—SERJEANT TALFOURD— ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

HE three gentlemen whose names appear at the head of this chapter of my reminiscences, breakfasted together at the table of Mr. Rogers, along with our host and myself, in the summer of 1845. They were all remarkable and agreeable men, and played a part more or less distinguished in the social life of the time. Mr. O'Connell called himself, and was called by his friends, the Liberator, but was virtually the Dictator, or uncrowned king, of the Irish people. Serjeant, afterwards Judge, Talfourd, was an eminent lawyer-a very eloquent speaker, and a poet of some renown. Mr. Robert Carruthers was the editor of the Inverness Courier, a paper of much literary influence; a man of varied acquirements and extensive reading, particularly familiar with the literature and history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and more especially with the writings of Pope, his contemporaries and predecessors. Whenever Mr. Macaulay, while engaged on the "History of England," which, unfortunately, he did not live to complete, was in doubt about an incident, personal or national, that occurred during the reigns of James II., William and Mary, or Queen Anne, and was too busy to investigate for himself, he had only to appeal for information to Mr. Carruthers, and the information was at once supplied from the abundant stores of that gentleman's memory. I was well acquainted with all of these notables, but had never before met the three together.

Mr. O'Connell had long passed his prime in 1845—being then in his 70th year—but appeared to be in full bodily and mental vigour, and in the height of his power, popularity, and influence. He had for years been extravagantly praised by one half of the nation and as extravagantly blamed and denounced by the other, and his support had been so absolutely necessary to the existence of the Whig and Liberal Ministry in England, that when this support seemed to

be of doubtful continuance, or any indications of his present lukewarmness or future opposition were apparent, the baits of power, place, or high professional promotion were constantly dangled before his eyes, to keep him true to the cause to which he had never promised allegiance, but to which he had always adhered with more or less of zeal and consistency. For upwards of a quarter of a century his name figured more frequently in the leading columns of all the most prominent journals of London and the provinces than that of any statesman or public character of the time. As he jocularly but truly said of himself, he was the best abused man in the country; but though he did not choose to confess it, he was, at the same time, the most belauded. He was a man of a fine personal presence, of a burly and stalwart build, with quick glancing eyes full of wit, humour, and of what may be called "rollicking" fun; and of a homely, persuasive, and telling eloquence, that no man of his day could be truly said to have equalled. The speeches of his great contemporary and countryman, Richard Lalor Shiel, were more elegant, scholarly, and ambitious; but they were above the heads of the commonalty, and often failed of their effect by being "caviare to the general," and sometimes tired or "bored" those who could understand and even appreciate them, by their great length and too obvious straining after effect. No exception of the kind could be taken to the speeches of Daniel-or, as he was affectionately called, "Dan" O'Connell. They were all clear as day, logical as a mathematical demonstration, and warm as midsummer. If he had many of the faults he had all the virtues of his Celtic countrymen, and even in his strongest denunciations of his political opponents there was always a touch of humour that forced a laugh or a smile from the persons he attacked. He once, in Parliament, spoke of the great Duke of Wellington as "a stunted corporal with two left legs," and the Duke of Wellington, who was said to be proud of his legs, remarking to Lucas, the artist who had painted his portrait, pointing to his legs-without taking notice of the facial likeness-" those are my legs," had sense enough to laugh. The description, however, was not quite original, inasmuch as Pope, more than a hundred years previously, had applied the same epithet to Lintot the bookseller. Daniel O'Connell could excite at will the laughter or the indignation of the multitude, and was not in reality an ill-tempered or an ill-conditioned man, though he often appeared to be so when it suited his purpose. But though choleric he was never malicious.

On this occasion the conversation was almost entire O'Connell's voice was peculiarly sweet and musics recitation of poetry, of which he had a keen and critical appreciation, it was impossible to excel, and difficult to equal him, in either comic or pathetic passages. The manner in which he declaimed "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone," "The Last Rose of Summer," and other favourite songs of Thomas Moore was perfect, and had almost as pleasant an effect upon the hearer's mind as if they had been sung by a well-trained singer. He was, in short, a delightful companion, and fascinated every society in which he felt himself sufficiently at ease to be induced to give free play to his wit, his humour, his imagination, and his wonderful power of mimicry.

Though seemingly at this time in the full high noon of his power and popularity, his influence was in reality on the wane, and circumstances over which he had no control, and which he had done nothing to produce, were at work to divert from his person and his cause the attention and the love of the Irish people. The first symptoms of the mysterious disease in the potato, which was unfortunately the chief food of the Irish millions, began to make themselves apparent, and to divert the attention of the Irish from political to more urgent questions of life and death. The too probable consequences of this great calamity tended necessarily to diminish the rent or tribute collected from the needy as well as the prosperous to recompense the "Liberator" for the sacrifices he had made in relinquishing the practice of his profession to devote his time, talent, and energies entirely to the parliamentary service of the people. Added to this, a race of younger and more impulsive men, fired by his example, had arisen to agitate the question of the Repeal of the Union on which he had set his heart, and scorning, in their impatience, the peaceful and legal methods which he employed, did their best to goad the impulsive people into open rebellion. Foremost among these were Mr. Smith O'Brien, whose futile treason came to an inglorious collapse in a cabbage garden ; and next, the members of the party of Young Ireland, and the gifted poets of the "Nation," among whom were Mr. D'Arcy McGee, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whose tuneful violence was far more agreeable to the youthful agitators of the new generation than the more prudent strategy of O'Connell. The potato disease and the fearful famine that followed on its devastating track, which sent at least a million of people to the United States and two millions into untimely graves in Ireland, preyed upon the spirit of the great agitator, impaired his health, and ultimately led to his death of a broken heart, at Genoa, in 1847, in the 72nd year of his age. He was, at the time, on a pilgrimage to Rome to crave the blessing of the Pope, but was not destined to reach the, to him, "holy city," the

capital of his faith. His heart, however, was embalmed and taken to Rome, and his corpse conveyed to his native country for interment. I little thought on that joyous morning of 1845, when we sat seriously merry and intellectually sportive at the social board of Mr. Rogers in St. James's Place, that the end was so near, and that the light which shone so brilliantly was so speedily to be extinguished, and the sceptre of democratic authority to be so shattered that none could take it up when it fell from the hands which had so long wielded it.

The second of the guests this morning was also an orator, not celebrated for his power over crowds, but highly distinguished in the Senate and the Forum. Serjeant Talfourd did not speak often in Parliament or at public meetings, but when he did he was listened to with pleasure and attention. The scenes of his triumphs were the law courts, and especially the Court of Common Pleas, where he was the leading practitioner. He was noted among the members of the Bar and the attorneys for his power over the minds of jurymen, and his winning ways of extorting a favourable verdict for the client who was fortunate enough to have him for an advocate. He had room enough in his head both for law and literature-the law for his profit and his worldly advancement, and literature for the charm and consolation of his life. He was well known to, and highly esteemed by the leading literary men of his time, and took especial interest in the laws affecting artistic, musical, and literary copyright. He was largely instrumental in extending the previously allotted term of twentyeight years to forty-two years, and for seven years after the death of the artist, composer, or author. This measure put considerable and well-deserved profits into the pockets of the heirs of Sir Walter Scott, and was said at the time to have been specially devised and enacted for that purpose and for that only. This, however, was an error which Serjeant Talfourd emphatically contradicted whenever it was hinted or asserted. It had, incidentally, that effect, which no one was churlish and ungrateful enough to grudge or lament, but was advocated in the interest of all men of letters, and of literature itself in its widest extent, and if it erred at all, only erred on the side of undue restriction to so short a period as forty-two years. It ought to have been extended to the third generation of the benefactors of their country, and probably will be so extended at a future time, when the rights of authors will be as strictly protected-and will be thought of at least as much importance-as the right of landlords to their acres; of butchers, bakers, and tailors to be paid for their commodities; or those of doctors and lawyers to be paid for their time and talents.

Mr. Charles Dickens dedicated to Serjeant Talfourd the "Post-humous Papers of the Pickwick Club"—the early work by which his great fame was established—in grateful acknowledgment of the Serjeant's services to the cause of all men of genius, in the enactment of the new law of copyright. "Many a fevered head," he said, "and palsied hand will gather new vigour in the hour of sickness and distress, from your exalted exertions; many a widowed mother and orphaned child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too pregnant legacy of sorrow and suffering, will bear in their altered condition higher testimony to the value of your labours than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford."

Serjeant Talfourd was raised to the Bench in 1848, being then in his fifty-third year. This promotion had the natural consequence of removing him from the House of Commons. He was a singularly amiable man-of gentle, almost feminine character-of delicate health and fragile form. He possessed little or none of the staid or stem gravity popularly associated with the idea of a judge, and looked more like the poet that he undoubtedly was, than the busy lawyer or magistrate. He died suddenly in the year 1854, under circumstances peculiarly sad and pathetic. After attending Divine Service on Sunday, the 11th March, in the Assize town of Stafford, apparently in his usual health, he took his seat on the bench on the following morning, and proceeded to address the grand jury on the state of the calendar. It contained a list of more than one hundred prisoners, an unusually large number of whom were charged with atrocious offences, many of which were to be directly traced to intemperance. He took occasion, in the course of his remarks, to comment upon the growing estrangement in England between the upper and lower classes of society, and the want of interest and sympathy exhibited between the former and the latter, which he regarded as of evil augury for the future peace and prosperity of the country. While uttering these words he became flushed and excited-his speech became thick and incoherent, and he suddenly fell forward with his face on the desk at which he was sitting. He was removed at once to his lodgings in the immediate vicinity of the court, but life was found to be extinct or his arrival. Thus perished a singularly able and estimable man, universally beloved by his contemporaries.

Mr. Carruthers, who resided in the little town of Inverness, sometimes called by its inhabitants the "Capital of the Highlands," was often blamed by his intimate friends for hiding his great abilities in so small a sphere, and not launching boldly forth upon the great sea

of London, which they considered a more suitable arena for the exercise of his talents and the acquirement of fame and fortune by the pursuits of literature. But he was not to be persuaded. He loved quiet; he loved the grand and solemn scenery of his beautiful native country, and perhaps if all the truth were told, he preferred to be a great man in a provincial town, than a comparatively small one in a mighty metropolis. In Inverness he shone as a star of the first magnitude. In London, though his light might have been as great, it might have failed to attract equal recognition. In addition to all these considerations, the atmosphere of great cities did not agree with his health, and the fine, free, fresh invigorating air of the sea and the mountains was necessary to his physical well-being. This he enjoyed to the full in Inverness. The editing of the weekly journal, which supplied him with even greater pecuniary results than were necessary to supply the moderate wants of himself and his household, left him abundant leisure for other and congenial work. He soon made his mark in literature, and became noted not only for the vigour and elegance of his style, but for his remarkable accuracy of statement, even in the minutest details of his literary and historical work. He edited, with copious and accurate notes, an edition of Pope, and of Johnson and Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides," and greatly added to the value of those interesting books by notes descriptive and anecdotical of all the places and persons mentioned in them. He also contributed largely to the valuable "Cyclopædia of English Literature" edited by Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh; besides contributing essays and criticisms to many popular serials and reviews, published in London and Edinburgh. He was one of the most admirable story tellers of his time, or indeed of any time, had a most retentive and abundantly furnished memory, and never missed the point of a joke, or overlaid it with inappropriate or unnecessary words or phrases. His fund of Scottish anecdotes-brimful of wit and humour-was apparently inexhaustible, and his stories followed each other with such rapidity as to suggest to the mind of the listener the beautiful lines of Samuel Rogers:

> Couched in the hidden chambers of the brain Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain, Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise, Each stamps its image as the other flies.

The good things for which Mr. Carruthers was famous were not derived from books, but from actual intercourse with men, at collected, would have formed a finer and more diverting resocutish wit and humour than has ever been given to

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was often urged to prepare them for publication, and as often promised to undertake the work, but always postponed it until he had more leisure than he possessed at the time of promising. But that day unfortunately never came. If it had come, the now celebrated work of Dean Ramsay on the same subject would have been eclipsed, or altogether superseded in the literary market.

His local knowledge, and the fascination of his conversation were so great, that every person of any note in the literary or political world who visited Inverness, came armed with a letter of introduction to Mr. Carruthers, or made themselves known to him during their stay in the Highlands. The first time that I travelled so far North, through the magnificent chain of freshwater lochs that are connected with each other by the Caledonian Canal, a leading citizen of Inverness, who was a fellow-passenger on the trip, seeing I was a stranger, took the pains to point out to me all the objects of interest on the way, and to name the mountains, the straths, the glens, and the waterfalls on either side. On our arrival at Inverness, he directed my attention to several mountains and eminences visible from the boat when nearing the pier. "That," said he, "is Ben Wyvis, the highest mountain in Ros-sshire; that is 'Tom-na-hurich,' or the hill of the fairies; that is Craig Phadrig, once a vitrified fort of the original Celtic inhabitants; and that," pointing to a gentleman in the foremost rank of the spectators on the landing-place, "is Mr. Carruthers, the editor of the Courier!"

Mr. Carruthers used to relate with much glee that he escorted the great Sir Robert Peel to the battlefield of Culloden, and pointed out to him the graves of the highland warriors who had been slain in that fatal encounter. Seeing a shepherd watching his flocks feeding on the scant herbage of the Moor, he stepped aside to inform the man of the celebrity of his companion. The information fell upon inattentive ears. "Did you never hear of Sir Robert Peel?" inquired Mr. Carruthers. "Never dud!" (did), replied the shepherd. "Is it possible you never heard of him. He was once Prime Minister of England." "Weel!" replied the shepherd, "he seems to be a very respectable man!"

On another occasion he escorted Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and his friend Mr. John Forster, who was also the intimate friend of Mr. Charles Dickens, over the same scene, and was fond of telling the story that the same or some other shepherd shouted suddenly to another of the same occupation at a short distance on the Moor, "Ian! Serjeant Talfourd, who was the author of the once celebrated tragedy of "Ion,"—with a bland smile of triumph or satis-

faction on his face, turned to Mr. Forster, laid his hand upon his breast, and said, "Forster, this is fame." He did not know that Ian was the Gaelic for John, and that the man was merely calling to his friend by his Christian name.

Among the odd experiences of the little town in which he passed his days, Mr. Carruthers related that a gentleman, who had made a large fortune in India, retired to pass the evening of his life in his native place. Finding the time hanging heavy on his hands, and being of an active mind, he established a newspaper, sometime about the year 1840. He grew tired of it after two or three years, and discontinued it in a day without a word of notice or explanation. With equal suddenness he resumed its publication in 1850, and addressed his readers, in his first editorial, "Since the publication of our last paper, nothing of importance has occurred in the political world." Nothing had occurred of more importance than the French Revolution of 1848—the dethronement and flight of King Louis Philippe—and convulsions in almost every country in Europe, Great Britain excepted.

Mr. Carruthers, who had received the degree of Doctor of Laws a few years previously, died in 1878, full of years and honours, regretted and esteemed by all the North of Scotland, and by a wide circle of friends and admirers in every part of the world where English literature is appreciated; and Scotsmen retain a fond affection for their native country, and the men whose lives and genius reflect honour upon it.

#### II. PATRIC PARK, SCULPTOR.

I am glad to be able in these pages to render a tribute, however feeble, to one of the great but unappreciated geniuses of his time; a man of powerful intellect as well as powerful frame, a true artist of heroic mould and thought, who dwarfed the poor pigmies of the day in which his lot was cast by conceptions too grand to find a market : Patric Park, sculptor, who concealed under a somewhat rude and rough exterior as tender a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. Had he been an ancient Greek, his name might have become im-Had he been a modern Frenchman, the art in which he mortal. excelled would have brought him not only bread, but fortune. But as he was only a pourtrayer of the heroic in the very prosaic country in which his lot was cast, it was as much as he could do to pay his way by the scanty rewards of an art which few mornle appreciated, or even understood, and to w busts of rich men, who had a fancy for

talents, or rather the genius, which, had encouragement come, might have produced epics in stone to have rivalled the masterpieces of antiquity.

Patrick, or, as he usually signed himself, Patric, Park was born in Glasgow in 1809, and I made his acquaintance in the Morning Chronicle office in 1842, when he was in the prime of his early manhood. He sent a letter to the editor to request the insertion of a modest paragraph in reference to a work of his which had found a tardy purchaser in Stirling, where it was destined to adorn the beautiful public cemetery of the city. The paragraph was inserted, not as he wrote it, but with a kindly addition in praise of his work and of his genius. He came to the office next day to know the writer's name. And when the writer avowed himself, a friendship sprung up between the two, which suffered no abatement during the too short life of the grateful man of genius, who, for the first time, had been publicly recognised by the humble pen of one who could command, in artistic and literary matters, the columns of a powerful Park's nature was broad and bold, and scorned convenjournal. tionalities and false pretence. George Outram, a lawyer and editor of a Glasgow newspaper, author of several humorous songs and lyrics upon the odds and ends of legal practice, among which the "Annuity" survives in perennial youth in Edinburgh and Glasgow society, and brother of the gallant Sir James Outram, of Indian fame, used to say of Park, that he liked him because he was not smooth and conventional. "There is not in the world," he said to me on one occasion, " another man with so many delightful corners in his character as Park. We are all of us much too smooth and Give me Park and genuine nature, and all the more rounded off. corners the better."

Park had a very loud voice, and sang Scotch songs perhaps with more vehemence than many people would admire, but with a hearty appreciation that was pleasant to witness. It is related that a deputation of Glasgow bailies came up to London, with Lord Provost Lumsden at their head, in reference to the Loch Katrine Water Bill, for the supply of Glasgow with pure water, which was then before Parliament, and that they invited their distinguished townsman to dine with them at the Victoria Hotel, Euston Square. After dinner Park was called upon for a song, and as there was nobody in the dining-room but one old gentleman, who, according to the waiter, was very deaf, Park consented to sing, and sang in his very best style the triumphant Jacobite ballad of "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet," till, as one of the bailies said, "he made the

rafters ring, and might have been heard at St. Paul's." The deaf gentleman, as soon as the song was concluded, is reported to have made his way to the table, and apologising for addressing a company of strangers, to have turned to Park and said, with extraordinary fervour and emotion, "May God Almighty bless you, sir, and pour his choicest blessings upon your head! For thirty years I have been stone deaf and have not heard the sound of the human voice. But I heard your song, every word of it; God bless you!"

Upon one occasion, when we were travelling together in the Western Highlands, the captain of one of the Hutcheson steamers was exceedingly courteous and attentive to his passengers, and took great pains to point out to those who were making this delightful journey for the first time all the picturesque objects on the route. At one of the landing-places the young Earl of Durham was taken on board, with his servants, and from that moment the captain had neither eyes nor ears for any other person in the vessel. He lavished the most obsequious and fulsome attention upon his lordship, and when Park asked him a question, cut him short with a snappish reply. Park was disgusted, and expressed his opinion of the captain in a manner more forcible than polite. As there was a break in the navigation in consequence of some repairs that were being effected in one of the locks, the passengers had to disembark and proceed by omnibus to another steamer that awaited their arrival at Loch Lochy. Park mounted on the box by the side of the driver, and was immediately addressed by the captain, "Come down out of that, you sir! That seat's reserved for his lordship!" Park's anger flashed forth like an electric spark, "And who are you, sir, that you dare address a gentleman in that manner?" "I am the captain of the boat, sir, and I order you to come down out of that." "Captain! be hanged!" said Park, "the coachman might as well call himself a captain as you. The only difference between you is, that he is the driver of a land omnibus and that you are the driver of an aquatic omnibus." The young Earl laughed, and quietly took his place in the interior of the vehicle, leaving Park in undisputed possession of the box-seat.

His contempt for toadyism in all its shapes and manifestations was extreme. There was an enginehr of some repute in his day, with whom he had often come into contact, and whom he especially disliked for his slavish subservience to rank and title. The engineer meeting Park on board of the boat, said, "Mr. Park, I wie" to talk about me! I am told that you said. "damn! Is it true?" "Well," replied Pa

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said so I underrated you. I think you are worth two damns, and I damn you twice!"

On another occasion, when attending a soirée at Lady Byron's, he was so annoyed at finding no other refreshment than tea, which he did not care for, and very weak port wine negus, which he detested as an unmanly and unheroic drink, that he took his departure, resolved to go in search of some stronger potation. The footman in the hall, addressing him deferentially in search of a "tip," said, "Shall I call your carriage, my lord?" "I'm not a lord," said Park, in a voice like that of a stentor. "I beg pardon, sir, shall I call your carriage?" "I have not got a carriage! Give me my walking stick! And now," he added, slipping a shilling into the man's hand, "can you tell me of any decent public-house in the neighbourhood where I can get a glass of brandy-and-water? The very smell of her ladyship's negus is enough to make one sick."

Park resided for a year or two in Edinburgh, and procured several commissions for the busts of legal and other notabilities, and, what was in a higher degree in accordance with his tastes, for some life-size statues of characters in the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, to complete the Scott monument in Princes Street. He also executed, without a commission, a gigantic model for a statue of Sir William Wallace, for whose name and fame he had the most enthusiastic veneration, with the idea that the patriotic feelings of the Scottish nation would be so far excited by his work as to justify an appeal to the public to set it up in bronze or marble [he preferred bronze,] on the Calton Hill, amid other monuments to the memory of illustrious Scotsmen. But the deeds of Wallace were too far back in the haze of bygone ages to excite much contemporary interest The model was a noble work, eighteen feet high, and wholly nude. Some of his friends suggested to him that a little drapery would be more in accordance with Scottish ideas, than a figure so nude that it dispensed even with the customary fig-leaf. Park revolted at the notion of the fig-leaf, "a cowardly, indecent subterfuge," he said. "To the pure all things are pure, as St. Paul says There is nothing impure in nature, but only in the mind of man. Rather than put on the fig-leaf I would dash the model to "But the drapery?" said a friend, the late Alexander pieces." Russel of the Scotsman. "What I have done I have done, and I will not spoil my design. Wallace was once a man, and if he had lived in the last century and I had to model his statue, I would have draped it or put it in armour as if he had been the Duke of Marlborough or Prince Eugene. But the memory of Wallace

scarcely the memory of a man but of a demigod. Wallace is a myth; and as a myth he does not require clothes." "Very true," said Russel, "but you are anxious to procure the public support and the public guineas, and you'll never get them for a naked giant." "Then I'll smash the model," said the indignant and disspirited artist. And he did so, and a beautiful work was lost to the world for ever.

At the time of our first acquaintance Park was somewhat smitten by the charms of a beautiful young woman in Greenock, the daughter of one of his oldest and best friends. The lady had no knowledge of art, and scarcely knew what was meant by the word sculptor. She asked him one day whether he cut marble chimney-pieces? This was too much. He was désillusionné and humiliated, and the amatory flame flickered out, no more to be relighted.

Park and I and three or four friends were once together on the top of Ben Lomond, on a fine clear day in August. The weather was lovely, but oppressively hot, and the fatigue of climbing was great, but not excessive. At the summit, so pure was the atmosphere that looking eastward we could distinctly see Arthur's Seat, overlooking Edinburgh, and the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, twenty miles beyond. Looking westward, we could distinctly see Ailsa Craig in the Firth of Clyde. Thus the eye surveyed the whole diameter By a strange effect of atmosphere the peak or of Scotland. Goatfell in Arran, separated optically from the mountain by a belt of thick white cloud, seemed to be preternaturally raised to a height of at least 20,000 feet above the sea. I pointed it out to Park. "Nonsense!" he said. "Why Goatfell would be higher than the Himalayahs if your notion were correct." "But I know the shape of the peak," I replied; "I have been on the top of Goatfell at least half-a-dozen times, and would swear to it, as to the nose on your face." And as we were speaking the white cloud was dissipated, and the Himalayan peak seemed to descend slowly and take its place on the body of Goatfell, from which it had appeared to have been dissevered. "Well," he said, "things are not what they seem, and I maintain that it was as high as the Himalayahs or Chimborazo while the appearance lasted."

The mountain at this time shone in pale rose-like glow, and Park, inspired by the grandeur of the scene, preached us a very eloquent little sermon, addressing himself to the sun, on the inherent disnity and beauty of sun-worship as practised by the ancient Druids. He concluded powerless to represent or perm

the Greeks had attempted to do. "The Apollo Belvidere," he said, "is the representative of a beautiful young man. But it is not Apollo. Art can represent Venus—the perfection of female beauty, and Mars—the perfection of manly vigour; but Apollo; no! Yet I think I would have tried Apollo myself if I had lived in Athens two thousand years ago."

"'A living dog is better than a dead lion.'"

"True," said Park, "I am a living dog, Phidias is a dead lion. I have to model the unintellectual faces of rich cheesemongers, or grocers, or ironmasters, and put dignity into them, if I can, which is difficult. And when I add the dignity, they complain of the bad likeness, so that I often think I'd rather be a cheesemonger than a sculptor."

I called at Park's studio one morning, and was informed that he every minute expected a visit from the great general Sir Charles James Napier-for whose character and achievements he had the highest admiration. He considered him by far the greatest soldier of modern times—and had prevailed upon the general to sit to him for his bust. Park asked me to stay and be introduced to him, and nothing loth, I readily consented. I had not long to wait. general had a nose like the beak of an eagle-larger and more conspicuous on his leonine and intellectual face than that of the Duke of Wellington, whose nose was familiar in the purlieus of the Horse Guards. It procured for him the title of "conkey" from the street urchins, and I recognised him at a glance as soon as he entered. On his taking the seat for Park to model his face in clay, the sculptor asked him not to think of too many things at a time, but to keep his mind fixed on one subject. The general did his best to comply with the request, with the result that his face soon assumed a fixed and sleepy expression, without a trace of intellectual animation. Park suddenly startled him by inquiring, "Is it true, general, that you gave way—retreated in fact—at the battle of ——? (naming the place, which I have forgotten). The general's eyes flashed sudden fire, and he was about to reply indignantly when Park quietly remarked, plying his modelling tool on the face at the time, "That'll do, general, the expression is admirable !" The general saw through the manœuvre, and laughed heartily.

The general's statue in Trafalgar Square is an admirable likeness. Park was much disappointed at not receiving the commission to execute it.

Park modelled a bust of myself, for which he would not accept payment. He found it a very difficult task to perform. I had to sit to

him at least fifty times before he could please himself with his work. On one occasion he lost all patience, and swearing lustily, more suo, dashed the clay into a shapeless mass with his fist. "D—n you," he said, "why don't you keep to one face? You seem to have fifty faces in a minute, and all different! I never but once had another face that gave me half the trouble."

"And whose was the other?" I inquired.

"Sir Charles Barry's" (architect of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster). "He drove me to despair with his sudden changes of expression. He was a very Proteus as far as his face was concerned, and you're another. Why don't you keep thinking of one thing while I am modelling, or why can't you retain one expression for at least five minutes?"

It was not till fully three months after this outburst that he took courage to begin again, growling and grumbling at his work, but determining, he said, not to be beaten either by Sir Charles or myself. "Poets and architects, and painters and musicians, and novelists," he said, "are all difficult subjects for the sculptor. Give me the face of a soldier," he added, "such a face as that of the Emperor Napoleon. There is no mistake about that; or, better still, that of Sir Charles James Napier! If there is not very much immortal soul, so called, in the faces of such men, there is a very great deal of body."

Park was commissioned by the late Duke of Hamilton to model a bust of Napoleon III., and produced, perhaps the very finest of all the fine portrait-busts which ever proceeded from his chisel. The Emperor impressed Park in the most favourable manner, and he always spoke of him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, as well for the innate heroism as for the tenderness of his character. "All true heroes," he said, "are tender-hearted; and the man who can fight most bravely has always the readiest drop of moisture in his eye when a noble deed is mentioned or a chord of human sympathy is touched." The bust of Napoleon was lost in the wreck of the vessel that conveyed it from Dover to Calais, but the Duke of Hamilton commissioned the sculptor to execute a second copy from the clay model, which duly reached its destination.

Patric Park died before he was fifty, and when, to all appearance, there were many happy and prosperous years before him, when having surmounted his early difficulties, he might have looked forward to the design and completion of the many noble works to which he pined to devote his mature energies, after emancipation from the slavery of what he called "busting" the effigies of "cheesemongers." Hobeen for some months in Manchester, plying his vocation a

rich notabilities of that prosperous city, when one day, emerging from a carriage at the railway station, he observed a porter with a huge basket of ice upon his head, staggering under the load and ready to Park rushed forward to the man's assistance, prevented him from falling, steadied the load upon his head by a great muscular exertion, and suddenly found his mouth full of blood. He had broken a blood-vessel; and stretching forth his hand, took a lump of ice from the basket, and held it in his mouth to stop the bleeding. He proceeded to the nearest chemist's shop for advice and relief, and was forthwith conveyed to his hotel, delirious. A neighbouring doctor was called in, Park beseeching him for brandy. The brandy was refused. A telegram was sent to his own physician in London. He came down by the next train, and expressed a strong opinion on seeing the body and learning all the facts, that the brandy ought to have been given. But he arrived too late. The noble, the generous, the gifted Park was no more, and an attached young wife and hundreds of friends, amongst whom the writer of these words was one of the most attached, were "left lamenting."

CHARLES MACKAY.

(To be conc'uded.)

#### RICHARD LOVELACE.

In the year 1791 there appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine a series of papers from the pen of the antiquary Sir Egerton. Brydges (Cliffordiensis) upon the genealogy and life of Richard Lovelace. It would be unfair to the researches of the younger Hazlitt, and to the brief notices scattered sparsely through the pages of "Notes and Queries," to say that the lapse of nearly a century has added nothing to our knowledge of this brilliant and unfortunate man, but it is at least true that important points in his history have remained in obscurity and doubt, and the blunders of Hasted, the historian of Kent, have been perpetuated by subsequent biographers. As the result of inquiries extending over a considerable period, it is for the first time possible to present a complete life of Richard Lovelace, the poet and soldier, to the lovers of English literature.

In the retired village of Bethersden, five and a half miles southwest of the market town of Ashford, there existed in the days of Charles I. the house and manor of Lovelace. The village lies pleasantly within the boundary of the Weald, in a cultivated plain, The hills beyond Ashford are on the skirt of the hop country. visible, and the forest of Chiddenden stretches to the south-west. The church, which is dedicated to S. Margaret, is in the Perpendicular style, and has recently been restored. It consists of nave and two aisles, three chancels, and an embattled tower on the west, which is of handsome proportions. The Lovelace chancel on the north side was built in early times by a member of that family, and in it there was founded, about the reign of King Henry VI., a perpetual chantry by William Lovelace, "mercer and merchant adventurer of London," who was buried in the middle chancel. This chantry was dissolved, anno 2 Edward VI.1

The site of the manorial house of Lovelace is now occupied by a substantial farm-house of red brick, which bears the family name—Lovelace Farm. It stands somewhat back from the road, with smooth lawn in front of it skirted by young fir-trees. The with the adjoining fields covers 300 acres of ground.

1 Hasted.

the building, including the long, dark kitchen, with its red brick floor and vast open fireplace, is in all probability part of the original structure—that structure which was the "seminary or seed-plot whence a race of gentlemen issued forth, who have in military affairs achieved reputation and honour with a prodigal loss and expense both of blood and life, and by their deep judgment in the Municipal Law have deserved well of the Commonwealth."

Old even in the days of Charles I., this manor had passed through various hands before coming into the possession of the family whose name it bears, and who have made it worthy to be numbered among those "famous Kentish houses," around which so many memories are gathered. It was in early times the property of a family named Grunsted, or Greenstreet, the last of whom, Henry de Grunsted, temp. Edward III., transferred it by sale to one Kinet who in the forty-first year of the same reign again conveyed it by sale to John Lovelace.

The materials for the genealogical history of this family are by no means extensive. The first bearer of this name known to be possessed of lands in Kent was John Lovelace, who held the manor of Lovelace, Bethersden, temp. Edward III.<sup>2</sup> In the reign of Henry VI., Richard Lovelace, of Queenhythe, London, whom Sir Egerton Brydges describes, apparently on conjecture, as "a younger branch of this house," purchased the manor of Goodnestone in Sittingbourne, and Bayford Castle, from the previous owner, Humphrey Chevy. His son Lancelot inherited Bayford, and purchased the manor of Hevor in Kingsdown. In the time of James I., this branch, which had gradually enlarged its possessions in the county, succeeded, it is not known how, to the seat at Bethersden, and it is from this branch that Richard Lovelace, the poet, descended.

The accompanying genealogical tree, showing the descendants of the Queenhythe-Bayford branch, is as complete as the scanty information which exists will permit it to be made.

Sir William Lovelace (ob. 1629) married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Aucher, Esq., and died, leaving one son, who in turn married Anne, daughter of Sir William Barnes, of Woolwich, by whom he possessed a seat in that town. Here, in 1618, was born Richard

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Philipot, Villare Cantianum, p. 72. 

<sup>2</sup> Hasted iii. 239.

Bayford Castle, near Sittingbourne, occupies the site of a structure said to have been erected by King Alfred as a counter fort to Castle Rough. The most and fragment of a wall remain. At the end of the sixteenth century it became a farm-house. Murray's Handbook of Kent.

## Richard Lovelace.

WILLIAM LOVELACE. JOHN in Wrotham. Knighted. Marshal of Calais. No issue. Church of St. Michael, Sittingbourne.] Ob. 1cmp. Henry VII. Buried in

[of Queenhythe, purchased Bayford. Ob. 1465.]

RICHARD LOVELACE

[of Bayford and Goodnestone, purchased Hevor.]

RICHARD

LANCELOT LOVELACE

of Edward Aucher, Ob. 1640, æt. 78. Bur. in SIR WILLIAM LOVELACE, Knt. = ELIZ., daughter WILLIAM LOVELACE, Serjeant-at-Law Sat in First Parliament of Oueen Elizabeth at Westminster. Impropriator and Patron of St. Paul's, Newnham. His portrait is preserved in the Old College at Dulwich. [Resided at Grey Friars, Cant. Ob. 1629.] HENRY [and other Sons.] S. Margaret's, Canterbury.] LANCELOT MARY, daughter of W. Harmion, of Crayford. Ob. 2 Ed. VI. MARGARET - HENRY COKE, of [Procured his lands [It is doubtful whether to be disgavelled.] he was the second or still younger son.] RICHARD Sold Bayford.]

THOMAS

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FRANCIS

RICHARD [the poet.]

ANNE, daughter and heir of Sir William Barnes,

SIR WILLIAM LOVELACE, Knt. [Died at the Siege of Grolle, in Holland, about 1629.]

bury. Ob. 1679, æt. 77.] [Also Recorder of Canter-

FRANCIS

Thurrington, Suffolk.

Woolwich.

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Lovelace, the subject of this memoir. Among the few particulars of his early life which have been handed down, it is stated that he was educated at Charterhouse; but as the date of his entrance is not found in any of the school records, some doubt has necessarily existed upon this point. It was, naturally, surprising that the heir of an ancient house, whose patrimony was supposed to be considerable, should be received as a foundation scholar in an unperverted charity of recent date. The following document, which has recently come to light, will be read therefore with no ordinary interest. It is endorsed as follows: "For one of Sir William Lovelace's Sons."

From His Majesty to ye Governour of Sutton's Hospitall.

Whereas we are given to understand that Sir William Lovelace after he had served about forty years in ye warres, and was slaynte at ye last siege of Grolle, and his fortune most depending upon ye warres left his Lady ritch only in great store of children, and she most humbly beseeching us to bestow one of our places in Sutton's Hospitall upon one of hir sonnes, Wee are well pleased to grant hir request. Wherefore our royal pleasure is that ye Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and other ye governours of ye said Hospitall doe take order that Thomas Lovelace hir sonne may be admitted into ye said house in our prime place at ye next thereon.

Given under our hand this

day in ye fourth yeare of our reign.
[CHARLES REX.]

The volume which contains this document is now in the British Museum. It is numbered 2553 of the Egerton collection of MSS, fol. 50 B., and was purchased of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, April 26, 1879. It remains now to prove, by the consideration of a few simple facts, that the Thomas Lovelace mentioned in the warrant was in reality the poet, who is confused with his younger brother.

As the charity of Sutton's Hospital was at this period not twenty years old, it is probable that the rules were in full force. Now, one of the orders signed by Charles I. in 1627, about a year previous to the issue of the warrant, directed the schoolmaster to "admit none under the age of ten years and above fourteen, else he should answer to the contrary." If, then, Richard Lovelace was born in 1618, he would, in the fourth year of this reign, 1628–1629, be just the age required, namely ten years, and his brother Thomas, the fourth son,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Charterhouse—originally a monastery, founded by Sir Walter Manny—passed at the dissolution into various hands, and it was on May 9, 1611, seven years before the birth of Lovelace, that the generous and opulent merchant, Sir Thomas Sutton, purchased it from the Earl of Suffolk, and endowed it with all his wealth.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In Holland.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The blank exists in the MS., which is, of course, a copy of the original warrant,

would at the most be only six years old. There is, therefore, good reason to conclude that the warrant was issued for Thomas Lovelace in error for Richard, the only son eligible for admission to the school, and was actually used for him.

At the age of sixteen, Lovelace left Charterhouse for the University of Oxford, and matriculated at Gloucester Hall on the 27th of June, 1639. This was an ancient house of learning, built by the Benedictine monks of S. Peter's Monastery, Gloucester, for the education of their novices. After the dissolution, it served as the palace of the first Bishop of Oxford, and in 1559 it passed into the possession of the President of S. John Baptist's College, and was converted into a hall for academical students. It was not till the reign of Queen Anne that this hall was erected into a college under the name of Worcester College, by which it is still known.

It is at this period that the romantic life of the poet, inserted by Anthony à Wood in his noble "Athenae," first becomes useful. The information it contains was obtained by the biographer at a time when many personal friends of the poet were still living, and with these he claims to have conversed.

When Lovelace was first entered of Gloucester Hall, he is described by Wood as "being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." It was here, and at this early age, that he first gave indications of that literary talent which he afterwards displayed more signally. Here, and upon his first arrival, he composed a comedy entitled "The Scholar," which was afterwards acted with great applause at the theatre in Salisbury Court, but was never published, and no trace of it remains.

Two years afterwards, in 1636, upon the occasion of a royal visit to Oxford, Lovelace was actually created, among other persons of quality, an M.A. of the University, though only of two years' standing. This was "at the request of a great lady belonging to the Queen," made to Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor of the University. "At this time," says Wood, "his conversation being made public, and consequently his ingenuity of soul discovered, he became as much admired by the male as before by the female sex."

Had talents such as these, evinced even in his boyberoom for development, it is difficult to think we have been unattainable for one so gifted.

1 Harlitt:

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a stormy and violent time, and was destined to waste the splendours of his intellect, and the resources of his inheritance, in the struggle between King and Commons, which was upon the point of breaking out.

The year 1638 is the probable period at which Lovelace left Oxford and repaired to the Court. He was twenty years old, a youth of great promise and noble nature, of "high erected thought, seated in a heart of courtesy," 1 generous in his disposition, and magnificent in his tastes. His inheritance was doubtless taxed that he might be enabled to present himself at the "great city" in a way which was worthy of the old family he represented. Doubtless also he had many friends to welcome him, and he was taken into the favour of Lord George Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich. ing the army as an ensign, he did not long remain inactive, but accompanied his regiment in the Scotch expedition of 1639.

The treaty which was soon after concluded at Dunse did not afford to the young soldier much opportunity of distinguishing himself. But the peace did not long continue; and a second expedition At this time, Lovelace was commissioned as took place in 1640. captain in the same regiment, and is said to have written a tragedy entitled, "The Soldier," which, like the noble and delightful "Pharonnida" of a contemporary poet, and equally true-hearted loyalist, William Chamberlayne, was in all probability written during intervals of active service in the tent and by the camp fire. This play was, unfortunately, neither acted nor printed, and, like the Oxford comedy, no trace of it remains.

A truce being soon after agreed to at Ripon, Lovelace obtained leave of absence, and quickly took possession of his country residence at Bethersden, and other estates in the county of Kent The value of Bethersden is fixed by Wood at £500 per annum of the coinage of that period; and this leads us to the consideration of the patrimony of the poet.

Much as we are indebted to Hasted, the historian of Kent, his account of Lovelace is a mass of errors which the least intelligent comparison on his part would have corrected; but, like too many of our county historians, the vast mass of his materials overwhelmed The patrimony of Lovelace has been and confused their collector. grossly exaggerated. In addition to Bethersden, he is described by Hasted as inheriting Bayford Castle, the manor of Goodnestone in Sittingbourne, the manors of Kingsdown, near Farningham, Hevor, and a moiety of the manor of Chipsted, which would have certainly

1 Sir Philip Sidney,

insured him an almost princely fortune; but the history of these places proves that, for the most part, they had long passed away from the family.

In the tenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Thomas Lovelace and William, his cousin, alienated Goodnestone and Bayford to Mr. Ralph Finch, of Kingsdown. 1 Kingsdown, Hevor, and a moiety of Chipsted were carried as a marriage portion, in the reign of James I., by Margaret, daughter of Richard Lovelace, to Henry Coke, Esq., of Thurrington, fifth son of Sir Edward Coke, the celebrated Lord Chief Justice.2

By this account, the patrimony of the poet is reduced to the single manor of Lovelace, and justifies the statement in the warrant that Lady Lovelace was "ritch only in great store of children." But the History of Kent does not seem to have proved interesting reading to Mr. Hazlitt, and his enquiries in this direction were not pursued so far even as the index might have led them. He has overlooked, therefore, the following points:—The manor of Bardinden, in the parish of Rucking, was inherited by Richard Lovelace, who, soon after the death of Charles I., sold it to Mr. Hulse.3 Eleven hundred acres of the manor of Bosendene, in the ville of Dunkirk, seem also to have come down to him. In the third place, there was the "seat" at Woolwich, which the poet's mother had brought to her husband. Finally, the convent of the Grey Friars, Canterbury, was in the possession of a certain Sir William Lovelace, Knt., said to have died in 1629, and to have been buried at Bethersden; but the tendency of Hasted to confuse together all persons of this family who bore the same christian name, makes it difficult to say whether this house was inherited by the poet. The nature of the tenure is another doubtful point. Thomas Lovelace had long previously "procured his lands in this county to be disgavelled," by the Act passed anno 2 and 3 Henry VI. But this was a collateral branch of the family. If the lands were distributed equally among the five sons, the most that the eldest could inherit would be the single manor of Bethersden; but the strictest entailment would not have procured to the poet the great wealth with which he has been gratuitously endowed, and it is in all respects probable that he was a county gentleman possessed of a sufficient, but moderate competence.

At Bethersden, he was elected a Commissioner of the Peace, and

<sup>1</sup> Hasted, vol. ii. p. 612. 2 Harleian MS. No. 6687, Part I.; Hasted, i. p. <sup>8</sup> Hasted.

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in this capacity, "he was made choice of by the whole body of the county of Kent, at an assize, to deliver the Kentish Petition to the House of Commons." As the presentation of this petition was the turning-point in the life of Richard Lovelace, some account of its contents will be necessary.

The Kentish Petition was for the general redress of grievances, and was presented to Parliament on March 28th, 1642. It was styled, "The Petition of the Gentry, Ministers, Commonalty, and Councillors of Kent, agreed upon at the Generall Assizes last holden for that County, to the Honourable House of Commons assembled in Parliament." The persons principally concerned in its authorship were Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden, Bart., Sir Roger Twysden, Sir George Strode, Knts., and Mr. Richard Spencer. The first was a devoted and gallant loyalist, who, as it appears from a pamphlet of the period, was committed to the Tower on February 2nd, 1641, and his books were burnt by the common executioner. In August 1642, he was particularly active in and around Dover in the King's cause, and in September of the same year his house was plundered by the soldiers of the Parliament.

The document was duly presented, and was at once voted seditious, and contrary to privilege and the peace of the kingdom. It was, at least, twice printed in pamphlets of the period, and the title-page of the second copy states that the petition being delivered to Judge Mallet (who was for that circuit), and afterwards to the Earl of Bristol, and being by them concealed from the Parliament, they were, for the same, both committed to the Tower. On the 7th of April, it was ordered by both Houses that the Kentish Petition should be burned by the hands of the common hangman.

These extreme measures produced different feelings in the county according to the zeal of its subscribers. The more timid drew back, and, disclaiming the former document, prepared another for Parliament. This petition was destroyed in turn by Richard Lovelace, who was present with some companions, in open court, on the ground that it contained many falsities. The indignation of the rejected petitioners did not stop here. Infuriated at the gross injustice with which they believed themselves to have been treated, they adopted a course which the least hesitation would have told them must be attended with heavy penalties.

<sup>1</sup> Wood.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The name of this gentleman is included with those of many noble persons "who shall expect noe pardon" in an important document preserved in the Record Office, and entitled, "Proposals sent to the King at ye Isle of Wight," October 1648.

An obscure pamphlet of the period, preserved in the King's Collection, at the British Museum, and which is one of the most absurd specimens of typographical and orthographical mistakes, gives us the following facts:—

On the 29th of April, at 9 o'clock in the morning, a band of Kentish men, to the number of fourteen score, met by appointment at Blackheath. They were headed by Captain Richard Lovelace and Sir William Boteler; their object was to present again the rejected petition. They marched two in a rank to the Boro', and then the chain was drawn across the bridge, and Captain Bunch with his company at the Bridge-foot demanded their intent. The two foremost, who were doubtless the leaders, replied that they came to deliver a petition to Parliament, and their petition having been read, Captain Bunch demanded why they were armed. They answered that they had only the arms of gentlemen, and after some altercation consented to deliver up their swords.

"It was observed by divers at the Royal Exchange," says the same curious pamphlet, "that as Captain Boteler and the rest passed by, his horse stumbled in a very fair, plain place, so that he fell over his horse's neck, and divers of the spectators being by, one of them said to the rest, 'Take notice of this man; this is an ominous thing; mark what will befall him!'"

The quaint superstition was destined in this instance to be abundantly verified. Accompanied by several gentlemen, who were for the most part probably under age, Lovelace and Boteler proceeded to the House with the petition, which, upon permission being granted, they presented, and withdrew. The petition was read, and being found to be identical with the one which had recently been burnt, Captain Lovelace was called in and questioned. He admitted having heard that a similar petition had been burnt by order of the House. Sir William Boteler was also called in, and said he had heard of a petition being burnt because irregularly presented. They had delivered the present one at the command of the gentlemen on Blackheath.

It was presently resolved by the House that Captain Lovelace should be committed to the Gate-House, and Sir William Boteler to the Fleet; and the order for their incarceration was given accordingly.

¹ The Gate-House prison in Westminster was erected by Walter Warfield, cellarer and butler to the Abbey, in the reign of Edward III. "Once the principal approach to the monastery, it stood at the western entrance of Tothill St and consisted of two gates, the southern, a receptacle for felous, we eastern was the Bishop of London's prison for clerks convict.

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Lovelace and Boteler were committed on the last day of April. Those who had accompanied them to the House were dismissed with a solemn caution, their youth excusing them from punishment. These, with the rest of the "fourteen score" who had assembled on Blackheath, returned, after this abortive proceeding, into their own county.

On the 4th of May, the House of Commons gave orders for the preparation of charges against the prisoners, but nothing more was heard upon the subject till the 12th, when Sir William Boteler petitioned for his release on bail. This appeal was treated with silent contempt, but it was repeated on the 17th of June, when ample and satisfactory sureties being forthcoming he was admitted to bail.

At a later hour of the same day, the petition of Richard Lovelace was also presented and read, apparently for the first time. No other reason can be assigned for the delay than the high spirit of the poet-soldier, which for five weeks delayed his application for release. This petition has been fortunately saved from destruction in the Great Fire of London, owing to its preservation among the Historical Manuscripts of the House of Lords. It consists of a single foolscap sheet written in a singularly clear and beautiful Italian hand. We are indebted for its first discovery to Mr. Eglinton Bailey, who in the year 1876 published it in "Notes and Queries," with other useful and interesting information concerning the poet's imprisonment. It is the only extant specimen of the prose writing of Richard Lovelace, and if on this account only, deserves to be inserted here.

To the HONOURABLE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The humble petition of RICHARD LOVELACE, Esq.  $\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{S}}$ .

That your petitioner beeinge verie sensible of the displeasure of this Great Assemblie, the sadde effect whereof he hath allreadie felt allmost these sen's weekes by his imprisonment within the Gate-House, expectinge patientlie your farther purpose; in all humilitie doth offer to your wise considerations, that your petitioner beeinge confined here in this Springe-tide of Action, when open Rebellion treads on the late peacefull bosom of his Majestie's Kingdome of

the north gate adjoining were for offenders committed from the Liberties or City of Westminster, debtors, and prisoners from the Court of Conscience." In the year 1776, being in a dangerous and ruinous condition, it was pulled down by order of the Dean and Chapter.

1 "Die Veneris, 17° Junii, 1642. The humble Petition of Sir William Boteler, Prisoner in the Fleete, desiring that he may be at liberty upon Bail, was this day read, and it is resolved upon the Question, that Sir William Boteler be forthwith bailed upon the Security of Sir John Mounson and Sir Peter Richart, the Principal in the sum of £10,000, the Securities in £5,000 a-piece." Comment Journal, Vol. II.

Ireland, is to his farther Greefe disabled from discharginge part of that duetie, which he owes unto his kinge and countrie by his service there; to which he longe since had a resolution not onlie to devote himselfe, but to imploy such summes of monie as latelie he sett out and destin'd to the same intent.

He therefore humblie prayes that in your wonted Clemencie you would be pleas'd to make a favourable, mild construction of his actions, from whence he may receive your gentle thoughts, and by your Gratious Order be admitted to his former Libertie, or if your well-knowne Wisdomes shall conceive this Course more fitt; to be allow'd but a conditionall freedome, and for the certaintie of his attendance on your future pleasures he will humblie offer the ingagement of some able friends as a sufficient bayle, and hee will ever praye that a most happie ende may close up all your labours and Indevours.

RICH. LOUELACE.

This interesting document is indexed in the fifteenth volume of the Report of the Commission on Historical MSS.

The petition of Richard Lovelace was presented on the 17th of June, and four days later he was liberated from the Gate-House upon personal security to the amount of £10,000, and two sureties of £5,000 each. The sureties of Lovelace were William Clarke, Esq., of Wrotham, Kent, and Thomas Fludd, Esq., of Gore Court, Otham, near Maidstone, probably a descendant or relative of Robert Fludd (Robertus de Fluctibus), the great English Rosicrucian.

The enormous amount of the security was probably as disproportioned to the fortune of the offender as it was certainly to the nature of the offence, but this tyrannical proceeding was characteristic of the period. A few words concerning his companion in misfortune will close this account of the imprisonment of Richard Lovelace.

Sir William Boteler, of Berham Court, Teston, Kent, was distinguished equally for loyalty and valour, and he received the order of knighthood and a pension from Charles I. Soon after his imprisonment his mansion was mercilessly plundered by Colonel Sandys with a party of dragoons, when everything valuable was taken or destroyed. The owner was apparently absent, and the following curious story is told in a scarce pamphlet of the period, entitled "Speciall Passages and Certain Information from severall Places," Sept. 1642. "When the soldiers came to search Sir William Boteler's house for arms (a great delinquent to the Parliament and fomentor of the distractions of this county), his Butler carried some of the Commanders (that spake in a

Harleian MS. 163, fol. 570 b. "Mr. Bainton delivered in the Petition of Captaine Lovelace, in which hee desired to be bailed, having formerlie delivered in ye dangerous Kentish Petition, which saide Petition beinge full of submission, hee was bailed accordinglie without anie debate."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> For the pedigree of this gentleman, see Part I. p. 7, of Part of Kent, taken 1619, published in 1863 from a manuscript of The Wrotham Register contains the date of his birth, M<sup>2</sup>

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friendly and civill manner unto him to show them where his Master's arms were) into the house of office, they reproving him for it, he answered, it was a place good enough for Roundheads to search in, whereupon they took him by the shoulders and said they would seek no further, since he had put that scorn upon them, but would make himself confess where the arms lay, to effect which they heated a tobacco pipe, and warmed his hands therewith till he confessed where the arms were."

Sir William Boteler shortly afterwards attempted to join the King at Nottingham, but, together with his son, he was taken on the way by the country people, and sent as a prisoner to London.

Here he was committed for six months to the Gate-House, and his estate was sequestered, but before the term of his confinement had expired he escaped to Oxford, and with the remnant of his ruined fortune he raised a regiment for the King's service, and died fighting bravely at the head of it in the battle of Cropredy Bridge, June 29th, 1644.

The materials for the biography of Lovelace after his release from the Gate-House are very meagre. It was a condition of this release that he should keep within the lines of communication, and during this period, "he lived," says Sir Egerton Brydges, who follows Wood, "beyond the income of his estate, to keep up the credit and reputation of the King's cause, by furnishing men with horses and arms, and by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians. or soldiers. He furnished also his two brothers, Colonel Francis, and Captain William Lovelace (afterwards slain at Carmarthen) with money for the King's cause; and his other brother, Dudley Posthumous, he supported in Holland to study tactics and fortification in that school of war." Moreover, he wasted his fortune in Royalist plots, and the restraint which the terms of his release imposed on him appears to have been soon broken through, and he must have sacrificed in consequence the enormous bail which he had provided, and have made in addition an arrangement with his sureties which was honourable to himself and satisfactory to them.

The next four years were spent probably in the active service of his king, and the imagination will picture him as present in all those battles which will make that eventful period for ever memorable in history. But, as time passed on, the cause which he had espoused became more and more desperate, and when in 1646 Charles fled

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sir William Boteler married in 1631, Joan, daughter of Sir Henry Fanshaw, of Warr Park, co. Hertford, Knt., by whom he left issue an only son and heir. Sir Oliver, who was of Berham Court, Bart.

for safety to the Scottish army, and that flight was followed by the surrender of Oxford, the gallant Cavalier felt.probably that all hope was at an end; and it is stated by Wood that he left England, and entered the service of the king of France. In this case, he most likely accompanied Prince Rupert, who, on the 15th of July, 1646, embarked for the same country. Here Lovelace is said to have formed a regiment, which is in every way unlikely; to have been colonel of the same; and to have fought at Dunkirk, which the French at this time recovered from the Spaniards. Here he was wounded, and the report of his death was circulated. However, in the year 1648, he returned to England, and was soon after committed as a prisoner to Petre House, together with his brother, Dudley Posthumous, who was a captain in the French regiment under him. The precise reason of this second imprisonment is not yet known, but the contemporary history of Kent throws some light on this matter, and will help us towards a probable conclusion.

A curious pamphlet, entitled "Canterbury Christmas," relates the circumstances of a rebellion on the part of the citizens, occasioned by the mayor's "uncivill carriage," in pursuance of some petty order of the House of Commons for hindering the celebration of Christ's Nativity. Michael Page, the puritanical mayor, encouraged the rabble to insult and molest those who were going to observe the festival at church. He ordered that all such superstitious festivals should be put down, and that a market should be held upon the particular day in question. Sir William Man, Master Lovelise (i.e. Francis Lovelace), Alderman Sabine, &c., with difficulty dispersed the mob. "But upon this," says Hasted, "the committee of the county sent forces to attack the city, who, though they found that all was quiet... took down the gates, burned them, and destroyed part of the walls, and committed many to prison upon suspicion, among whom were the peace-makers."

There is some uncertainty regarding the Francis Lovelace mentioned above. He is described as a lawyer by Hasted, and, if so, he was the future recorder of Canterbury, who in 1662 presented an address to Charles II. upon his passing through the city. The history of his imprisonment and release will be found in the Commons Journal.

"The Perfect Weekly Account," No. 9, states that a special Commission of Oyer and Terminer was sent down in the following May to try the "mutineers at Canterbury," but this Contogether with the Grand Jury, seems to have

1 Hist, Cant. i.

"entreating that his Most Gracious Majesty might, with all speed, be admitted to treat in person with his two houses." The Deputy-Lieutenant of the county commanded the petitioners to forbear; the petitioners replied with a vindication, and subsequently they appealed to arms.

An anonymous letter, dated from Dorking, gives a curious picture of another part of the county. The loyalists had seized Rochester and the magazine, the leaders compelling every person passing over the bridge to sign their petition. A thousand men in arms had determined that the imprisoned king should return to London; that a treaty should be signed, and that the parliamentary forces should be disbanded. A declaration in favour of the petition was signed by 27,000 persons. On the 26th of May, the Kentish men drew towards London, seizing horses, taking prisoners, and plundering all who would not join them. This and other risings were suppressed with difficulty, for, as Mercurius Pragmaticus (Jan. 1648) remarks with defiant pride, "though the rest of the kingdom hath been conquered several times, yet Kent never was conquered."

Richard Lovelace would, in all probability, repair to his native county immediately on his return from abroad, and there is little doubt that he had some connections with the agitations in question, in which his relative had also been concerned. If so, his second imprisonment was the penalty of his disaffection.

Thus forced to lay aside his sword, the gallant soldier returned to literature, his early pursuit, and sought in the creations of a poetic mind, relief from the monotony of prison life, from sorrow for his king's misfortunes, and doubtless, too, from many dark thoughts about his own future.

In June 1649, there appeared a small duodecimo volume, bearing the name of Lovelace on the title-page, and entitled—"Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c." These poems cannot here be criticised, but they may be briefly described. They were for the most part "songs of love and war," strains of passionate loyalty alternating with hymns of love equally passionate, yet breathing for the most part a purity of heart and mind, which does more honour to the writer than all the achievements of his sword, and which yet was part and parcel of that chivalry of spirit which equally characterised the warrior and the poet.

The title of the volume leads to the consideration of an important question connected with the poet's life, and which is for the first time satisfactorily settled.

It was stated by Anthony à Wood, that Lux casta was a name

given by Lovelace to a lady on whom his affections were centred, and that this lady was Lucy Sacheverell. There is nothing improbable in this, though it has been often discredited, but if we accept it as true, we must accept also that which follows, viz. that this " lady of great beauty and fortune," hearing that Lovelace had died of the wound he had received at Dunkirk, married soon after. But, according to Hasted, Philipot, and Wood himself, Lovelace also contracted a marriage, and his daughter survived him. Whom, therefore, did he wed? Who was the Althea celebrated almost equally with Lucasta in his published verses? and how was it that if Lovelace died, as it is represented, in almost abject poverty and squalor, his daughter when she subsequently married into the family of Coke, could take with her, as a marriage portion, several valuable manors and estates in Kent? These are the questions which have puzzled the poet's biographers. The mystery has resulted from an absurd confusion of dates and characters, which originated with Hasted, and which the gross carelessness of subsequent writers has alone permitted to continue. Hasted's account of the Lovelace family is scattered over various parts of his vast history, and it is filled with contradictions. mistakes may be excusable in Hasted, but that Mr. Hazlitt, who explored the street which Lovelace died in, to find some memories of the poet lingering among the oldest inhabitants, after the lapse of 200 years, should not have detected these contradictions is utterly inexplicable.

According to the popular account, Margaret, daughter of Richard Lovelace, survived her father, and married into the family of the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Coke. It did not strike either Sir Egerton Brydges or W. C. Hazlitt to inquire what member of this family she wedded, or the absurd mistake which is for the first time exposed would have been at once manifest. The attention of the reader is directed to the following quotation from the diary of the Chief Justice himself.

"Eduardus, primogenitus filius Henrici Coke (5th son of Sir Edward Coke), et Margaretæ uxoris ejus (filiæ et hæredis apparentis Ricardi Lovelace armigeri), natus fuit apud Stoke die Jovis, tertio die Augusti, . . . Anno Domini, 1620." 1

That is to say, the Margaret Lovelace here mentioned bore a child to her husband two years after the birth of Richard Lovelace of Bethersden, her supposed father.

The Richard Lovelace here alluded to belonged to the collater branch, descended from the Lovelaces of Bayford, and Haste

1 Harleian MS., No. 6687, Part L.

his usual fashion, confused him with the poet. The only particular concerning him which the present writer has met with are in the "Summary Catalogue of Sepulchral Memorials and Remains of Ancient Art existing in Parish Churches," printed in the third volume of Nichol's Topographer and Genealogist. Here, there is the following description of a monument in the church of Thorington (where the Coke-Lovelace family had settled), in the Hundred of Blything, Suffolk. "A plain black marble tablet for Joan, daughter of Francis Monke, Esq., first married to Roger Day, Gent, and afterwards to Richard Lovelace of Kingsdown; county Kent, Esq. Also for Robert and Thomas Coke, sons of Henry Coke and Margaret his wife, daughter of said Richard Lovelace by a former wife. Robert died December 20, 1630. Thomas died April 18, 1631."

There is no reason to suppose that Richard Lovelace, the poet of Bethersden, was ever married.

He played an active part in the stormy drama of the great English Rebellion, his natural extravagance and unswerving loyalty, at a period when loyalty was more expensive than any extravagance, must have brought him at an early period into serious pecuniary difficulties, and for a part of his brief career he was probably, like his father, a soldier of fortune. When not actually in military service he was either plotting or in prison, and his romantic life closed in obscurity and wretchedness.

In the short period of his Court life he was apparently a great favourite with women; we have the assurance of Wood that he was the handsomest man of his time; and to the exterior graces of his person were united a cultivated and brilliant mind, a refined courtesy of manner, and a disposition at once gentle and heroic. Lucasta and Althea are the subjects of his amorous verses; a third, Amarantha, seems to have been another name for Lucasta, to whom we may conclude, from the evidence of the poems themselves, that he was actually betrothed. The seeds of future domestic happiness were therefore sown, and in a happier time might have borne rich fruit to the unhappy poet. As it is, there is no evidence forthcoming to contradict the story preserved by Wood, and which has been already referred to, except the fact that the posthumous poems of Richard Lovelace contain no reference to Lucasta's broken troth.

Charles I. was beheaded in January 1649; it was not till nearly a year had elapsed that his faithful and unfortunate adherent was set free. On December 10th, 1649, the Council of State issued a warrant to the Keeper of Petre House to discharge Richard Lovelace. This

<sup>1</sup> Calendar of State Papers. Dom. Ser. 1649, p. 529.

was accordingly done; but he was now a ruined man. He had survived at once the downfall of his fortunes and his king. after his release he alienated the family seat at Bethersden to Richard Hulse, and also the Manor of Bardinden, in the parish of Rucking. For eight years he lived in obscurity and poverty. The trials of the time must have broken the spirit of the large-hearted soldier. grew very melancholy," says Wood, "which brought him at length into a consumption, became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloathes (whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars, and the poorest of servants." This picture is doubtless exaggerated, for there is evidence to prove that the poet's friends did not leave him in actual want, and his brother Dudley Posthumous Lovelace, who published after his death a second volume of his poetry, would scarcely have neglected him in life.

His last days were passed in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, a place said to have been mean and squalid; but the statement is doubtful, for here at the same time resided the notorious astrologer and magician, William Lilly, whose immense reputation and popularity, especially among the Puritan soldiers, must have secured a more than moderate income, and who would scarcely make his abode in that place, if it were such as it has been described by Wood.

The remains of Richard Lovelace were interred at the west end of the church of St. Bride beside the body of a kinsman. This was in the year 1658. Thus early and tragically closed a life which had opened with the fairest promise, and which, by comparison with its morning splendour, could have been hardly endurable at the end. The poet's character is sufficiently revealed in his history, but the panegyric of a contemporary, Charles Cotton, will appropriately find place here.

Such was thy composition, such thy mind, Improv'd from virtue, and from vice refin'd; Thy youth, an abstract of the world's best parts, Inur'd to arms and exercis'd to arts, Which with the vigour of a man became Thine and thy country's pyramids of fame, Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth Into the paths of honour and of truth. And tho' thy virtues many friends have led To love thee living and lament thee dead, In characters far better couch'd than these, Mine will not blot thy fame, nor their inom 'Twas by thine own great merit rais'd a That, maugre Time and Fate, it shar

The personal attractions of Richard Lovelace have been much extolled by his contemporaries; nor is this matter for wonder. A picture of the poet by an unknown painter, preserved in the old college at Dulwich, to which it was bequeathed by Cartwright the actor, in 1687, represents him as a very handsome man. The face is oval, the hair, worn Cavalier fashion, long, is of a dark brown colour and falls down in abundant masses, while the moustachios are small and thin. The small, well-formed mouth is perhaps a trifle voluptuous, but is nevertheless suggestive of firmness of character. The eyes are large and dark, and the well-arched and delicately pencilled eyebrows are unusually far apart. The general expression of the face is singularly sweet and winning. The hand is small, well-formed, and aristocratic. Lovelace is attired in armour, with a white collar, and across the breast is thrown a red scarf. The picture is inscribed "Col. Lovelace."

This picture was engraved for Harding's "Biographical Mirror," published August 1st, 1794, by E. & S. Harding, Pall Mall. A copy is preserved in the Print Room of the British Museum, but it does no justice whatever to the beauty and grace of the original. The Print Room also contains a reproduction of the drawing by Francis Lovelace, brother of the poet, which was engraved for the "Posthumous Poems" some years after their original publication. It is a bust of Lovelace mounted on an urn, which is inscribed "Lucasta, Posthume Poems of R. L." It represents the poet at a more advanced period than the painting in Dulwich College. The dark curling hair is still more abundant, the face more oval, the expression less pleasing. Beneath the sketch are the following words. "In memoriam fratris desideratissimi, delin. Fran. Lovelace." The reproduction in question was published Sept. 1st, 1795, by William Richardson, Newcastle Street, Leicester Square. Lastly, the Print Room contains a fine engraving by Wagstaff, which is supposed to represent Lovelace as Orpheus, crowned with bays, and playing on a lyre, while all the denizens of wood and wild, from the lion and tiger to the hare and peacock, are crowding round him. In the branches of the tree beneath which he is seated, there are monkeys and squirrels at play. This engraving is one of a series of Humourous Illustrations to Virgil.<sup>2</sup>

The poems of Richard Lovelace have been twice reprinted; first by Mr. S. W. Singer, in two small volumes; and afterwards by W. C. Hazlitt, whose biographical notice has been hitherto the most com-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The date of the volume is 1659, that of the engraving, 1662.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> There is also a print of Lovelace, by Faithorn, which is not in the British Museum.

plete and reliable account of the poet's life. The latter reprint appeared in 1856, and again in 1861 with a new title page. The gross typographical errors which abounded in the original volumes were corrected with much skill by Mr. Hazlitt.

#### ARMS OF THE LOVELACE FAMILY.

Kentish branch.—Gules on a chief, indented, argent, three martlets, sable.

Lords Lovelace of Hurley, co. Berks.—Gules on a chief, indented, sable, three martlets, argent.

Crest.—On a staff raguly, lying fesseways, vert, an eagle, displayed, argent.

Quartering, azure on a saltier, engr. argent, five martlets, sable, for Eynsham,
whose daughter and heir married Lancelot Lovelace of Bayford.

NOTE ON THE MANORS AND ESTATES OF THE KENTISH LOVELACES.

Richard Lovelace, by his last will, in the year 1465, ordains that his feoffers make an estate of this Manor of Hevor... to Katherine his daughter; and if she die without issue (as she did) then he wills it to descend to John Lovelace, his son and heir, and from this John did it by an uninterrupted series of descents devolve to Richard Lovelace, and from him did it go away by Margaret, his sole daughter and heir, to Henry Coke, of Lanham (?) in Suffolk, Esq., in which name it is at this instant resident.—Philipot, p. 204.

[The account in Hasted is grossly confused and incorrect.]

The Manor of Goodnestone in Sittingbourne, and Bayford Castle were alienated at the end of King Henry VI. by Humphrey Cheney to Mr. Richard Lovelace of Queenhythe, London. Bayford and Goodnestone were afterwards passed by sale to Ralph Finch, in the 10th year of Queen Elizabeth.

That moiety of Chipsted, called Chipsted Hevor, was conveyed by sale to Mr. Richard Lovelace in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, by Justinian Champuys.

The whole Manor of Mapescombe in Kingsdown came into the possession of John Lovelace, 37 Henry VIII. He died fiefed of this manor and 500 acres of land in Mapescombe, Farningham, and Eynford, 2nd Edward VI. It seems to have passed subsequently to Richard Lovelace of Hevor, and thence into the Coke family, by Margaret, daughter of the said Richard Lovelace.

William Lovelace, Serjeant at Law, died fiefed of the following manors and estates: The manor of Lydde Court, parish of Word, or Worth, which was sold by his son to Thomas Smith of Westenhanger. S. Laurence House, borough of Longport, Canterbury, formerly a Hospital and Priory, with the lands belonging to it, and which soon after passed into other hands. A manor in the parish of Chartham passed away by his son, Sir William Lovelace, to Sir William Cullimore. The Convent of Grey Friars, Canterbury, in which his son afterwards resided. Lastly, the Manor of Combes, in the parish of Swanscombe, Axstane Hundred, was possessed for a short period by the same proprietor.

Sir William Lovelace of Bethersden died possessed of 1,100 acres of the Manor of Bosendene, in the Bleane, Hundred of Westgate. This was in the 5th year of James I. His heirs [possibly the poet] sold it to Sir William Thomas, Bart.

Lastly, the chief seat of the family, Bethersden, with the Manor of Bardindene, or Barbodindenne, Rucking parish, was sold by the poet, Richard Lovelace, <sup>4</sup> Mr. Richard Hulse, as before stated.

## IDLE DAYS IN PATAGONIA.

NEVER has existence seemed sweeter to me than during the idle days and months I spent on the Rio Negro, at an estate only four miles from El Carmen—a quaint little town, ancient, too, for this continent, since it is about a hundred years old: seeing no strange faces, reading no news, thinking nothing about the great noisy outside world so far removed from Patagonia. Here I have learnt to give even more than a merely speculative assent to Sydney Smith's charming doctrine, concerning the virtues of idleness.

In August we had somedays of piercingly cold weather, a rare thing, followed by a fall of snow. Heaven be praised for it, for never again, perhaps, shall I see earth transfigured by the breath of antarctic winter. I had slept in the town, and it was a strange and most lovely sight when rising next morning, I beheld streets, housetops, trees, and the surrounding hills, white with a surpassing unfamiliar whiteness. The morning was mild with a dull leaden sky; and suddenly, while I stood in the street, the snow began to fall again, continuing for nearly an hour. Most of that time I spent gazing upwards into the air, peopled with innumerable slow-descending flakes; and only those of my English readers who, like Kingsley, have craved for a sight of tropical vegetation and scenery, and have at last had their craving satisfied, can appreciate the sensations I experienced on first beholding snow.

Before it quite ceased, the blue sky was again smiling, and I started to walk home. Under the brilliant winter sun, the white mantle began everywhere to exhibit lines and rents, and in a very brief space of time earth had resumed its usual appearance—the cheerful blue-grey, which is nature's livery in Patagonia; while from the dripping bushes the birds began their singing.

If the birds of this region do not excel those of all other lands in sweetness, compass, and variety of notes, for constancy in singing they indubitably carry the palm. Throughout the warm season, their notes are incessant; even in the cold months of June and July whenever the sun shines, the hoarse crooning of the spotted Columba, and 'e softer, more sigh-like lamentations of the Zenaida, so replete with

wild pathos, are heard from the leafless willows fringing the river. Meanwhile in the bosky uplands, one hears the songs of many passerine species; and always amongst them, with lively hurried notes, the black-headed Magellanic finch. The red-breast-the military starling of ornithologists-sings on the coldest days and during the most boisterous weather; nor can the rainiest sky cheat the grey finches, Diuca minor, of their morning and evening hymns, sung by many individuals in pleasing concert. The mocking-bird, is still more indefatigable, and sheltering himself from the cold blast continues till after dark warbling out snatches of song from his inexhaustible repertory; his own music being apparently necessary as food and air to his existence.

Warm lovely days succeeded the snowfall. Rising each morning I could reverently exclaim with the human singer,

> O gift of God! O perfect day! Whereon should no man work but play.

Days windless and serene to their very end, bright with a cloudless sky, a sunshine sweet and pleasant to behold, making the grey solitudes smile as if conscious of the heavenly influence. It is a common saying in this country that "once in a hundred years, a man dies in Patagonia." I do not think any other region of the globe can boast of a saying to equal that; though it has been ill-naturedly suggested that the proverb might owe its origin to the fact that most people in Patagonia meet with some violent end. I do not myself believe there is any climate in the world to compare with the winter of the east coast of Patagonia. The birds I have mentioned as singing here in the cold season, are exclusively summer singers six hundred miles north of the Rio Negro. The mild equal temperature of this region is supposed to be due to a current of warm waters from the African coast, the gulf-stream of the southern Atlantic. Ought we not then to have here, as in England, a wet changeable climate instead of a singularly equable one, with an atmosphere so dry and pure that pulmonary complaints are quite unknown?

During this beautiful weather merely to exist has seemed to me a sufficient pleasure: sometimes rowing on the river, which is here about nine hundred feet wide-going up to the town with the tide and returning with the current when only a slight exertion suffices to keep the boat swiftly gliding over the pure green water. At other times I amuse myself by seeking for the resinous gum, known here by its Indian name maken. The scraggy wide-spreading bush, a kind of juniper, it is found on, repays r

rent for all the amber tears I steal.

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on the under side of the lower branches, and is, when fresh, semitransparent and sticky as bird-lime. To fit it for use the natives make it into pellets, then hold it on the point of a stick over a basin of cold water; a coal of fire is then approached to it, causing it to The drops, harmelt and trickle down by drops into the basin. dened by the process, are then kneaded with the fingers, cold water being added occasionally, till the gum becomes thick and opaque like putty. To chew it properly requires a great deal of practice, and when this indigenous art has been acquired a small ball of maken may be kept in the mouth two or three hours every day, and used for a week or longer without losing its agreeable resinous flavour or diminishing in bulk, so firmly does it hold together. The maken-chewer on taking the ball or quid from his mouth washes it and puts it by for future use, just as one does with a tooth-brush Chewing gum is not merely an idle habit, and the least that can be said in its favour is that it allays the desire for excessive smoking-no small advantage to the idle dwellers, white or red, in this desert land; it also preserves the teeth by keeping them free from extraneous matter, and gives them such a pearly lustre as I have never seen outside of this region.

My own attempts at chewing maken have, so far, proved signal failures. Somehow the gum invariably spreads itself in a thin coat over the interior of my mouth, covering the palate like a stickingplaster and enclosing the teeth in a stubborn rubber case. Nothing will serve to remove it when it comes to this pass but raw suct, vigorously chewed for half an hour, with occasional sips of cold water to harden the delightful mixture and induce it to come away. The culmination of the mess is when the gum spreads over the lips and becomes entangled in the hairs that overshadow them; and when the closed mouth has to be carefully opened with the fingers, until these also become sticky and hold together firmly as if united by a membrane. All this comes about through the neglect of a simple precaution and never happens to the accomplished masticator, who is to the manner born. When the gum is still fresh occasionally it loses the quality of stiffness artificially imparted to it, and suddenly, without rhyme or reason, retransforms itself into the raw material as it came from the tree. The adept, knowing by certain indications when this is about to happen, takes a mouthful of cold water at the critical moment, and so averts a result so discouraging to the novice. Maken-chewing is a habit common to everybody throughout the entire territory of Patagonia, and for this reason I have described the delightful practice at some length.

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When disinclined for gum-chewing I ramble for hours through the bushes to listen to the birds, learning their language and making myself familiar with their habits. How coy are some species whose instincts ever impel them to concealment! What vigilance, keen and never relaxed, is theirs! Difficult even to catch a passing glimpse of them as they skulk from notice, how much more so to observe them disporting themselves without fear or restraint, unconscious of any intrusive presence! Yet such observation only satisfies the naturalist, and when obtained it amply repays the silence, the watching, and the waiting it costs. In some cases the opportunities are so rare that whilst they are being sought, and without ever actually occurring, the observer day by day grows more familiar with the manners of the wild creatures that still succeed in eluding his sight.

Now the little cock (Rhynocrypta lanceolata), an amusing bird that lives on the ground, carries its tail erect and looks wonderfully like a very small bantam, has spied me, and, full of alarm, utters his loud chirrup from an adjacent bush. Gently I steal towards him, careful to tread on the sand, then peer cautiously into the foliage. For a few moments he scolds me with loud, emphatic tones, and then is silent. Fancying him still in the same place, I walk about the bush many times, striving to catch sight of him. Suddenly the loud chirrup is resumed in a bush a stone's-throw away; and soon, getting tired of this game of hide-and-seek, in which the bird has all the fun and I all the seeking, I give it up and ramble on.

Then, perhaps, the measured, deep, percussive tones of the subterranean Ctenomys resound within a dozen yards of my feet. So near and loud do they sound, I am convinced the shy little rodent has ventured for a moment to visit the sunshine. I might possibly even catch a momentary glimpse of him, sitting, trembling at the slightest sound, turning his restless bright black eyes this way and that to make sure that no insidious foe is lurking near. On tiptoe, scarcely breathing, I approach the intervening bush and peep round it, only to find that he has already vanished! A hillock of damp, fresh sand, bearing the impress of a tail and a pair of little feet, show that he has been busy there, and had sat only a moment ago swelling the silky fur of his bosom with those deep, mysterious sounds. Cautiously, silently, I had approached him, but the subtle fox and the velvet-footed cat would have drawn near with still greater silence and caution, yet he would have baffled them both. Of all shy mammals he is the shyest; in him fear is never overcome by curiosity, and days, even weeks, may now elapse before I come to near seeing the Ctenomys Magellanica again,

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It is near sunset, and, hark! as I ramble on I hear in the low scrub before me the crested Tinamous (Eudromia elegans), the wild fowl of this region, and in size like the English pheasant, just beginning their evening call. It is a long, sweetly modulated note, somewhat flute-like, and sounding clear and far in the quiet evening air. The covey is a large one, I conjecture, for many voices are joined in the concert. I mark the spot and walk on; but at my approach, however quiet and masked with bushes it may be, one by one the shy vocalists drop their parts. The last to cease repeats his note half a dozen times, then the contagion reaches him and he too becomes silent. I whistle and he answers; for a few minutes we keep up the duet, then, aware of the deception, he is silent again. I resume my walk and pass and repass fifty times through the scattered scrub, knowing all the time that I am walking about amongst the birds, as they sit turning their furtive eyes to watch my movements, yet concealed from me by that wonderful adaptive resemblance in the colour of their plumage to the sear grass and foliage around them, and by that correlated instinct which bids them sit still in their places. I find many evidences of their presenceprettily mottled feathers dropped when they preened their wings, also a dozen or twenty neat circular hollows scooped in the sand in which they recently dusted themselves. There are also little chains of footprints running from one hollow to the other; for these pulverising pits serve the same birds every day, and, there being more birds in the covey than there are pits, the bird that does not quickly secure a place doubtless runs from pit to pit in search of one unoccupied. there are many pretty quarrels too; and the older, stronger bird, regular in the observance of this cleanly luxurious habit, must, per fas et nefus, find accommodation somewhere.

I leave the favoured haunt, but when hardly a hundred yards away the birds resume their call in the precise spot I have just quitted; first one and then two are heard, then twenty voices join in the pleasing concert. Already fear, an emotion strong but transitory in all wild creatures, has passed from them, and they are free and happy as if my wandering shadow had never fallen on them.

Twilight comes and brings an end to these uscless researches; uscless, I say, and take great delight in saying it, for if there is anything one feels inclined to abhor in this placid climate it is the doctrine that all our investigations into nature are for some future benefit to the human race.

Night also brings supper, welcome to the hungry man, and hours of basking in the genial light and warmth of a wood fire, I on one

side, and my bachelor host on the other. The smoke curls up from our silent lips, whilst idle reveries possess our minds—fit termination of a day spent as we have spent it—for my host is also an idler, only a more accomplished one than I can ever hope to be.

We read little, my companion has never learnt letters, and I, less fortunate in that respect, having only been able to discover one book in the house, a Spanish Libro de Misa, beautifully printed in red and black letters, and bound in scarlet morocco. I take this book and read until he, tired of listening to prayers, challenges me to a game of cards. For some time we could not hit on anything to play for, cigarettes being common property, but at length we thought of stories, the loser of most games during the evening to tell the other a story, as a mild soporific, after retiring. My host invariably won, which was not very strange, for he had been a professional gambler most of his days, and could deal himself the killing cards every time he shuffled. More than once I caught him in the very act and lectured him on the immorality of cheating at cards, even when we were only playing for love, or for something next door to it. My strictures amused his Patagonian mind very much; he explained that what I called cheating was only a superior kind of skill acquired by much study and long practice; so it happened that every night I was compelled to draw on my memory or invention for stories to pay my losses.

Only at night one feels the winter here, but in September one knows that it has gone, though summer birds have not yet returned, nor the forest of dwarf mimosas burst into brilliant yellow bloom. Through all seasons the general aspect of nature remains the same, owing to the grey undeciduous foliage of the tree and shrub vegetation covering the country.

As spring advances each day dawns apparently more brilliantly beautiful than the preceding one, and after breakfast I roam forth, unencumbered with gun, in search of recreation.

Hard by my residence there is a hill called the "Parrots' Cliff," where the swift current of the river altering its course has eaten into the shore till a sheer smooth precipice over a hundred feet high has been formed. In ancient times the summit must have been the site of an Indian village, for I am continually picking up arrow-heads here; at present the face of the cliff is inhabited by a flock of screaming Patagonian parrots that have their ancestral breeding-holes in the soft rock. It is also hammed by a flock of pigeons that have taken to a feral life beginning.

from their equatorial wanderings. Quiet reigns along the precipice when I reach it, for the vociferous parrots are away feeding. I lie down on my breast and peer over the edge; far, far beneath me a number of coots are peacefully disporting themselves in the water. I take a stone the bigness of my hand, and, poising it over the perilous rim, drop it upon them: down, down, down it drops; oh, simple, unsuspecting coots, beware! Splash it falls in the middle of the flock, sending up a column of water ten feet high, and then what a panic seizes on the birds! They tumble over as if shot, dive down incontinently, then reappearing, pause not to look about them. but spring away with all that marvellous flutter and splutter of which coots alone are capable: the wings beating rapidly, the long legs and lobed feet sprawling behind or striking the surface, away they scud. flying and tumbling over the water, spreading needless alarm through flocks of pin-tails, shrill-voiced widgeons, and stately black-necked swans, but never pausing till the opposite shore of the river is reached.

Pleased with the success of my experiment I quit the precipice, to the great relief of the blue pigeons and of the little hawks; these last having eyed my proceedings with great jealousy, for they have already taken possession of a hole in the rock with a view to nidification.

Further on in my rambles I discover a nest of the large black leaf-cutting ant (the Œcodoma) found over the entire South American continent-and a leading member of that social tribe of insects of which it has been said that they rank intellectually next to ourselves. Certainly this ant, in its actions, simulates man's intellect very closely, and not in the unpleasant manner of species having warrior-castes and slaves. The leaf-cutter is exclusively agricultural in its habits, and constructs subterraneous galleries in which it stores fresh leaves in amazing quantities. The leaves are not eaten, but are cut up into small pieces and arranged in beds: these beds quickly become frosted over with a growth of a minute fungus; this the ant industriously gathers and stores for use, and when the artificial bed is exhausted the withered leaves are carried out to make room for a layer of fresh ones. Thus the Œcodoma literally grows its own food, and in this respect appears to have reached a stage beyond the most highly developed ant communities hitherto described. Another interesting fact is that, although the leaf-cutters have a peaceful disposition, never showing resentment except when gratuitously interfered with, they are just as courageous as any purely predatory species, only their angry emotions and warlike qualities always appear o be dominated by reason and the public good. Occasionally a

community of leaf-cutters goes to war with a neighbouring colony of ants of some other species; in this, as in everything else, they seem to act with a definite purpose and great deliberation. Wars are infrequent, but in all those I have witnessed—and I have known this species from childhood—the fate of the nation is decided in one great pitched battle. A spacious bare level spot of ground is chosen where the contending armies meet, the fight raging for several hours at a stretch, to be renewed on several consecutive days. The combatants, equally sprinkled over a wide area, are seen engaged in single combat or in small groups, while others, non-fighters, run briskly about removing the dead and disabled warriors from the field of battle.

Perhaps some reader, who has made the acquaintance of nature in a London Square, will smile at my wonderful ant-story. Well, I have smiled too, and cried a little, perhaps, when, witnessing one of these "decisive battles of the world," I have thought that the stable civilisation of the Œcodoma will probably continue to flourish on the earth when our feverish dream of progress has ceased to vex it. Does that notion seem very fantastical? Might not such a thought have crossed the mind of some priestly Peruvian, idly watching the labours of a colony of leaf-cutters—a thousand years ago, let us say, before the canker had entered into his system to make it, long ere the Spaniard came, ripe for death? History preserves one brief fragment which goes to show that the Incas themselves were not altogether enslaved by the sublime traditions they taught the vulgar; that they also possessed, like philosophic moderns, some conception of that implacable power of nature which orders all things, and is above Viracocha and Pachacamac and the majestic gods that rode the whirlwind and tempest, and had their thrones on the everlasting peaks of the Andes. Five or six centuries have probably made little change in the economy of the Œcodoma, but the splendid civilisation of the children of the sun, albeit it bore on the face of it the impress of unchangeableness and endless duration, has vanished utterly from the earth.

To return from this digression, the nest I have discovered is more populous than London, and there are several roads diverging from it, each one four or five inches wide, and winding away hundreds of yards through the bushes. Never was any thoroughfare in a great city fuller of busy hurrying people than one of the

beside one, just where it wound over the tired of watching the endless proces

carrying a leaf in his jaws; and very soon there came into my ear a whisper from somebody—

Who finds some mischief still For idle hands to do.

It is always pleasant to have even a hypothetical somebody on whom to shuffle the responsibility of our evil deeds. Warning my conscience that I am only going to try a scientific experiment, one not nearly so cruel as many in which the pious mind of Spallanzani took great delight, I scoop a deep pit in the sand; and the ants, keeping on their way with their usual blind, stupid sagacity, tumble pell-mell over each other into it. On, on, they come, in scores and in hundreds, like-an endless flock of sheep jumping down a pit into which the crazy bell-wether has led the way: soon the hundreds have swelled to thousands, and the yawning gulf begins to fill with an inky mass of wriggling, biting, struggling ants. Every falling leafcutter carries down a few grains of treacherous sand with it, making the descent easier, and soon the pit is full to overflowing. minutes more they will all be out again at their accustomed labours, just a little sore about the legs, perhaps, where they have bitten one another, but no worse for their tumble, and all that will remain of the dreadful cavern will be a slight depression in the soil.

Satisfied with the result, I resume my solitary ramble, and by-and-by coming upon a fine Escandalosa bush I resolve to add incendiarism to my list of misdeeds. It might appear strange that a bush should be called Escandalosa, which means simply Scandalous, or, to speak more correctly, which simply means Scandalous; but this is one of those quaint names the Argentine peasants are fond of giving to plants and other natural objects. The Escandalosa is a widespreading shrub, three to five feet high, thickly clothed with prickly leaves, and covered all the year round with large pale yellow immortal flowers; and the curious thing about the plant is that when touched with fire it blazes up like a pile of shavings, and is immediately consumed to ashes with a marvellous noise of hissing and crackling. And thus the bush I have found burns itself up on my placing a lighted match at its roots.

I enjoy the spectacle amazingly while it lasts, the brilliant tongues of white flame darting and leaping through the dark foliage making a very pretty show; but presently, contemplating the heap of white ashes at my feet where the green miracle covered with its everlasting flowers flourished a moment ago, I began to feel heartly ashamed of myself. For how have I spent my day? I remember with remove

the practical joke perpetrated on the simple-minded coots, also the consternation caused to a whole colony of industrious ants; for the idler looks impatiently on the occupations of others, and is always glad of an opportunity of showing up the futility of their labours. But what motive had I in burning this flowering bush that neither toiled nor spun, this slow-growing plant, useless amongst plants as I amongst my fellow-men? Is it not the fact that something of the spirit of our simian progenitors survives in us still? has noticed monkeys in captivity—their profound inconsequent gravity and insane delight in their own unreasonableness-has not envied them their immunity from cold criticism? That intense relief which all men, whether grave or gay, experience in escaping from conventional trammels into the solitude, what is it, after all, but the delight of going back to nature, to be for a time, what we are always pining to be, wild animals, with nothing to restrain us in our gambols, and with only a keener sense of the ridiculous to distinguish us from other creatures.

But what, I suddenly think, if some person in search of roots and gums, or only curious to know how a sporting naturalist spends his days, gunless in the woods, should be secretly following and watching me all the time?

I spring up alarmed, and cast my eyes rapidly around me. Merciful heavens! what is that suspiciously human-looking object seventy yards away amongst the bushes? Ah, relief inexpressible, it is only the pretty hare-like Dilochotis sitting up on his haunches, gazing at me with a meek wonder in his large round timid eyes.

The little birds are bolder and come in crowds, peering curiously from every twig, chirping and twittering, with occasional explosions of shrill derisive laughter. I feel myself blushing all over my face; their jeering remarks become intolerable, and, owl-like, I fly from their persecutions to hide myself in a close thicket. There, with greygreen curtains about and around me, I lie on a floor of soft yellow sand, silent and motionless as my neighbour the little spider seated on his geometric web, till the waning light and the flute of the tinamou call me home to supper.

W. H. HUDSON.

## AUTHORS AS SUPPRESSORS OF THEIR BOOKS.

LIKE in the annals of forgery-State forgery of "real" evidence -and in the annals of the British drama, "The Golden Rump" has a history very well known. It was a farce, the representation of which was made the excuse for the passing of the Act whereunder the licensing of theatrical performances was established. At the same time it was a farce which those in power had directly induced its author to compose. That there was no one to imagine or tolerate a play sufficiently rampant to justify the proposal to fetter, which Party Government imagined it well to execute—that this was believed, becomes a testimony to the potency of customary selfregulation. Now conversely, and carrying the analogy to all branches of literature, it may be asserted that the suppression of books by authors themselves is likely to be comparatively frequent just in those countries in which the State does not much concern itself with suppression by its authority. If this analogy have force it must, to Englishmen, be peculiarly gratifying—though the elements of restraint have prevailed in our history to an extent far beyond general beliefat a time when Dr. Reusch's excellent Index of books prohibited by the authority of Pope, Archbishop, or Continental University is extracting from the competent critics of all countries the homage which untiring assiduity, monumental learning, and rich moderation compel.

However, into the measurement of this comparative frequency, causes essentially enter. These in England, as in other realms, have abounded. Now, of all the motives which have led authors to consign their compositions to the flames, one of the most frequent, if one of the least seductive, has been the ridicule and elaborate discouragement with which parents have received the knowledge of their offspring's first essays. The feeling which prompts this is not one to be altogether blamed: it has its partial justification even in the distaste with which the recipient children lay open their treasure-house to those who in days of feebleness have guarded them. For

there is, as Tom Tulliver felt, a "family repulsion which spoils the most sacred relations of our lives," and which is only broken down by some community of art levelling with the sense of a universality wherein all distinction of discipleship is lost, or else by dire circumstance shattering into shapelessness beyond disguise. This, perhaps, rather than quicker sensitiveness, is why it is that young Mozart met response, but the little Burney girl did not. Only to Susanna, her sister, would Fanny breathe her secret, and anxious was she because her mother gained sufficient inkling to induce her periodically to tell the evils of a scribbling turn of mind. But, as with Petrarch centuries before, some time in her fifteenth year the promptings of obedience gained the day. "She resolved," says Charlotte, her niece and editor, "to make an auto da fé of all her manuscripts, and, if possible, to throw away her pen. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when Dr. and Mrs. Burney were from home, she made over to a bonfire in a paved play-court the whole stock of her compositions, while faithful Susanna stood by, weeping at the conflagration. Among the works thus immolated was one tale of considerable length, the 'History of Caroline Evelyn,' the mother of 'Evelina.'"

As if further to justify the halting or rebuking posture which at first is apt to prove provocative of indignation, remarkable diffidence in maturer life has pushed its way into sight where early publications have been due to parental sympathy. The historian of Greece, Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, was taught Latin at the age of three: at four could "read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him," and at seven began the composition of didactic homilies. Now to this precocity was allied a taste for verse, especially as shown in Dryden and in Pope; and the result was the issue of a work, edited and prefaced by the father, entitled "Primitiæ: or Essays and Poems on various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining; by Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age." But not only did these effusions lead to no riper verse, but it is understood the Bishop disliked the little book, and by no means enjoyed seeing copies of it. That he went to the length of Thomas Lovell Beddoes we are not prepared to say. He, when a freshman at Oxford, first owned himself an author by sending to the press the "Improvisatore." "Of this little memento of his weakness, as he used to consider it," says his biographer, "Beddoes soon became thoroughly ashamed, and long before he left Oxford he suppressed the traces of its existence, carrying the war of extermination into the bookshelves of his acquaintance, where, as he chuckled to record, it was his wont to leave intact in its externals (sow

binding perhaps of his own selection), but thoroughly eviscerated,

every copy on which he could lay his hands."

Gymnasiarch as well as poet, it was natural that Pehr Henrik Ling, the Swede, should do whatever he did with energy. Still, the burning of eleven volumes by the time the age of twenty-one was reached must be allowed to show as much vigour and striving after excellence in the language of the gods as in what has been humorously termed "the language of nudges." Indeed, the author of the epic "Asar" does not seem to have thrown any work into general circulation until he arrived at thirty, and then only on the pressure offered by some friends, without his knowledge, having got up a subscription for the publication of one of his poems, when, says he, "I could not honourably refuse." Yet there must have been much of interest in these now perished volumes, for not only had their author, early as school-days, experienced something of the bitterness of life-of a political life, which was shared by the people-in being driven from Wexio because he would not betray innocent youngsters who had been comrades, but in the wandering outcast career which for some years following he had strange and drear experience, which, acting on a nature poetic and passionate, can hardly but have expressed itself now in soothing verse, now in melancholy, but ever in rich and true. It could at least be wished, if but for the purpose of forwarding that life-resulting interchange of matter which men of science assure us ceaselessly proceeds, that some of those who compose under feeble inspiration, or under inspiration which has lost its fire with lapse of time and change of circumstance, and which, though a spiritless yeast, tempts to use as a ferment, would be as little sparing in their sacrifices, so that it should not be held up as a thing for boast, as we perceive it of late to have been in the case of the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, that some five hundred pages of sermons have been delivered to the irrevocable pyre.

There is the semblance of a common motive inducing men to destroy their early work, and to give over the labour of their hands to consumption on approach of death. But in the latter case there is usually more concentration and intensity of purpose. The purpose unquestionably may have this added intensity merely in meanness; but there is also scope for more valorous self-judgment. The

argument is clearly seized by Dugald Stewart thus:-

It is but seldom that a philosopher who has been occupied from his youth with moral or political inquiries succeeds completely to his wish in stating to others the grounds upon which his own opinions are founded; and hence it is that the known principles of an individual who has approved to the public his

candour, his liberality, and his judgment, are entitled to a weight and an authority independent of the evidence which he is able, upon any particular occasion, to produce in their support. A secret consciousness of this circumstance, and an apprehension that by not doing justice to an important argument the progress of truth may be rather retarded than advanced, have probably induced many authors to withhold from the world the unfinished results of their most valuable labours, and to content themselves with giving the general sanction of their suffrages to truths which they regarded as peculiarly interesting to the human race.

This finely balanced observation-kind, penetrating, lacking warmth, that it may appear more general, more forcible—was made apropos of Adam Smith. It appears from a letter to Hume that as early as 1773 Smith, who died in 1790, had determined that the bulk of the literary papers about him should never be published. And he would in after-life seem carefully to have separated, as he esteemed it worthy or not, whatever work he did. Among the papers destined to destruction one may guess-for though Smith, to the end a slow composer, had the habit of dictating to a secretary as he paced his room, the contents of his portfolios were not certainly known to any-were the lectures on rhetoric which he read at Edinburgh in 1748, and those on natural religion and jurisprudence which formed part of his course at Glasgow. But his anxiety to blot out the trace of even these, which he was too conscientious not at one time to have deemed sound, so increased as his last painful illness drew the threads of life out of his willing hand, that Dr. Hutton says he not only entreated the friends to whom he had entrusted the disposal of his MSS., to destroy them with some small specified exceptions, in the event of his death; but at the last could not rest satisfied till he learnt that the volumes were in ashes; and to that state, to his marked relief, they were accordingly reduced some few days before his death.

This anxiety of Smith's, who had justly confidence in his executors, has frequently been entertained very reasonably indeed with regard to reminiscences, the spicy character of which often requires the publication to be long posthumous, but tempts the graceless to make it not so. Rochefoucauld's "Mémoires," which have, however, more of the chronicle and less of the journal than is generally relished, were certainly delayed, as the event turned out, long enough after his death, in appearing in any tolerable form. But it had been like not to be so. While he was still living he found that at the shop of Widow Barthelin, relict of a printer of Rouse secretly put to press by the orders of the

Arnaud d'Andilly, to whom Rochefoucauld had submitted it for the purposes of correction-"Particulièrement pour la pureté de la langue." Measures as furtive were necessary to recover it. The Duke accordingly pounced on the printer, gave Widow Barthelin twenty-five pistoles, carried off the whole of the edition, and stored it in a garret of the Hôtel de Liancourt at Paris. We doubt if it is generally known that this edition, wherein the widow had shown few signs of care, was entitled, "Relation des guerres civiles de France, depuis août 1649 jusqu'à la fin de 1652." In curious contrast is the fact that sometimes a relative destroys what the author has shown no vigilant scrupulousness in suppressing. It was perhaps esteemed by the "very devout lady of the family of St. John," who was mother to the notable Rochester, on whose death Bishop Burnet has so improvingly written, that the final scenes of her son made it unsuitable that any of his papers should be kept-especially the history of the intrigues of the court of Charles II. reported by Bolingbroke to have been written by him in a series of letters to his friend Henry Saville.

Nor let it be supposed that this would have been so adverse to the desires of Rochester himself. The late James Thompson, author of the "City of Dreadful Night," destroyed before his death all that he had written previous to 1857, though he had been very virulent against a sample king who of malice prepense with gross ingratitude thus treated the donor of a priceless if imaginary gift:—

A writer brought him truth;
And first he imprisoned the youth;
And then he bestowed a free pyre
That the works might have plenty of fire,
And also to cure the pain
Of the headache called thought in the brain.

Pierius Valerianus tells us that Antonius Marosticus, when held in high esteem and loved of all men, enjoying the dainties of life at the court of some Cardinal, and dallying with existence which he had rooted hopes would henceforth be peaceful, was carried off within three days by a sudden epidemic. The doleful deed, Pierius says, was made more distressful by the fact that sanitary considerations required the cremation of all the dead man's books with the dead man's books. How far the sense of tragedy may lie in this melancholy incident, the death of Shelley helps one to appreciate. His corpse was washed ashore near the Via Reggio, four miles from that of his friend Williams, which lay close to the tower of Migliarino, at the Bocca Lericcio. The attitude was memorable. His right

hand was clasped in his heart. Bent back and thrust away, as if in haste, was in a side pocket the last volume of the poet Keats. It had been lent by Leigh Hunt, who had told the borrower to keep it till he should return it by his own hands. This impossible, and Hunt refusing to receive it through others, it was burnt with the body amid frankincense and myrrh.

It was fit that the pathetic in death should spring from a cause so troublous in life. Again and again was Shelley wounded by the forced suppression of his work. Doubtless merit is not extreme in the two-act tragedy of "Œdipus Tyrannus, or Swellfoot the Tyrant." But its fate was as subtle and sure as that of Œdipus himself. Written abroad, it was transmitted to England, printed and published anonymously, and stifled at the very dawn of its existence by the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," who threatened a prosecution upon it, if not immediately withdrawn. The friend who had taken the pains of bringing it out did not deem it worth the cost, to pocket and nerve, of a contest, and it was laid aside—only to be revived in Mrs. Shelley's second edition. It is said, indeed, that but seven copies are extant, one of which Mr. Buxton Forman, the industrious and intelligent editor to whom the best students of Shelley feel themselves the most beholden, secured, by search through the vast stores of Mr. Lacy, the dramatic publisher of the Strand-one of the very last plays in the very last boxes—a mere paper pamphlet, devoid of a wrapper, carried away at the cost of a sixpence, proving to be the treasure. And far was the Œdipus from being the sole cause of trouble in respect of the works of its author. Posthumous Poems of Shelley were suppressed on the application of Sir Timothy, his father. The Posthumous Letters, which excellent forgers had contrived to manufacture from articles written after the decease of the poet, exercising an amount of ingenuity described as "most extraordinary," and receiving the reward of the labour of their hands from Sir Percy Shelley, or from Mr. Moxon, were called in on the discovery of the fraud. "Laon and Cythna" was cancelled to make way for the "Revolt of Islam." "Queen Mab," which had been written when Shelley was eighteen, though completed only when in his twenty-first year, was surreptitiously published while its author was in Italy-copies having been distributed among his friends-and though adjudged by the Court of Chancery, from which an injunction was sought for restraint of this irregular edition, to be disentitled to privilege on the futile score of an immorality shocking to the British constitution, it and its notes were

prosecutions and convict fame, ventured to 1

The poets, indeed, of Shelley's time were peculiarly unfortunate. It is a sound enough deduction of law that what is evil—is filthy, or blasphemous, or scandalous-cannot be for the benefit of the public to learn of, nor therefore an object of the law, which is built on the needs of society, to extend its protection to-a protection which has in view the advantages of private individuals only as But in this refusal of the active bestowment of members of society. privilege the guardian of public morals is an individual man, in no sense a representative of his country—a judge of the old Court of Chancery. Now in active suppression, in punishment for enticing the public to things contaminating and none the less subtle because presented in intellectual form, there is indeed the benefit of the presence of a judge, but the issue is with a jury. And the unfortunate interval, or breach, through which public morals are so roughly assailable is measured (usually at least) by the sum of the differences between a publication disentitled to privilege or worthy of punishment, and the judgment of an individual or the opinion of the country. In this vast moral interval, to say nothing of the interval of time which rapidity in administration, on the one hand, and slowness in administration, on the other, scarcely ever fail to involve, there is an enticement to the indifferent part of the population, or to that bold and heroic part which dares to set up its private and painfully honest judgment against the judgment of a Chancery judgeto trade upon the bruited knowledge of a suspected well of evil, unchecked by unpalatable astringency in consumption of the draught. With the narrowness of men like Lords Eldon and Ellenborough, and the rebellious attitude held by a nation consciously approaching to the dawn of an age of a freedom of thought greater because more nobly and wit-wisely sanctioned, this breach was disastrously great and beckoned the way to a flood of mischances directly or affectively extensive.

Now, a highly curious result of the working of these doctrines was seen in cases in which—not as with Shelley, nor as with Byron, who vainly sought in February 1822 to suppress the edition of "Cain" which the pirate, Benbow, had printed, and who in the same year saw his "Vision" first refused by the publishers of the Row, then given to John Hunt, then placed by John and his brother in the first number of the Liberal, and then made the subject of a true bill returned by a Middlesex grand jury on an indictment preferred by the "Constitutional Association"—in cases in which, I say, the authors, from change of opinion, were opposed to any publication of their earlier works. The most prominent instance of this occurs, of

course, in the "Wat Tyler" of Laureate Southey. In the height of his pantisocratic schemes, and full of Socialist feelings, Southey had written this dramatic poem, and placed the manuscript in the hands of his brother-in-law, Robert Lovell; he took it to Mr. Ridgway, the London publisher. When Southey visited the Metropolis shortly afterwards, the year was 1794, Mr. Ridgway was in Newgate. Thither Southey went, and either found incarcerated in the same apartment with his publisher, or took with him, the Rev. Mr. Winterbottom, a dissenting minister. It was agreed that "Wat Tyler" should be published anonymously. The piece, however, appears to have been forgotten, and wholly to have escaped the memory of both publisher and Southey. But it had crept-so Cottle, Hone, and Browne may best be reconciled—into the hands of Mr. Witterbottom, who taking it with him, when years had passed, while on a visit to friends at Worcester, beguiled some dull hour by reading the piece for the amusement of the company, who were well pleased to pamper their dislike to Southey by chuckling at his ratting in political opinions. But generosity clearly demanded that this pleasant spirit of carping should have a sphere extended far beyond a Worcestershire company. So thought two of the guests, who obtaining the manuscript, with great devotion sacrificed the long hours of night by transcribing it, being careful the while to preserve the privacy which attends the most highly charitable actions. Through their hands the transcription reached the publisher, and no sooner had his edition appeared than Southey became naturally anxious to lay the ghost of his former beliefs. For that purpose, with the advice of his friends, he applied for an injunction. Lord Eldon refused to grant it, on the plea that "a person cannot recover damages upon a work which in its nature is calculated to do injury to the public." The decision of the Court encouraged the vendors to redouble their efforts, and not fewer than 60,000 copies are said to have been sold during the excitement the case created. As for poor Southey, he defended himself as best he could in the Courier, and underwent the further suspense of seeing a prosecution urged against him by turbulent spirits in the legislature-Lord Brougham first, and Mr. William Smith after. The ridicule was all the more increased by the fact that Southey had recently published in the Quarterly Review an article in most striking contrast. And it is noticeable that in his American Quarterly Review Dr. Orester printed opinions destructive of his early views

in sympathy with Socialistic and transce
as with Unitarianism, and threw (

endeavoured in his own country altogether to suppress, the work by which in this country he is best known, "Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted."

Certainly few authors have had better justification for a change of opinion than Adrian Beverland. In a work quite unfit for general reading, which purported to be issued "Eleutheropoli, in Horto Hesperidum, typis Adami, Evæ, Terræ filii, 1678," he had maintained with nasty nicety that view of original sin which Henri Corneille Agrippa in his "Declamatio de originali Peccato" had nearly as undisguisedly maintained before him. For this performance he was cast into prison at Leyden, and would have fared badly enough had he not found means of escape. His work, however, was sufficiently thought of to provoke from Leonard Ryssenius a "justa detestatio libelli sceleratissimi," just as a previous work had called from Allard Uchtman a "Vox clamantis in deserto, ad sacrorum ministros, adversus Beverlandum." Passing these by, Beverland himself was contented to write stinging libels against the Leyden magistrates and professors, and then to flee to London, where he engaged himself principally in collecting odious pictures. But after a time came a measure of repentance, and though no excessive purity can be claimed for an "Admonition" published by Bateman, of London, in 1697, yet the preface or "advertisement" does certainly contain a strong condemnation of his " Peccatum originale." Fifteen years after, he died in a state of deep poverty, a madmanimpressed with the horrible idea that he was pursued by two hundred men allied by oath to slay him.

A state more interesting than either staunch advocacy or loud condemnation of a position once relied on is that of hesitation. It is one peculiarly unlikely to express itself, because the tendency of hesitation is to refrain; or if expressing itself to arrest attention, because subtile or feeble qualifications refer their interest to the themes they hedge and do not centre in themselves. But when a mind throws itself with force into a posture of racked doubt, and bids us be aware that the struggle, not the issue, is of utter worth, or when with yet greater fervour of expectancy a revelation, we know not whence, we know not whither, is awaited with every nerve fullstrained, the world more surely than by either other mood becomes a gallery rocked with hearkening spectators. I think there is something of this earnest hesitation in a career it is not difficult, at this distance of time, to futilize-Lord Herbert of Cherbury's. There is a very human weakness in his self-debate upon the publication of the "De Veritate," but there is a very human need-and, moreover, a need made personal (as are all needs), though founded in philanthropy. Truly the more sacred experience is—unless it can reach to that intensity and presentness which thrills all who stand enclosed in the thin line of its horizon—the more clearly is it desecrated by the common tread, and seems a thing to mock at. So is it with the scene which Herbert himself describes.

Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the sun, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my work, "De Veritate," in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: "O Thou eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee, give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise, came from heaven (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book.

An aspect of mind combining both resolution and diffidence, which has led to the obliteration of literary work, is reliance on a friend's counsel. An amusing example of this is related in the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus Callistus concerning Marsilius This gentleman had translated Plato into Latin, and came Ficinus. to his learned friend Musurus Candiotus to know his opinion of it. Candiotus, after perusing some few leaves, perceived that it would not satisfy the expectation of the learned, and was even of opinion that it was so slubbered over as to resemble the original (as Cicero the younger did his father) in nothing but in name. He accordingly took up a sponge, dipped it in an ink-pot, and blotted out the first This done, he turns to Ficinus. "Thou seest," quoth he, "how I have corrected the first page; if thou wilt, I will correct the rest in like sort." Now Ficinus was fully as mild in temper as slender in scholarship. "No reason," says he, "that Plato should be disgraced through my default; refine away." And according to his words was it done.

It would appear from Scaliger that even had not Ficinus commenced his out-sponged work afresh, literature would not have lamentably lost. Far, indeed, would this have been from true, had the influence of a friend prevailed to wipe from among the works of Gray "The Progress of Poetry," and "The Bard." I will not deny of its setting the sentence in which Walpole communicates the likelihood of such a fate.

One quality I may safely arrogate to myself: I am not at Many are such timid judges of composition, that they hashed public opinion. Show them a manuscript, though they 1 vol. CCLVII. NO. 1847.

hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause; a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some cavils of Mason (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced Gray to destroy his two beautiful nd sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.

In modern days the function of Mason is more generally filled by adverse public critics. The case of the late Edward Fitzgerald, who by an unfavourable review was induced to withdraw from circulation his "Six Dramas of Calderon," and probably altogether to withhold from the public his rendering of "La Vida es Sueño," and "El Mágico Prodigioso," is until the present unhappily in point.

More melancholy still are those episodes of literary history which present the wearied author consigning with forced smile and show of acquiescence—"coactus volo"—the products of his craft to an untimely end. English history does not lack its instances of these heroic souls in motley, these Herculeses with their distaffs. There is John Selden, and there is Reginald Pecock; let us bare the mishaps of these representatives.

In the time of James I., the clergy were pleased to advance to the utmost the doctrine of the divine right of tithes-a divinity entailed in a pedigree of patriarchal ages, Jewish priesthood, and Christian priesthood. Upon so venerable a claim so cogently revived, lawyers yet looked with jealousy. For they saw in every claim by divine right, where royal and sub-royal patrons were unconcerned, a limitation of human rights, with their correlative human duties very apt to be regulated by positive law. Selden, partaking of the legal spirit--coincident this once with the historic--produced his "History of Tithes," a plain narrative, margented with copious authorities, which established abundantly the duty of paying tenths-but established on the distasteful ground of human authority. James, who patronised divinity partly to show the ardour with which he in his one turn could venerate, partly for the reflected strength wherewith it encircled himself, partly from conceit and cowardice, and partly from better motives, summoned the author to appear before him in December, 1618, at his palace at Theobalds. by Ben Jonson and Edward Hayward, Selden maintained the test of two conferences at Theobalds, and one at Whitehall with the monarch in person; but this in nowise prevented his being called, on January 28, 1618, before seven members of the High Commission Court, in whose presence he was induced to make and sign this declaration.

My good Lords, I most humbly acknowledge the error which I have committed in publishing "The History of Tithes," and especially in that I

have at all, by showing any interpretation of Holy Scriptures, by meddling with councils, fathers, or canons, or by what else soever occurs in it, offered any occasion of argument against any right of maintenance, *jure divino*, of the ministers of the Gospel; beseeching your Lordships to receive this ingenuous and humble acknowledgment, together with the unfeigned protestation of my grief, for that through it I have so incurred both his Majesty's and your Lordships' displeasure conceived against me in behalf of the Church of England.

Beside this forced submission, the authority which had exacted it prohibited the book. Further, Selden was forbidden to publish anything in his own defence, while public invitation—pluckily used—was given to any who should choose to attack either him or his history with all the virulence of pocket and party polemics. Nor was this all, but Selden stooped at the bidding of the king to uphold opinions, no doubt on three small points, which he had seemed to impugn in his greater work. It is pleasant to add that he circulated among his friends in manuscript answers to the attacks which were published against him.

The fall of Pecock was more abject, and less relieved. About 1449 he had written-not printed, of course-"The Repressor." He had in design to defend the clergy from the aspersions, as he conceived them, of the "Bible-men" or Lollards. With this view he vindicated the use of images, the going on pilgrimages, and the retention of the various ranks of the hierarchy in their full directive authority. In 1450 he remained in sufficient esteem—though indeed his treatise was not much circulated for four or five years—to be transferred to the see of Chichester. From that time, however, his good fortune deserted him. The Duke of York conceived it well to cover his strides towards the crown, with the redress of grievances; and the disgrace of Pecock's patrons, the Duke of Suffolk and the Bishop of Norwich, together with the personal dislike the king contracted towards him, made Chichester a safe object of attack. While all things were thus working for the good man's evil, the council met at Westminster in the autumn of 1457, whence by general acclamation Pecock was expelled. He was cited to appear before Archbishop Bourchier on November 11, and the character of his offence became more definitised. He had held cheap the authority of the old doctors, he had denied that the Apostles' Creed was made by the Apostles, and at the same time he had magnified the office of reason -rather than singly of the Scriptures, or rather than singly of the Church—as an ultimate test. Accordingly, to this citation he anpeared, armed with nine of his books, into which it must be were introduced some newly-conceived passages as

were introduced some newly-conceived passages at A committee of bishops, to whom the mate

reported adversely; and after further disputation the archbishop offered Pecock his choice of making a public abjuration of his errors, or of being first degraded, and then delivered over to the secular arm "as the food of fire, and fuel for the burning." He chose the abjuration: a preliminary confession was forthwith made, a written confession was added at Lambeth on the 3rd of December, and on the next day, Sunday, arrayed in his episcopal habit, in the presence of 20,000 persons, he knelt at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Rochester, Durham, and of his "own pure and free will, and without any man's coercion or dread," made his recantation. In this he had declared that he presumed of his own natural wit to prefer the judgment of reason before the Testaments and the authority of the Church; had published many perilous doctrines and books containing enumerated heresies; and now considered himself grievously to have sinned and wickedly to have deceived the people of God, but returned to the unity of the mother Holy Church and renounced both the rehearsed heresies and all other " spices," or kinds of heresy, and exhorted all men not to trust in his books, neither to keep or read them in any wise, but to bring them in haste to the Primate or his agents; in that he publicly assented that his books should be deputed unto the fire, and openly be burnt as an example and terror to all others. The recantation ended, a fire was kindled at the Cross. With his own hands Pecock delivered three folios and eleven quartos of his own composition to the executioner, who took and threw them in the flames, while the Bishop exclaimed aloud " My pride and presumption have brought upon me these troubles and these reproaches." Little could he then think that in some future day England would, at public cost, republish the chief of the books his own lips had condemned.

But the punishment of Pecock did not end here. It was perhaps not much to him that the University of Oxford (which has consistently shown a spirit of illiberality, or at least a burning disposition, throughout its eras almost down to the present age) should in solemn procession, its Chancellor at its head, march to a place where four roads met—the Quatre-voix or Carfax—and there burn to ashes every copy of his works on which hands could be laid. But, deprived of his bishopric, it was necessary that directions should be given for his personal fare. These came to the Abbot of Thorney, to whose Cambridgeshire Abbey the cleric was sent. He was to live for ever in one closed chamber, so contrived that he might hear Mass; to be attended by one sad man to make his bed; to be forbidden all books but a brieviary, a mass-book, a psalter, a legend, and a

Bible; to be refused any thing to write with or on; but to be allowed a sufficiency of food and fire. And in this dolorous state there is all reason to suppose his closing days were spent.<sup>1</sup>

It is recorded of St. Briccius, that when a boy he saw the devil behind the altar, noting the misdemeanours of people on a piece of parchment. This seems to have stirred in him a desire for parchment that he in turn might write; but so firmly did the devil by his teeth stick to the stolen goods, that on the achievement of mastery by his juvenile but saintly competitor, the horny, wicked head was knocked against the wall, at which painful juncture St. Martin, ever valourous, so conjured the devil that he caused him willy-nilly to blot out what he had written. What then, one wonders, was the devil's code of which the people's acts were breaches? What his diabolic, though discarded standard? The prescience of St. Briccius or St. Martin would doubtless be required to tell. But it is plain he too is fabled as possessed with desire to bend the will of men in obedience to some crystallised tradition, some extraneous rule. And yet, what is this principle of tradition, this authority-binding, which in this form and that defeats equally Fanny Burney or Gray, Shelley, Southey or Selden? It is something which, no matter what its ineptness to the circumstances of the present, cannot yield; which is made up of the circumstances of the past, and has in its whole as much as in every shred the inevitability of the past; which pushes by informed private judgment and reason—perhaps on the wiser plea that, ourselves a product of the past, the accumulated and sifted wisdom of that past, the residue of eclecticism on eclecticism, must be most appropriate to guide; or else perhaps on the more foolish, that makes a creed osseous in one infinitely remote exercise of one man's inspired thoughts. As if, in the latter alternative, the very strength was not the very weakness of the argument which reduces after all everything to single and perhaps sullied private judgment; and as if in the former the very strength was not again the very weakness of the argument which cuts off arbitrarily at the last point of systematized

I He was in fact a "recluse" in the ancient and proper sense of the term. For in the Bishop's time it still remained customary, after an imposing ceremony, literally to seal and shut up by the hands of a bishop those—men or women—who elected to be recluses, in a small chamber built for the purpose close to the wall of some church with an opening inwards that the immured tenant might hear the service and receive necessary subsistence. We are told, for example, by St. Foix that Agnes de Rochier, the beautiful daughter of a rich tradesman, commenced such a life at the church of St. Opportune, in Paris, on the 5th of October, Israel and though then of only eighteen years, lived in this hermetic state till the enough age of eighty.

knowledge (more often not at the last) its own method of history. For does it not result that if it be truly said, there is nothing new under the sun, there must in all cases be selection, and if selection be thus the real principle of action, why is some portion of accessible knowledge, some portion even of received knowledge, to be cast without the bounds of usable materials, as though to prohibit us too perchance, from strengthening that uniformity or preponderance in independent selections to which tradition owes its strength? Thirlwall may act as Pecock, and Beddoes as Fitzgerald—but both the virtue of action and the virtue of restraint are lost.

Herodotus, if we may believe Blakesley and Professor Sayce, though the "Father of History," by no means illustrates tradition at its best. Different, however, would it be, could we make up our minds, backed by the later authority of Canon Rawlinson, to side in this perennial contest with Henri Estienne. This scholar in preparing an edition of that ancient traveller took occasion to maintain that-his author was the reporter of things fabulous to an extent far less than was generally supposed. Hearing that of this defence, which was written in Latin, it was proposed to make a translation into French, he determined, as an old critic says, to become now a traditore as he had formerly early been a traduttore, and to render his own work. But if this was his original purpose, he immediately lost sight of it. He took up, in fact, his argument thus:-From the unlikelihood of an event it is unreasonable to conclude against it: Herodotus may have reported things true, in presenting unlikely tales, otherwise, we must banish a prodigious amount of incontestable but absurd matter, though much of this character has occurred of late, especially in popery, as I proceed to instance in anecdotes which objectors may style apocryphal, fables they will call malicious, and chronicles they are certain to brand as scandalous. Now, this was clearly of intolerable bearing. And according to Tollius, its upshot was that Estienne was burnt in effigy at Paris; though, having fled to the mountains of Auvergne, and being in the thick of winter, he was enabled to chuckle at his joke that he never was so cold as when he was being burnt, a joke the authenticity of which late commentators might perhaps have less readily impeached had they remembered that Antonio de Dominis had used it, as he too for writing an unappreciated book was consumed in effigy at Rome, while he lay shivering with the cold of a November at sea and a fugitive's fears at Certain it is that at Geneva Estienne met with repulse. the archives of that state show that late in 1566, on his first applying for a license to expose for sale his "Apologie pour Herodote," he wa

directed to amend "certains feulletz où il y a des propos vilains et parlans trop évidemment des princes en mal," and that after these amendments were duly made he deliberately encouraged the suppression of his work, by taking advantage of an imperfect piratical edition, appearing at Lyons, to add without license the famous "Avertissement" with its tables or indexes, which drew down upon him imprisonment, followed quickly by enlargement coupled with conspicuous deprivation of the Eucharist on one occasion—if that be the meaning of "pour punition, privé de la cène, pour une fois."

With consequences more radical, but with either far more boldness or far less wit, Camille Desmoulins upwards of two centuries after courted the suppression, not indeed of a book, but of life. It was full four years since he had learnt that the parliament of Toulouse had hurried to the flames his "La Libre France," when entering the Jacobins Club, just two days after the publication of the fifth number of his Vieux Cordelier, he heard the question being for the third time put, whether he should be expelled. His presence quelling in no measure the rising anger, Robespierre, desirous to stay the wrath of the Jacobins by sacrificing the work to save the author, spoke. "Camille," said he with dryness, and that air of patronage which the simulation of a tempered passion carries, "is a spoilt child; he had a good disposition; bad company has led him astray." "We must," urged he, concluding, "deal vigorously with these numbers, which even Brissot would not have dared to acknowledge, but we must keep Desmoulins among us. I demand, for example's sake, that these numbers be burnt before this society." But with what surprise did the echo of this speech, proceeding clearly, and accompanied with indignant flash of eye, greet him-"Bravo, Robespierre; but I will answer with Rousseau, To burn is not to answer." Strange retort! Had pride so dulled perception, or surprise with one stroke slain confidence in all? No wonder that not less the change of time than the terms, the very measuredness of the answering words bidding Camille learn that he was treated with indulgence, and disclosing that his mode of justification would be held to show that the worst import of his writings was designed, left in him a sense that his present non-expulsion, even the restoration of the title of "Cordelier," had no security. The lull was false, Desmoulins was lost.

Concession to honest criticism was received with not more tact by Richelieu than by Desmoulins. It is true that in the Cardi case the upshot, perilous as it seemed to one of the grand of dramatic literature, was merely ludicrous—but it may also that that was because the appeal was indeed through the intellect, but to the passive, not the active powers of man. The Cardinal was dramatist, and had carried politics into comedy by making the characters called France, Spain, or names of other States develope the fortunes of "Europe." Anxious to get the countenance of the Academy, which his energies had largely organized, he sent the piece to them, that any errors in the rules of the style or poetry might be corrected. The Academy fulfilled their task, criticising so severely that scarcely a line was left unaltered. The Cardinal—but I may as well adopt the tale as Noël d'Argonne tells it.

The Cardinal, to whom it was brought back in this condition, was so enraged that he tore it on the spot, and threw it in pieces into the hearth. This was in summer, and fortunately there was no fire in the hearth. The Cardinal went to bed; but he felt the tenderness of a father for his dear Europe; he regretted having used it so cruelly; and calling up his secretary, he ordered him to collect with care the papers from the chimney, and to go and look whether he could find any paste in the house-adding that in all probability he would find some starch with the women who took charge of his linen. The secretary went to their apartment; and having found what he wanted, he spent the greater part of the night with the Cardinal in trying to paste together the dismembered comedy. Next morning he had it recopied in his presence, and changed almost every one of the corrections of the Academy, affecting, at the same time, to retain a few of the least important. He sent it back to them the same day by Boisrobert, and told them they would perceive how much he had profited by their criticisms; but as all men were liable to err, he had not thought it necessary to follow them implicitly. The Academy, who had learned the vexation of the Cardinal, took care not to retouch the piece, and returned it to him with their unanimous approbation.

It seems a pity that after so much care and tenderness the play should have been produced along with "The Cid," and that the audience, less manageable than the Academy, on the announcement that " Europe" would be repeated the next day, murmured their wish for Corneille's piece. But the influence he sought to throw upon the fortunes of the Cid there can be no need to recount to Englishmen. Only it is clear that Richelieu was more like Cicero than Virgil, the former of whom indeed affected to be desirous of burning some productions, but was easily diverted by pleasant flattery; but the latter of whom, after having bestowed the labour of twelve years on his immortal poem, was genuinely conscious of imperfections which so few beside himself could have perceived, that in his last moments he ordered it to be committed to the flames, a fate evaded only by disregard of his solemn testamentary injunction. It is equally clear that Richelieu had not the plea of neglect and undeserved disfavour felt in its extreme by William Collins. For his odes, first published

in 1747, crept slowly into notice, were spoken of indifferently by his acquaintance Dr. Johnson, and met with feeble praise from Gray. The while the author was sensible of their beauty, and so deeply felt the coldness with which they were received, that he obtained from his publisher the unsold copies and burnt them with his own hand. "If then his highly finished productions brought back but disappointment," hypothesises Mr. Thomas Miller, "how thankful he must have felt that he had not committed himself further by sending into the world such works as his own fine taste condemned! We believe that when he had completed his 'Ode on the Passions,' he knew he had produced a poem which ought to live for ever, for we cannot conceive that the mind which erected so imperishable a fabric could have a doubt of its durability." Alas! an immortality which sees no origin in prasenti—how burdensome it is to bear.

It was the conviction of "Messieurs de Port Royal" that in the denial of self was a tower of moral strength; and in this denial of self they included a true abnegation of the glories of authorship. any work for God were well done," said St. Cyran, "it was the Divine Grace which had effectually co-operated to its performance, and the human instrument was nothing, and less than nothing." With this there was not one of his colleagues unwilling practically to show that he agreed-Pascal least of all. What greater instance of literary modesty can be alleged than the destruction by him of his treatise on geometry, upon his learning that Arnauld had prepared the volume given to the world in 1667 as "Elements" of that subject and his seeing its fitness for the Port Royal schools? most it would be much easier to apply the system of Naugerius, who loving Catullus, but hating Martial, set apart one day that every year he might sacrifice by fire a copy of the works of one epigrammatist to the manes of the other. It is only fair to add that Naugerius, who died while on an embassy to Francis I. in 1529, destroyed shortly before his death a history of his native city, Venice, carried forward from 1486, which he had himself compiled, and sub-

¹ It was observed by Scott of Amwell, a critic of the verbal school, but not without his soundness, and junior to Collins by nine years, that the Oriental Eclogues, which appeared in 1742, were "always possessed of considerable reputation," till Johnson "having hinted that Collins, once in conversation with a friend, happened to term them his Irish Eclogues, those who form opinions not from their own reason or their own feelings, but from the hints of oth hint and circulated it. "That Collins," he adds.

destitute of merit there is no reason to believe judgment was improved by experience. I
faults, among which may possibly he
absurdity."

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mitted to the same effective purging a considerable proportion of his own poetic compositions.

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At this point I conclude. I perceive indeed that there remains scattered through literature unused material of interest, and even that motives to self-suppression of several entire classes have been here unexemplified. But of this we might feel confident, that the more and more this subject were opened up, personal as it appears to the authors themselves, the more and more would one be struck with the duty of the State, and no less than of the State of professed critics and of friends of the hearth, not only not to discourage the expressions of genius if even somewhat errant, but where there is the true appeal—then, as Walpole says, to hasten to praise.

W. H. OLDING.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

#### A SHATTERED MONUMENT.

NE of the red-letter days, among the recollections of my early wanderings, is August 21, 1842, when I started from the Hospice of the Grimsel with a party of Swiss savans that assembled there the day before to visit M. Agassiz on the Aar Glacier. Having quite recently attended Professor Jamieson's class at the Edinburgh University, in which he described with infectious enthusiasm the then wonderful results of the researches of Charpentier and Agassiz on glacier motion and glacier extension, the opportunity of joining such party, which included Professor Pictet, Keller, Lill, Girard, Marcet and others, was very exciting to an excitable youngster like myself, and every incident remains curiously fresh on my memory.

After a march to the foot of the glacier, and then along the moraine, we reached the huge boulder on which was erected the rude tents occupied by Agassiz and his merry men, and designated in large letters, "Hotel des Neufchatelois." Agassiz was then professor in the University of Neufchatel, and spent several summers on the ice, in order to study glacier phenomena.

We were hospitably received by the genial naturalist. Some half dozen of the Neuschatelois were just visible as black specks descending a snow peak they called "Point de Niege," then explored for the first time. A very dangerous mishap to one of them served as the subject of a caricature. The combination of scientific enthusiasm with joviality and daring exhibited generally by these Swiss naturalists, is the subject of some very eulogistic passages in my diary.

I returned with "Fourc," the caricaturist, and a Genevese professor (Pictet, as I afterwards learned). The latter adopted me as his pupil for the time being, and gave me a series of object lessons on the formation of meridian-holes, baignoirs, glacier cones, gla tables, &c., and guided me to a beautiful grotto or subglacial.

\*\*Neufchatelois\*\*, hewn out of the solid ice by the merry men, series of the solid ice by the merry men, series of the solid ice.

descended a natural crevasse to about twenty feet below the surface, and then excavated laterally.

Here I saw a number of those little-known black creatures (a variety of lepisma of podura, if I am not mistaken) that dwell in the ice, creeping about through its pores; and other interesting phenomena demanding a long essay for their description.

I now learn from "Nature," September 11th, that the classical boulder on which we all painted our names in very large capitals, with the red paint abundantly supplied for such inscriptions in this visitors' book, has not descended so peacefully as we anticipated, but that in 1844 it split into two pieces, and "since then the frost has rent it up into a heap of debris." The pieces, however, have been identified by the vestiges of the paint-pot. Some of the names are determinable on the fragments.

They have travelled 2,400 metres between 1840 and 1884, or 55 metres (180½ feet) per annum, and M. Forel, who has just discovered these relics, has painted on them in fresh red colour his own name with that of Herr Ritter, and the date, 1844, in order to secure their future identification for determining the rate of motion of the glacier on which they still float.

I read this history with much sadness, having often contemplated a re-visit to the Aar Glacier in the hope of finding this monument of science still intact, and slowly travelling downwards towards its final resting place on the terminal moraine, where I fondly pictured its arrival a century or two hence, and its consecration as a precious relic.

## INHERITED ANOMALIES.

I N the *Popular Science Monthly* (Appleton & Co. New York) of October, is an interesting paper by Francis J. Shepherd, M.D., on "The Significance of Human Anomalies," these anomalies being the supplementary bones, processes of bones, variations of bloodvessels, supplementary muscles, &c., which the old writers described as "freaks of nature."

Dr. Shepherd shows that they are results of heredity; he might have called them anatomical escutcheons, as they indicate the ancient pedigree of their possessors. Common people, for example, have only twenty-four ribs, but Dr. Shepherd has specimens of skeletons with more than this number, with lumbar ribs, more or less developed, that correspond to the normal lumbar ribs of crocodiles.

These peculiarities run in families, and as the crocodiles came over before the Conqueror, such families have higher pedigree than those with ordinary blue blood.

John Baptista Porta, in his curious old book, "De Humana Physionomia," printed in Hanover, A. D. 1593, describes and pictures the heads and bodies of men who resemble certain animals, and asserts that they have corresponding mental resemblances, supporting his theory by copious quotations from classical authorities, such as Aristotle, Polemon, Adamantius, Hippocrates, Galen, Pliny, Melitius, &c.

He takes each part of the body in detail, describes the mental peculiarities which accompany the physical variations, and refers them to the corresponding animals. Thus men with large ears have asinine dispositions, those with long necks are compared to ostriches. Large-eyed men resemble oxen, and men with small eyes are classed with monkeys. Portraits of each are figured side by side with the corresponding animals, the comparison extending to peculiarities in the colour, coarseness, fineness, and distribution of hair.

I am told that he has some surviving disciples; if so, they may find fresh arguments in Dr. Shepherd's paper, by assuming that the heredity is not confined to the survival of merely physical peculiarities.

#### IS THE FULL MOON RED HOT?

THE recent lunar eclipse presented some curious and unusual features. Instead of appearing as a copper-coloured ball during the totality, the moon became a nearly invisible grey ghost, and as the shadow of the earth drew off, an intermediate penumbra preceded the geometrical penumbra, showing the emerging side of the moon of a greenish grey colour. Previous to totality the same appearance waspresented by the opposite side.

What then becomes of my theory of the heated tufaceous surface showing a red glow due to a temperature of about 600° Fahr.? (See Gentleman's Magazine, February, 1882.)

In order to answer this question, we must consider the conditions which are necessary for the transmission by our atmosphere of the obscure rays of such a dull red glow as supposed. If the atmitself is greedily appropriating the red rays which reach it out, and using them for colouring itself by internal

scattering, the small supply from the dull red orb would be all intercepted, and thus the moon, if transmitting no other rays than these, would be obliterated from our view.

The gorgeous twilight glows that are now being repeated as decidedly as last year, show that such appropriation is vigorously taking place. It has been so vigorous as even to cancel the red rays of the sun, and show that as a "green sun" in India and other places. Mr. Lewis Swift, director of the Warner Observatory, New York, read a paper on Nebulæ, at the recent meeting of the American Association, in the course of which he states that his work had been much obstructed by the fact that there had not been a first rate clear sky since the first appearance of these red glows. The recent extinction of some of the solar rays has been described as a "blanching of the sun."

It must be remembered that white light is a mixture of all the rainbow colours, and that if its red is abstracted, green or blue remains, according to whether the abstracted red was of a crimson or scarlet character. I have frequently during the past twelve months observed that the full moon had a green tinge when a few degrees above the horizon in the midst of the red sunset glow. Others have observed the same. This indicates the extinction of a large amount of red, quite as much as the eclipsed moon heated to 600°, is supposed by my theory to radiate.

The usually accepted theory of the red moon within the shadow, is that its illumination is due to the refraction of sun-light by the earth's atmosphere, and the transmission of the twilight of the lower atmospheric strata, which, according to Herschel ("Outlines of Astronomy," section 424), "will impart to all the rays they transmit the ruddy hue of sunset only of double the depth of tint which we admire in our glowing sunsets, by reason of the rays having to traverse twice as great a thickness of atmosphere." According to this, the eclipse of October 4th should have shown the eclipsed moon as an excessively ruddy ball, for we have had excessively "ruddy hues of sunset" all over the world of late, and on the date of this eclipse the sunset was especially magnificent—in this part at least. It will be interesting to learn what kind of weather prevailed in other parts of the world, in those especially where the sun was rising and setting at the time of the eclipse.

My difficulty in accepting the refraction theory originally arose from its insufficiency to account for the amount of illumination of the coon. Deep as our atmosphere appears to us, it is but a mere skin impared with the diameter of the earth. Only the lower part

this—a mile or two—can bend the sun's rays round sufficiently for them to reach the moon at all, and this part is so loaded with dust and vapour that the sun itself when seen on the horizon is, as we all know, no longer a dazzling orb, or is sometimes quite extinguished before setting, without the intervention of clouds. This obscuration, as Herschell explains, is doubled before the rays can reach the moon.

The lower stratum of air of two miles high, which is the utmost that can be thus illuminated, has a depth of  $\frac{1}{4000}$  of the earth's diameter. Representing the earth by a globe of one foot in diameter, it would be shown in proportion by a line of light  $\frac{1}{4000}$  of a foot, or  $\frac{1}{333}$  of an inch thick, i.e., about the thickness of the paper on which this is printed.

Would the light from such a film surrounding the earth, and obstructed by the dust haze and clouds of the horizon, be sufficient to show us the moon as a glowing ball with all its details visible, to render it "so strongly illuminated as to cast a very sensible shadow?" (Herschel.)

I say no, and the more firmly, seeing that we have a standard of comparison in the earth-shine of the new moon, which is due to the light reflected by the whole surface of the earth with the sun shining fully upon it, instead of merely the little burnished edge of the circular outline of the dark earth which shines upon the moon during the eclipse.

A photometric comparison of these, made with the aid of a telescope, excluding the illuminated crescent, would be very interesting

The angular dimensions of the earth as presented to the moon— (or the size of the earth as it would appear to eyes like ours seeing it from the moon) is about four times that of the sun, as measured or seen from the moon; therefore the solar corona is far too much covered to illuminate the moon in any degree perceptible to us through our atmosphere.

The crucial test for my theory is afforded by those indications of cooling down of the red moon which I observed on 23rd August, 1877, and 6th December, 1881, and described in the note abovenamed. The duration of totality in 1877 was 1 hr. 44 min., against 1 hr. 32 min. in the recent eclipse, and yet in 1877 the markings visible to the naked eye at full moon were clearly distinguishable during the totality. I had wandered over a wild moor from the proper road, had to return to find it, did so by the light of the eclipsed moon and the bearings of the dark mass of the Nephin Beg mountain, visible as a grand background to the landscape throughout the totality, the strenty miles distant.

#### MONSTER EARTH-WORMS AND SEA-SERPENTS.

THE descriptions published from time to time of the appearance and dimensions of the great sea-serpent are no more marvellous than Rapp's description and figure (published about 40 years ago) of the great South African earth-worm measuring six feet two inches in length and proportionally thick. Multiply a boa-constrictor by the quotient obtained by dividing the dimensions of this monster by those of common worms, and we get the outside magnitude of the seaserpent as described by modern mariners.

The great earth-worm is no longer questionable. Mr. F. E. Beddard, of the Zoological Gardens, has obtained a living specimen of the same species as that described by Rapp, but not quite so large, only between 4 and 5 feet long and about half an inch in diameter. It is necessary to say "about" as the creature stretches out and retracts so extensively, like his smaller ordinary cousins, which he externally resembles. The monsters are described as "fairly abundant in the neighbourhood of Port Elizabeth and other parts of Cape Colony," but, like our homely moles, keep out of sight excepting when heavy rains threaten them with drowning. Then they come to the surface, which is covered with hundreds of the interesting creatures crawling about in all directions. When this happens they rarely find their way back again but wander miserably until shrivelled and killed by the sun. The thrifty Chinaman would permit no such waste of animal food in his country.

Apropos of the sea-serpent, few people are aware that much valuable evidence concerning him is suppressed by the flippant sneering of the class of writers who require no other qualification than ignorance of the subject on which they write, viz., the sceptical critics who set up their own imaginings to contradict the evidence of other men's senses. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of trustworthy mariners of all ranks in both the naval and mercantile services, have seen what they believe to be such a creature, but they refuse to publish any account of their observations, knowing they will be insulted, publicly gibbeted as fools or liars, if they do.

It should be remembered that two distinct monsters are described by the Norwegians. First the "Kraken," "Kraxen," or "Krabben," which, as Bishop Pontoppidan says, is "incontestably the largest sea-monster in the world," measurable in miles, the back or upper part of which, the learned prelate tells us, "seems to be in appearance about an English mile-and-a-half in circumference; some my more, but I choose the least for greater certainty."

I have seen this myself, described it in the early editions of "Through Norway with a Knapsack," and made a drawing of it as frontispiece to the last edition. Its petrified remains revealing the whole of its structure are still on the spot and may be examined by anybody.

Then there is the lesser creature, the "Soe orm" or sea-worm, or sea serpent of British mariners. The bishop says, "Though one cannot have an opportunity of taking the exact dimensions, of the creature, yet all that have seen it are unanimous in affirming, as far as they can judge at a distance, it appears to be of the length of a cable, i.e., one hundred fathoms, or six hundred English feet." Though I have not seen this minor monster myself I shall not be at all surprised to learn that in fishing for a broken submarine cable, or in the course of deep sea dredging or trawling, some osseous fragments of the soe orm may one day be brought to the surface.

The history of aerolites should be studied by those who assume that their own ignorance of any thing demonstrates its non-existence. For several centuries the accounts of eyewitnesses who affirmed that they saw stones fall from heaven were treated with scorn and ridicule, even when those stones were picked up and shown, like that weighing 56 lbs. which fell at Wold Cottage in Yorkshire in 1796, and was sent to London; and that weighing 270 lbs. which fell in Alsace, and remained for three centuries suspended by a chain in the church at Einsisheim.

In 1799 the majority of the Fellows of the Royal Society smiled at the credulity of Sir Joseph Banks; and the sneering prevailed well into the present century. Now we know that such stones have fallen upon the earth in countless millions, and still continue to fall.

## EARTH SHAKES AND COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

Y note on coal-mining in Japan (April last), has brought me some correspondence and a copy of an interesting paper by Mr. M. Walton Brown, reprinted from vol. 33 of the proceedings of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, "On the observation of earth-shakes or tremors in order to foretell the issue of sudden outbursts of firedamp."

Our earthquakes are very moderate, mere vibratory undiv "microseismic storms," or "earth shakes," as M them, but they are far more frequent than i The number observed and recorded as the Northern Isles, during the fifter VOL. CCLVII. NO. 1847.

clusive, was 217. The Eastern side of Britain is more shaken than the Western, England and Scotland much more than Ireland.

By collating the dates and frequency of these with those of fatal colliery explosions in Great Britain, Mr. Brown has shown that whilst the correlation is by no means perfect, "the coincidences are well marked, and tend to prove that there may be some connection between the two phenomena."

That such should be the case appears reasonable enough, for if there is a quantity of compressed gas pent up within or near the coal seams, any vibratory strain that can initiate a fissure, or fissures, in the crust that encloses the gas, may supply it with an exit; and the quantity issuing would depend upon the magnitude of the reservoir of confined gas, its pressure, and the width of the fissure, or the number of fissures. It should be understood that the liability to such fissure is increased by the unequal strain upon the enclosing rock when subjected to the outward pressure of the confined gas.

The experiments made by Messrs. G. and H. Darwin on the variations or disturbances of gravity due to the reaction of the moon upon the earth show, as Mr. Brown says, "that the surface of Great Britain is subject to movements of an undulatory and vibratory nature." These are connected with the height of the tides and pressure of the atmosphere, and thus the well-established connection between colliery explosions and barometric fluctuations becomes intimately linked with the "microseismic storms."

Mr. Brown, in his general conclusion, agrees with me as to the desirability of initiating in this country systematic observations of these earth-shakes, similar to those I referred to as being made in Japan, and others which I now learn have been made in Italy.

If Italy and Japan can afford to make such experiments in connection with coal-mining, surely we, who have such vastly greater mining interests, should do so. But who is to pay the expenses, who is to purchase the instruments and supply the observers?

Here is a grand opportunity for those landlords who are receiving huge incomes in the shape of "royalty," or king's money, or nation's money (from 6d. to 15. 6d. per ton on the 150 millions and upwards of coal annually raised), and which the majority of them receive without risking six-pennyworth of capital or doing an hour's work for it. Their best reply to Mr. George and his followers—who are more numerous than many suppose—would be to show that something having a dash of usefulness and dignity in it is now being done by those who have hitherto been paid so liberally for doing nothing.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

## TABLE TALK.

EGYPTIAN OBELISKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

T may interest some of our readers to know that there are in existence rather more than forty Egyptian obelisks. Of these England possesses seven, America one, Germany one, France two, Italy (including Rome, which has twelve) seventeen, and Constantinople two. The remainder, many of which are fallen or broken, are still in Egypt. Widely different are the dimensions of these. The smallest is the Lepsius obelisk, in the Royal Museum at Berlin, which is two feet one and a half inches high, and weighs two hundred pounds; the largest, the unfinished obelisk of Assouan, still in the quarries at Syene, the estimated weight of which is rather more than one and a half million pounds. One million and twenty thousand pounds is the weight of the largest obelisk now standing. This is known as the Vatican obelisk, and was removed by orders of Sixtus V. 1585-6, from the circus of Nero to the site on the Square of St. Peter it now occupies; one of the two obelisks of Luxor, that which has been removed to Paris, comes seventh, with 498,000 pounds of weight; the New York obelisk stands ninth, with 448,000, and the Thames Enbankment obelisk tenth, with 418,000 pounds. Smaller English obelisks are, one at Corfe Castle, weighing 12,000 pounds, a second at Alnwick, weighing 606 pounds, and one at Zion House, concerning which nothing is known. A pyramidion is in existence at Wanstead, and in the British Museum are some fragments of obelisks. These particulars I obtain from the recently published work on Egyptian obelisks by Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, of the United States Navy, by whom was successfully accomplished the task of lowering, transporting, and re-erecting in the Central Park, New York, the obelisk once standing at Alexandria, which disputed with our London obelisk the right to be called Cleopatra's Needle. A singularly interesting record of perseverance and energy does Commander Gorringe supply. His work is moreover enriched with particulars concerning obelisks and the method of their treatment in case of removal, more numerous and more trustworthy than can be elsewhere attained. The only thing to be regretted is that a full translation of

<sup>1</sup> London, J. C. Nimmo,

the legends on the English obelisks is not supplied. Such is not, indeed, according to Commander Gorringe, accessible in any publication. Partial translations are to be obtained. In the case of a work of such historic value, forming one of the objects of chief interest in London, it is surely worth while to furnish a full translation. This duty clearly devolves upon English scholarship, and in no way concerns Commander Gorringe.

#### MEDIÆVAL STUDENTS' SONGS.

O a large class of readers Mr. John Addington Symonds renders a high service in the publication of a series of translations of Latin songs in praise of wine, women, &c.1 such as in mediæval days In the introduction to his were carolled forth by wandering students. book, which should be in the hands of every man of scholarly tastes, Mr. Symonds gives a comprehensive account of the manner in which these songs sprang into existence, and of the class by which they were sung. In speaking of the latter as the Goliardi or disciples of Richardus Goliardus, he adds to the English language a word which, like Marinist or Gongorist, is likely to be useful in critical science. It is impossible, in the space of a note to deal with the subjects Mr. Symonds has opened out, or with the merits of his very refined and poetical translations. Such famous drinking songs as "Gaudeamus igitur," still trolled forth in German university towns, must necessarily lose a portion of their spirit in assuming a new dress. Mr. Symonds has, however, executed his work well, and the only recommendation I can make with regard to the second edition, which is sure to be called for, is that he will place the Latin originals, which are still very difficult of access, opposite his renderings. I wish, however, to say a word in favour of the students themselves. dering students, who crossed on foot the Alps to sit at the feet of the great professors of Padua, or who recrossed the same barrier to live in tents about the asylum of Abailard, in the Paraclete, deserve higher Their youth and recognition than is anywhere awarded them. animal spirits led them doubtless into disorders. They were turbulent, quarrelsome, disreputable. Early literature is sufficiently occupied with the pranks they played. Vagabondage was, however, a custom of the time, and these students, as eager in pursuit of learning as of adventure, were the precursors of those to whom are owing the Renaissance and the Reformation. If their songs are sensual, and the views of women are unromantic, delicate sentiment was not characteristic of the ages in which they were composed. M edizeval lyrics

<sup>1</sup> Wine, Women, and Song, by John Addington Symonds. Chatto & Windes,

in which tenderness and beauty are discernible, are still extant. They are, however, rare. So far as regards the student, at a period in which most thought, that was not bestowed upon the sufferings and hardships of daily life, was devoted to mysticism or controversy, the praise of purely physical enjoyment is to be expected. It is perhaps less than just to Mr. Symonds' admirable book to make it the text of such a sermon.

#### A FEMININE REVENGE.

EW things in literature are sadder to contemplate than the revenge, after death, which is sometimes taken by a jealous and an hysterical woman. The scandal concerning Lord Byron, which, after her own stake in life was over, Lady Byron continued to create, is scarcely appeased when a scarcely less unpleasant scandal, also posthumous, concerning Lord Lytton is stirred. Of all violations of what ought to be sanctities, the publication of Lord Lytton's loveletters is to my thinking the worst. Neither Lady Lytton nor her executrix and biographer can have seen the import of the letters now given to the world. Lord Lytton, whose defence I am noways disposed to undertake, is no doubt shown in a very foolish and unsatisfactory light, and in a light in which a man should never be seen. His erotic ravings to the woman he subsequently married, and, let it be granted, illtreated, are supremely silly and extravagant. Thousands of men have, however, written the like, and the only justification for their publication has been the recalcitrancy of the writer and the consequent necessity under which a forsaken fair one has been placed to prove in a court of justice the extent of the wrong that has been done her. Even then the publication has been but partial. A few amatory extracts have been read in court, and the more piquant passages have, for one week, been perused by those with leisure enough to attend to idle matters. Lord Lytton's letters written in passionate adoration, and in the strictest conceivable confidence, are now issued in a book 1 which—unless an injunction, for which the son of the writer, the present Lord Lytton has applied, is granted—is likely to spread through all English-speaking communities. A boomerang has, however, been launched against Lord Lytton by his deceased wife, and has returned to injure the assailant. The amount of ridicule that is cast upon Lord Lytton by his silly protestations is small compared to the injury to the memory of Lady Lytton wrought by the com victions which are forced upon the mind. A man does suddenly from such phrase as "I stop to kiss the paper by your hand," to such bewildering rodomontade

<sup>1</sup> Letters of the late Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytten, Sonnenschein & Co.

Lord Lytton exhibits without some considerable concession to his passion has been made by the lady he addresses. In allowing these letters to see the light, and in ordering their publication, Lady Lytton convicts herself of an unmaidenliness, to use no stronger a term, which I should be sorry to think otherwise than exceptional in unmarried English women. If there is anyone still alive with a regard for the dead lady, that regard will best be shown by buying up and suppressing these volumes. As a literary curiosity they must exist, even if their sale is prohibited. It will be sad indeed if they obtain general circulation.

#### Mr. SWINBURNE UPON CHARLES READE.

R. SWINBURNE'S testimony, in the Nineteenth Century

Marazine to Charles Doctor Magazine, to Charles Reade is loyal and ungrudging. As the subject of his eulogy is dead, there is no reason for supposing the poet to be actuated by those sentiments of courtesy which have sometimes distinguished his utterances concerning living writers. Upon Reade's shortcomings he is indeed severe. Reade's theatrical ability, in Mr. Swinburne's opinion, is a chief drawback from his work-Incidents such as the burlesque duel in Christie Johnstone and the living portrait in Peg Woffington "might have made the fortune of a couple of farces" (one of them did much, in fact, to make the fortune of a comedy), but in serious fiction "they are such blemishes as cannot be effaced, and can scarcely be redeemed by the charming scenes which precede or follow them." If Reade had often written as well as he could write, or if he had often written as ill as he could write, the question of his immortality could scarcely, Mr. Swinburne thinks, have been raised. How high is the estimate of Reade is best shown, perhaps, in the authors against whom Mr. Swinburne pits him. Dickens, George Eliot, Defoe, and Alexander Dumas, are a few only of those to whom reference is made on the first page or two. For more or less lengthy comparison or contrast with Reade Mr. Swinburne selects George Eliot and Alexander Dumas, though he holds the author of the "Wandering Jew" to have had more in common with Reade than had the author of "La Reine Margot." The comparison between George Eliot and Charles Reade, or, it will perhaps be more just to say, between the "Cloister and the Hearth" and "Romola," is a masterly piece of criticism. The "Cloister and the Hearth" is accorded a foremost place among Reade's works; but "Griffith Gaunt," in spite of the great blot on its opening story, on which Mr. Swinburne insists, obviously runs it hard in his affection. To Charles Reade's violent denunciation of those who dared to criticise

his own work or that of his friends Mr. Swinburne refers. safe to do so. He also alludes to his "amazing misconception of the duty-nay, the very nature and essence-of literary honesty." His general verdict upon Reade is, however, such as will satisfy the admirers of that great, if impetuous and, at times, undisciplined genius.

#### SUB-TROPICAL VEGETATION IN LONDON.

SO wide is now the extent of London, that there are few of its citizens who will pretend to anything like an adequate knowledge of its treasures. It is, moreover, proverbial that residents are far less of sightseers than visitors. I own, however, to being, in my present knowledge, ashamed of my past ignorance. For the first time in my life I went early in September to Battersea Park. Indolently and with no prevision of the treat in store for me, I entered the park, and contemplated its beauties. Whether I was especially favoured I cannot say. The past season had been exceptional in regard of heat, and the flowers, which had experienced some weeks of constant sunshine, might be in all respects above the average. On visiting the part of the park known as the Sub-tropical Garden, I was rewarded by a sight such as I had no idea this country could exhibit. I am familiar with the public gardens of the South of France, and with those of much of Italy and a portion of Spain. I have never, however, seen at any of these at the same period of the year an exhibition such as Battersea then afforded. Absolutely indescribable was the glow of colours to be seen in the open air, and the plants and shrubs seemed in perfect health. I can easily believe, what I now hear, that botanical students from Germany are in the habit of visiting these gardens for the purpose of study. I am at least sure that those who live in London and fail to see them deprive themselves of a high gratification.

## INFLUENCE UPON STYLE OF NEWSPAPER ENCLISH.

HEN the corrupting influence of newspaper style is spoken of, it is well to know what is meant. The habit of writing at "express" speed, which is the wont of the journalist, exercises necessarily an unfavourable influence upon the journalist himself. It may also, to some extent, corrupt an editor, who, compelled to pass indifferent and slovenly writing, gets accustomed to it, and finds possibly, the fine sense of style he formerly blunted in the exercise of his duties. To s influence of one writer in the press up extent deleterious is extravagant; and r

public is corrupted by any style of writing whatever is nonsensical. What amounts to a defence of newspaper writing and an attack upon "purism" in matters of style has been recently published in the shape of one of a series of dialogues signed H. D. T. Those familiar with current literature know that these are the initials of one of the most brilliant, scholarly, and successful of modern journalists. Will H. D. T., I wonder, permit me as an ardent admirer who classes him with Landor, to point out in the dialogue in question one or two specimens of what he thinks the faults of style which much press-work has a tendency to preserve or accentuate? H. D. T. writes: "It is by no means common." Will he explain or justify that phrase? What is meant is, It is far from common. "Such an undertaking can by no means be accomplished," is an acceptable expression. Means, however, have nothing to do with the commonness, or otherwise, of a custom. "Those who daily commit ten times as many sins against the language and its grammar than the newspaper is guilty of in a year." H. D. T. will not, I am sure, defend, in the above sentence, the use of than for as. It is most probably a slip. "I shall be much surprised if the number of such offences etc., are found to exceed a dozen." It may be held by some that number as a noun of multitude may take either a plural or a singular verb. H. D. T. will, however, I opine, not justify the substitution of are for is. "My question was a simple one enough from the experimental side, and not requiring any profound researches into the metaphysics of philology in order to answer it." In the above sentence, omit the "a" and the "one" and the sentence gains greatly in simplicity and force, and "does not require" instead of "requiring" is necessary to grammatical accuracy, unless the objectionable "one" be repeated. Once more: "Having neither of them" (a lawyer and a parliamentary draftsman) "any particular state of feeling in their readers . . . . neither of them are of course in the least degree solicitous," &c. The substitution of is for are in this sentence is imperative. In taking a few instances, they are not all, from a single production of this delightful writer, I must be acquitted of arrogance or of hostility. There is probably no man so thorough a master of style as to be proof against a species of investigation such as I attempt. As the dialogue, moreover, is supposed to be spoken by men simply discussing certain topics of the day, some latitude of phrase is to be accorded. Against H. D. T., however, I maintain that the conditions of journalistic writing exercise a deleterious influence on style. I only regret that this note is too long to permit of my showing at length in what manner the evil is SYLVANUS URBAK. wrought

#### THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1884.

## PHILISTIA.

By CECIL POWER.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOPE.

ROM Edie Le Breton's lodgings Hilda Tregellis drove straight, without stopping all the way, to Arthur Berkeley's house at Chelsea; for Arthur had long since risen to the dignity of an enfranchised householder, and had bought himself a pretty cottage near the Embankment, with room enough for himself and the Progenitor, and even for any possible future domestic contingency in the way of wife and children. It was a very unconventional thing for her to do, no doubt; but Lady Hilda was certainly not the person to be deterred from doing anything she contemplated on the bare ground of its extreme unconventionality; and so far was she from objecting personally to her visit on this score, that before she rang the Berkeleys' bell she looked quietly at her little bijou watch, and said with a bland smile to the suspicious Mr. Jenkins, "Let me see, Jenkins; it's one o'clock. I shall lunch with my friends here this morning; so you may take the carriage home now for my lady, and I shall cab it back, or come round by Metropolitan." Jenkins was too much accustomed to Lady Hilda's unaccountable vagaries to express any surprise at her wildest resolutions, even if she had proposed to go home on a costermonger's barrow; so he only touched his hat respectfully, in his marionette fashion, and drove away at once without further colloquy.

"Is Mr. Berkeley at home?" Hilda asked of the pression who opened the door to her, mentally to time that Arthur's aesthetic tendencies his human surroundings.

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"Which Mr. Berkeley?" the girl asked in reply. "Mr. Berkeley senerer, 'e's at 'ome, but Mr. Arthur, 'e's gone up this mornin' to 'Olloway."

Hilda seized with avidity upon this unexpected and almost providential opening. "No, is he?" she said, delighted. "Then I'll go in and see Mr. Berkeley senior. No card, thank you: no name: tell him merely a lady would like to see him. I dare say Mr. Arthur'll be back before long from Holloway."

The girl hesitated a moment as if in doubt, and surveyed Lady Hilda from head to foot. Hilda, whose eyes were still red from crying, couldn't help laughing outright at the obvious cause of the girl's hesitation. "Do as I tell you," she said in her imperious way. "Who on earth do you take me for, my good girl? That's my card, see; but you needn't give it to Mr. Berkeley senior. Now go and tell him at once that a lady is waiting to see him."

The innate respect of the English working classes for the kind of nobility that is supposed to be represented by the British peerage made the girl drop an instinctive curtsey as she looked at the card, and answer in a voice of hushed surprise, "Yes, my lady." She had heard Lady Hilda Tregellis spoken of more than once at her master's table, and she knew, of course, that so great a personage as that could do no wrong. So she merely ushered the visitor at once into Arthur Berkeley's beautiful little study, with its delicate grey pomegranate wall paper and its exquisite unpolished oak fittings, and said simply, in an overawed manner, "A lady wishes to speak to you, sir."

The old shoemaker looked up from the English translation of Ribot's "Psychologie Anglaise Contemporaine," with whose intricacies he was manfully struggling, and rose with native politeness to welcome Hilda.

"Good morning," Hilda said, extending her hand to him with one of her beaming disarming smiles, and annihilating all that was most obtrusively democratic in him at once by her pleasant manner. "I'm a friend of your son's, Mr. Berkeley, and I've come here to see him about very particular private business—in short, on an errand of charity. Will he be long gone, do you know?"

"Not very," the Progenitor answered, in a somewhat embarrassed manner, surveying her curiously. "At least, I should think not. He's gone to Holloway for an hour or two, but I fancy he'll be back for two o'clock luncheon, Miss ——ur, I don't think I caught your name, did I?"

"To Holloway," Hilda echoed, taking no notice of his suggested

query. "Oh, then he's gone to see the poor dear Le Bretons, of course. Why, that's just what I wanted to see him about. If you'll allow me then, I'll just stop and have lunch with you."

"The dickens you will!" the Progenitor thought to himself in speechless astonishment. "That's really awfully cool of you. However, I dare say it's usual to invite oneself in the state of life that that boy Artie has gone and hoisted himself into, most unnaturally. A fine lady, no doubt, of their modern pattern; but in my day, up in Paddington, we should have called her a brazen hussy.—Certainly, if you will," he added aloud. "If you've come on any errand that will do any good to the Le Bretons, I'm sure my son'll be delighted to see you. He's greatly grieved at their unhappy condition."

"I'm afraid I've nothing much to suggest of any very practical sort," Hilda answered, with a slight sigh; "but at least I should like to talk with him about the matter. Something must be done for these two poor young people, you know, Mr. Berkeley. Something must really be done to help them."

"Then you're interested in them, Miss-ur-ur-ah, yes-are you?"

"Look at my eyes," Hilda said plumply. "Are they very red, Mr. Berkeley?"

"Well . . . . ur . . . yes, if I may venture to say so to a lady," the old shoemaker answered hesitatingly, with unwonted gallantry. "I should say they were a trifle, ur, just a trifle roseate, you know."

"Quite so," Hilda went on, seriously. "That's it. They're red with crying. I've been crying like a baby all the morning with that poor, dear, sweet little angel of a Mrs. Le Breton."

"Then you're a great friend of hers, I suppose," the Progenitor

suggested mildly.

"Never set eyes on her in my life before this morning, on the contrary," Hilda continued in her garrulous fashion. "But, oh, Mr. Berkeley, if you'd only seen that dear little woman, crying as if her heart would break, and telling me that dear Ernest was dying, actually dying; why—there—excuse me—I can't help it, you know; we women are always crying about something or other, aren't we?"

The old man laid his hand on hers quietly. "Don't mind me, my dear," he said with genuine tenderness. "Don't mind me a bit; I'm only an old shoemaker, as I dare say you've heard before but I know you'll be the better for crying—women always tears shed on somebody else's account are never thredear, are they?"

Hilda took his hand between hers, and "

more whispered softly, "No, Mr. Berkeley, no; perhaps they're not; but oh, they're so useless; so very, very, very useless. Do you know, I never felt my own powerlessness and helplessness in all my life so much as I did at that dear, patient little Mrs. Le Breton's this very morning. There I sat, knowing she was in dire need of money for her poor husband, and wanting sufficient food and drink, perhaps, for herself, and him, and the dear darling baby; and in my hand in my muff I had my purse there with five tenners-Bank of England ten-pound notes, you know-fifty pounds altogether, rolled up inside it; and I would have given anything if only I could have pulled them out and made them a present to her then and there; and I couldn't, you see; and, oh, Mr. Berkeley, isn't it terrible to look at them? And then, before I left, poor Mr. Le Breton himself came in, and I was quite shocked to see him. I used to know him a few years ago, and even then he wasn't what you'd call robust by any means; but now, oh, dear me, he does look so awfully ill and haggard and miserable that it quite made me break down again, and I cried about him before his very face; and the moment I got away, I said to the coachman, 'Jenkins, drive straight off to the Embankment at Chelsea;' and here I am, you see, waiting to talk with your clever son about it; for, really, Mr. Berkeley, the poor Le Bretons haven't got a single friend anywhere like your son Arthur."

And then Lady Hilda went on to praise Arthur's music to the Progenitor, and to speak of how much admired he was everywhere, and to hint that so much genius and musical power must of course be largely hereditary. Whereat the old man, not unmoved by her gentle insinuating flattery, at last confessed to his own lifelong musical tastes, and even casually acknowledged that the motive for one or two of the minor songs in the famous operas was not entirely of Arthur's own unaided invention. And so, from one subject to another, they passed on so quickly, and hit it off with one another so exactly (for Hilda had a wonderful knack of leading up to everybody's strong points), that long before lunch was ready, the Progenitor had been quite won over by the fascinations of the brazen hussy, and was prepared to admit that she was really a very nice, kind, tender-hearted, intelligent, appreciative, and discriminating young lady. True, she had not read Mill or Fawcett, and was ignorant of the very name of Herbert Spencer; but she had a vast admiration for his dear boy Artie, and she saw that he himself knew a thing or two in his own modest way, though he was only what the grand world she moved in would doubtless call an old superannuated journeyman shoemaker.

"Ah, yes, a shoemaker! so I've heard somewhere, I fancy," Lady Hilda remarked brightly, when for the third time in the course of their conversation he informed her with great dignity of the interesting fact; "how very delightful and charming that is, really, now isn't it? So original, you know, to make shoes instead of going into some useless profession, especially when you're such a great reader and student and thinker as you are-for I see you're a philosopher and a psychologist already, Mr. Berkeley"-Hilda considered it rather a bold effort on her part to pronounce the word "psychologist" at the very first trial without stumbling; but though she was a little doubtful about the exact pronunciation of that fearful vocable, she felt quite at her ease about the fact at least, because she carefully noticed him lay down Ribot on the table beside him, name upward; "one can't help finding that much out on a very short acquaintance, can one? Though, indeed, now I come to think of it, I believe I've heard often that men of your calling generally are very fond of reading, and are very philosophical, and clever, and political, and all that sort of thing; and they say that's the reason, of course, why Northampton's such an exceptionally intelligent constituency, and always returns such thoroughgoing able logical Radicals."

The old man's eyes beamed, as she spoke, with inexpressible pride and pleasure. "I'm very glad indeed to hear you say so," he answered promptly with a complacent self-satisfied smile, "and I believe you're right too, Miss, ur—ur—ur—quite so. The practice of shoemaking undoubtedly tends to develop a very high and exceptional level of general intelligence and logical power."

"I'm sure of it," Hilda answered demurely, in a tone of the deepest and sincerest conviction; "and when I heard somebody say somewhere that your son was...—well, was your son, I said to myself at once, 'Ah, well, there now, that quite accounts, of course, for young Mr. Berkeley's very extraordinary and unusual abilities!'"

"She's really a most sensible, well-informed young woman, whoever she is," the Progenitor thought to himself silently; "and it's certainly a pity that dear Artie couldn't take a fancy to some nice, appreciative, kind-hearted, practical girl like that now, instead of wearing away all the best days of his life in useless regret for that poor slender, unsubstantial non-entity of a watery little Mrs. Le Breton."

By two o'clock lunch was ready, and just as it had been announced, Arthur Berkeley ran up the front steps, and let himself in with his proprietary latch-key. Turning straight into the dining room, he was just in time to see his own father walking in to lunch arm in arm with Lady Hilda Tregellis. As Mrs. Halliss had graphically expressed it, he felt as if you might have knocked him down with a feather! Was she absolutely ubiquitous, then, this pervasive Lady Hilda? and was he destined wherever he went to come upon her suddenly in the most unexpected and incomprehensible situations?

"Will you sit down here, my dear," the Progenitor was saying to Hilda at the exact moment he entered, "or would you prefer your back to the fire?"

Arthur Berkeley opened his eyes wide with unspeakable amazement. "What, you here!" he exclaimed, coming forward suddenly to shake hands with Hilda; "why, I saw you only a couple of hours since at the Le Bretons' at Holloway."

"You did!" Hilda cried with almost equal astonishment. "Why, how was that? I never saw you."

Arthur sighed quietly. "No," he answered, with a curious look at the Progenitor; "you were engaged when I opened the door, and I didn't like to disturb you. You were—you were speaking with poor little Mrs. Le Breton. But I'm so much obliged to you for your kindness to them, Lady Hilda; so very much obliged to you for your great kindness to them."

It was the Progenitor's turn now to start in surprise. "What! Lady Hilda!" he cried with a bewildered look. "Lady Hilda! Did I hear you say 'Lady Hilda'? Is this Lady Hilda Tregellis, then, that I've heard you talk about so often, Artie?"

"Why, of course, Father. You didn't know who it was, then, didn't you? Lady Hilda, I'm afraid you've been stealing a march upon the poor unsuspecting hostile Progenitor."

"Not quite that, Mr. Berkeley," Hilda replied, laughing; "only after the very truculent character I had heard of your father as a regular red-hot militant Radical, I thought I'd better not send in my name to him at once for fear it might prejudice him against me before first acquaintance."

The Progenitor looked at her steadfastly from head to foot, standing before him there in her queenly beauty, as if she were some strange wild beast that he had been requested to inspect and report upon for a scientific purpose. "Lady Hilda Tregellis!" he said slowly and deliberately; "Lady Hilda Tregellis! So this is Lady Hilda Tregellis, is it? Well, all I can say is this, then, that as far as I can judge her, Lady Hilda Tregellis is a very sensible, modest, intelligent, well-conducted young woman, which is more than I could possibly

have expected from a person of her unfortunate and distressing hereditary antecedents. But you know, my dear, it was a very mean trick of you to go and take an old man's heart by guile and stratagem in that way!"

Hilda laughed a little uneasily. The Progenitor's manner was perhaps a trifle too open and unconventional even for her. "It wasn't for that I came, Mr. Berkeley," she said again with one of her sunny smiles, which brought the Progenitor metaphorically to her feet again, "but to talk over this matter of the poor Le Bretons with your son. Oh, Mr. Arthur, something must really be done to help them! I know you say there's nothing to be done; but there must be; we must find it out; we must invent it; we must compel it. When I sat there this morning with that dear little woman and saw her breaking her full heart over her husband's trouble, I said to myself, somehow, 'Hilda Tregellis, if you can't find a way out of this, you're not worth your salt in this world, and you'd better make haste and take a rapid through-ticket at once to the next, if there is one.'"

"Which is more than doubtful, really," the Progenitor muttered softly half under his breath; "which, as Strauss has conclusively shown, is certainly a good deal more than doubtful."

Arthur took no notice of the interruption, but merely answered imploringly, with a despairing gesture of his hands, "What are we to do, Lady Hilda? What can we possibly do?"

"Why, sit down and have some lunch first," Hilda rejoined with practical common-sense, "and then talk it over rationally afterwards, instead of wringing our hands helplessly like a pair of Frenchmen in a street difficulty." (Hilda had a fine old crusted English contempt, by the way, for those vastly inferior and foolish creatures known as foreigners.)

Thus adjured, Berkeley sat down promptly, and they proceeded to take counsel together in this hard matter over the cutlets and claret provided before them. "Ernest and Mrs. Le Breton told me all about your visit," Arthur went on, soon after; "and they're so much obliged to you for having taken the trouble to look them up in their sore distress. Do you know, Lady Hilda, I think you've quite made a conquest of our dear little friend, Mrs. Le Breton?"

"I don't know about that," Hilda responded with a smile, "but I'm sure, at any rate, that the sweet little woman quite made a conquest of me, Mr. Berkeley. In fact, I can't say what you think, but for my part I'm determined an effort must be another to save them."

"It's no use," Arthur answered, shaking his head sadly; "it can't be done. There's nothing for it but to let them float down helplessly with the tide, wherever it may bear them."

"Stuff and nonsense," Hilda replied energetically. " All rubbish, utter rubbish, and if I were a man as you are, Mr. Berkeley, I should be ashamed to take such a desponding view of the situation. If we say it's got to be done, it will be done, and that's an end of it. must and can be found for him somehow or somewhere.'

"But the man's dying," Arthur interrupted with a vehement gesture. "There's no more work left in him. The only thing that's

any use is to send him off to Madeira, or Egypt, or Catania, or somewhere of that sort, and let him die quietly among the palms and cactuses and aloes. That's Sir Antony Wraxall's opinion, and surely

nobody in London can know half as well as he does about the matter."

"Sir Antony's a fool," Hilda responded with refreshing bluntness. "He knows nothing on earth at all about it. He's accustomed to prescribing for a lot of us idle good-for-nothing rich people "-("Very true," the Progenitor assented parenthetically ;) " and he's got into a fixed habit of prescribing a Nile voyage, just as he's got into a fixed habit of prescribing old wine, and carriage exercise, and ten thousand a year to all his patients. What Mr. Le Breton really wants is not Egypt, or old wine, or Sir Antony, or anything of the sort, but relief from this pressing load of anxiety and responsibility. Put him in my hands for six months, and I'll back myself at a hundred to six against Sir Antony to cure him for a monkey."

"For a what?" the Progenitor asked with a puzzled expression

of countenance.

"Back myself for a monkey, you know," Hilda answered, without perceiving the cause of the old man's innocent confusion.

The Progenitor was evidently none the wiser still for Hilda's answer, though he forbore to pursue the subject any farther, lest he should betray his obvious ignorance of aristocratic manners and dialect.

But Arthur looked up at Lady Hilda with something like the gleam of a new-born hope on his distressed features. "Lady Hilds." he said almost cheerfully, "you really speak as if you had some practicable plan actually in prospect. It seems to me, if anybody can pull them through, you can, because you've got such a grand reserve of faith and energy. What is it, now, you think of doing?"

"Well," Hilda answered, taken a little aback at this practical question, "I've hardly got my plan matured yet; but I've got a plan; and I thought it all out as far as it went as I came along here just now in the carriage. The great thing is, we must inspire Mr. Le Breton with a new confidence; we must begin by showing him we believe in him, and letting him see that he may still manage in some way or other to retrieve himself. He has lost all hope; we must begin with him over again. I've got an idea, but it'll take money. Now, I can give up half my allowance for the next year—the Le Bretons need never know anything about it—that'll be something: you're a rich man now, I believe, Mr Berkeley; will you make up as much as I do, if my plan seems a feasible one to you for retrieving the position?"

The Progenitor answered quickly for him. "Miss Tregellis," he said, with a little tremor in his voice, "—you'll excuse me, my dear, but it's against my principles to call anybody my lady:—he will, I know he will-; and if he wouldn't, why, my dear, I'd go back to my cobbling and earn it myself rather than that you or your friends should go without it for a single minute."

Arthur said nothing, but he bowed his head silently. What a lot of good there was really in that splendid woman, and what a commanding, energetic, masterful way she had about her! To a feckless, undecided, faltering man like Arthur Berkeley there was something wonderfully attractive and magnificent, after all, in such an imperious resolute woman as Lady Hilda.

"Then this is my plan," Hilda went on hastily. "We must do something that'll take Mr. Le Breton out of himself for a short time entirely-that'll give him occupation of a kind he thinks right, and at the same time put money in his pocket. Now, he's always talking about this socialistic business of his; but why doesn't he tell us what he has actually seen about the life and habits of the really poor? Mrs. Le Breton tells me he knows the East End well; why doesn't he sit down and give us a good rattling, rousing, frightening description of all that's in it? Of course, I don't care twopence about the poor myself-not in the lump, I mean-I beg your pardon, Mr. Berkeley,"-for the Progenitor gave a start of surprise and astonishment-" you know we women are nothing if not concrete; we never care for anything in the abstract, Mr. Le Breton used to tell me; we want the particular case brought home to our sympathies before we can interest ourselves about it. After all, even you who are men don't feel very much for all the miserable wretched people there are in China, you know; they're too far away for even you

heads about. But I do care about the Le Brete we might help them a little in this way. I Berkeley; and I know one who I think would just do for the very work I want to set him. (He's poor, too, by the way, and I don't mind giving him a lift at the same time and killing two birds with one stone.) Very well, then; I go to him, and say, 'Mr. Verney,' I say,—there now, I didn't mean to tell you his name, but no matter; 'Mr. Verney,' I shall say, 'a friend of mine in the writing line is going to pay some visits to the very poor quarters in the East End, and write about it, which will make a great noise in the world as sure as midday."

"But how do you know it will?" asked the Progenitor, simply.

Hilda turned round upon him with an unfeigned look of startled astonishment. "How do I know it will?" she said confidently. "Why, because I mean it to, Mr. Berkeley. Because I say it shall. Because I choose to make it. Two Cabinet ministers shall quote it in the House, and a Duke shall write letters to the Times denouncing it as an intensely wicked and revolutionary publication. If I choose to float it, I will float it.—Well, 'Mr. Verney,' I say for example, 'will you undertake to accompany him and make sketches? unpleasant work, I know, because I've been there myself to see, and the places don't smell nice at all-worse than Genoa or the old town at Nice even, I can tell you: but it'll make you a name; and in any case the publisher who's getting it up 'll pay you well for it.' Of course, Mr. Verney says 'Yes.' Then we go on to Mr. Le Breton and say, 'A young artist of my acquaintance is making a pilgrimage into the East End to see for himself how the people live, and to make pictures of them to stir up the sluggish consciences of the lazy aristocrats'—that's me and my people, of course: that'll be the way to work it. Play upon Mr. Le Breton's tenderest feelings. him feel he's fighting for the Cause; and he'll be ready to throw himself, heart and soul, into the spirit of the project. I don't care twopence about the Cause myself, of course, so that's flat, and I don't pretend to, either, Mr. Berkeley; but I care a great deal for the misery of that poor, dear, pale little woman, sitting there with me this morning and regularly sobbing her heart out; and if I can do anything to help her, why, I shall be only too delighted."

"Le Breton's a well-meaning young fellow, certainly," the Progenitor murmured gently in a voice of graceful concession; "and I believe his heart's really in the Cause, as you call it; but you know, my dear, he's very far from being sound in his economical views as to the relations of capital and labour. Far from sound, as John Stuart Mill would have judged the question, I can solemnly assure you."

"Very well," Hilda went on, almost without noticing the interruption. "We shall say to him, or rather we shall get our publisher to say to him, that as he's interested in the matter, and knows the East End well, he has been selected—shall we put it on somebody's recommendation?—to accompany the artist, and to supply the reading matter, the letterpress I think you call it; in fact, to write up to our illustrator's pictures; and that he is to be decently paid for his trouble. He must do something graphic, something stirring, something to wake up lazy people in the West End to a passing sense of what he calls their responsibilities. That'll seem like real work to Mr. Le Breton. It'll put new heart into him; he'll take up the matter vigorously; he'll do it well; he'll write a splendid book; and I shall guarantee its making a stir in the world this very dull season. What's the use of knowing half the odiously commonplace bores and prigs in all London if you can't float a single little heterodox pamphlet for a particular purpose? What do you think of it, Mr. Berkeley?"

Arthur sighed again. "It seems to me, Lady Hilda," he said, regretfully, "a very slender straw indeed to hang Ernest Le Breton's life on: but any straw is better than nothing to a drowning man. And you have so much faith yourself, and mean to fling yourself into it so earnestly, that I shouldn't be wholly surprised if you were somehow to pull it through. If you do, Lady Hilda—if you manage to save these two poor young people from the verge of starvation—you'll have done a very great good work in your day, and you'll have made me personally eternally your debtor."

Was it mere fancy, the Progenitor wondered, or did Hilda cast her eyes down a little and half blush as she answered in a lower and more tremulous tone than usual, "I hope I shall, Mr. Berkeley; for their sakes, I hope I shall." The Progenitor didn't feel quite certain about it, but somehow, more than once that evening, as he sat reading Spencer's "Data of Ethics" in his easy chair, a curious vision of Lady Hilda as a future daughter-in-law floated vaguely with singular persistence before the old shoemaker's bewildered eyes. "It'd be a shocking falling away on Artie's part from his father's principles," he muttered inarticulately to himself several times over; "and yet, on the other hand, I can't deny that this bit of a Tregellis girl is really a very tidy, good-looking, respectable, well meaning, intelligent, and appreciative sort of a young woman. who'd. mavbe, make Artie as good a wife as a pitch on." - ... ... <del>-</del>

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE TIDE TURNS.

WHEN Ernest Le Breton got a letter from the business house of a well-known publishing firm, asking him whether he would consent to supply appropriate letterpress for an illustrated work on the poor of London, then in course of preparation, his delight and relief were positively unbounded. That anyone should come and ask him for work, instead of his asking them, was in itself a singular matter for surprise and congratulation; that the request should be based on the avowed ground of his known political and social opinions was almost incredible. Ernest felt that it was a triumph, not only for him, but for his dearly-loved principles and beliefs as well. For the first time in his life, he was going to undertake a piece of work which he not only thought not wrong, but even considered hopeful and praiseworthy. Arthur Berkeley, who called round as if by accident the same morning, saw with delight that Lady Hilda's prognostication seemed likely to be fulfilled, and that if only Ernest could be given some congenial occupation there was still a chance, after all, of his permanent recovery; for it was clear enough that, as there was hope, there must be a little life yet left in him.

It was Lady Hilda who, as she herself expressively phrased it, had squared the publishers. She had called upon the head of the well-known house in person, and had told him fully and frankly exactly what was the nature of the interest she took in the poor of London. At first the publisher was scandalized and obdurate: the thing was not regular, he said—not in the ordinary way of business; his firm couldn't go writing letters of that sort to unknown young authors and artists. If she wanted the work done, she must let them give her own name as the promoter of the undertaking. But Hilda persevered, as she always did; she smiled, pleaded, cajoled, threatened, and made desperate love to the publisher to gain his acquiescence in her benevolent scheme. After all, even publishers are only human (though authors have been frequently known to deny the fact); and human nature, especially in England, is apt to be very little proof against the entreaties of a pretty girl who happens also to be an earl's daughter. So in the end, when Lady Hilda said most bewitchingly, " I put it upon the grounds of a personal favour, Mr. Percival," the obdurate publisher gave way at last, and consented to do her bidding gladly.

For six weeks Ernest went daily with Ronald and the young

artist into the familiar slums of Bethnal Green, and Bermondsey, and Lambeth, whose ins and outs he was beginning to know with painful accuracy; and every night he came back, and wrote down with a glowing pen all that he had seen and heard of distressing and terrible during his day's peregrination. It was an awful task from one point of view, for the scenes he had to visit and describe were often heart-rending; and Arthur feared more than once that the air of so many loathsome and noxious dens might still further accelerate the progress of Ernest's disease; but Lady Hilda said emphatically, No; and somehow Arthur was beginning now to conceive an immense respect for the practical value of Lady Hilda's vehement opinions. As a matter of fact, indeed, Ernest did not visibly suffer at all either from the unwonted hard work or from the strain upon mind and body to which he had been so little accustomed. Distressing as it all was, it was change, it was variety, it was occupation, it was relief from that terrible killing round of perpetual personal responsibility. Above all, Ernest really believed that here at last was an opportunity of doing some practical good in his generation, and he threw himself into it with all the passionate ardour of a naturally eager and vivid nature. The enthusiasm of humanity was upon him, and it kept him going at high-pressure rate, with no apparent loss of strength and vigour throughout the whole ordeal. To Arthur Berkeley's intense delight, he was even visibly fatter to the naked eye at the end of his six weeks' exploration of the most dreary and desolate slums in all London.

The book was written at white heat, as the best of such books always are, and it was engraved and printed at the very shortest possible notice. Terrible and ghastly it certainly was at bestinstinct with all the grim local colouring of those narrow, squalid, fever-stricken dens, where misfortune and crime huddle together indiscriminately in dirt and misery-a book to make one's blood run cold with awe and disgust, and to stir up even the callous apathy of the great rich capitalist West End to a passing moment's ineffective remorse; but very clever and very graphic after its own sort beyond the shadow of a question, for all its horror. When Arthur Berkeley turned over the first proof-sheets of "London's Shame," with its simple yet thrilling recital of true tales taken down from the very lips of outcast children or stranded women, with its awful woodcuts and still more awful descriptions-word-pictures reeking with the vice and filth and degradation of the most pestilent, overcrowde undrained tenements-he felt instinctively that Ernest Le P book would not need the artificial aid of Lady Hilda's

friends in order to make it successful and even famous. Cabinet ministers might be as silent as they chose, the indignant Duke might confine his denunciations to the attentive and sympathetic ear of his friend Lord Connemara; but nothing on earth could prevent Ernest Le Breton's fiery and scathing diatribe from immediately enthralling the public attention. Lady Hilda had hit upon the exact subject which best suited his peculiar character and temperament, and he had done himself full justice in it. Not that Ernest had ever thought of himself, or even of his style, or of the effect be was producing by his narrative; it was just the very non-selfconsciousness of the thing that gave it its power. He wrote down the simple thoughts that came up into his own eager mind at the sight of so much inequality and injustice; and the motto that Arthur prefixed upon the title-page, "Facit indignatio versum," aptly described the key-note of that fierce and angry final denunciation. "Yes, Lady Hilda had certainly hit the right nail on the head," Arthur Berkeley said to himself more than once: "A wonderful woman, truly, that beautiful, stately, uncompromising, brilliant, and still really tender Hilda Tregellis."

Hilda, on her part, worked hard and well for the success of Ernest's book, as soon as it appeared. Nay, she even condescended (not being what Ernest himself would have described as an ethical . unit) to practise a little gentle hypocrisy, in suiting her recommendations of "London's Shame" to the tastes and feelings of her various acquaintances. To her Radical Cabinet minister friend, she openly praised its outspoken zeal for the cause of the people, and its value as a wonderful-storehouse of useful facts at first hand for political purposes in the increasingly important outlying Metropolitan boroughs. "Just think, Sir Edmund," she said, persuasively, "how you could crush any Conservative candidate for Hackney or the Tower Hamlets out of that awful chapter on the East-End matchmakers;" while with the Duke, to whom she presented a marked copy as a sample of what our revolutionary thinkers were really coming to, she insisted rather upon its wicked interference with the natural rights of land. lords, and its abominable insinuation (so subversive of all truly English ideas as to liberty and property) that they were bound not to poison their tenants by total neglect of sanitary precautions. "If I were you, now," she said to the Duke in the most seemingly simpleminded manner possible, "I'd just quote those passages I've marked in pencil in the House to-night on the Small Urban Holdings Bill, and point out how the wave of Continental Socialism is at last invading England with its devastating flood." And the Duke who

was a complacent, thick-headed, obstinate old gentleman, congenitally incapable of looking at any question from any other point of view whatsoever except that of his own order, fell headlong passively into Lady Hilda's cruel little trap, and murmured to himself as he rolled down luxuriously to the august society of his peers that evening, "Tremendous clever girl, Hilda Tregellis, really. 'Wave of Continental Socialism at last invading England with its what-you-maycall-it flood,' she said, if I remember rightly. Capital sentence to end off one's speech with, I declare. Devizes'll positively wonder where I got it from. I'd no idea before that girl took such an intelligent interest in political questions. So they want their cottages whitewashed, do they? What'll they ask for next, I wonder? Do they think we're to be content at last with one and a-half per cent. upon the fee-simple value of our estates, I should like to know? Why, some of the places this writer-fellow talks about are on my own property in The Rookery-' one of the most noisome court-vards in all London,' he actually calls it. Whitewash their cottages, indeed! The lazy improvident creatures! They'll be asking us to put down encaustic tiles upon the floors next, and to paper their walls with Japanese leather or fashionable dados. Really, the general ignorance that prevails among the working classes as to the clearest principles of political economy is something absolutely appalling, absolutely appalling." And his Grace scribbled a note in his memorandumbook of Hilda's ready-made peroration, for fear he should forget its precise wording before he began to give the House the benefit of his views that night upon the political economy of Small Urban

Next morning, all London was talking of the curious coincidence by which a book from the pen of an unknown author, published only one day previously, had been quoted and debated upon simultaneously in both Houses of Parliament on a single evening. In the Commons, Sir Edmund Calverley, the distinguished Radical minister, had read a dozen pages from the unknown work in his declamatory theatrical fashion, and had so electrified the House with its graphic and horrible details that even Mr. Fitzgerald-Grenville, the well-known member for the Baroness Drummond-Lloyd (whose rotten or at least decomposing borough of Cherbury Minor he faithfully represented in three successive Parliaments), had mumbled out a few half-inaudible apologetic sentences about this state of the being truly deplorable, and about the nece distressing social crisis by the promethat excellent specific and familiar

In the Lords, the Duke himself, by some untoward coincidence, had been moved to make a few quotations, accompanied by a running fire of essentially ducal criticism, from the very selfsame obscure author; and to his immense surprise, even the members of his own party moved uneasily in their seats during the course of his speech; while later in the evening, Lord Devizes muttered to him angrily in the robing room, "Look here, Duke, you've been and put your foot in it, I assure you, about that Radical book you were ill-advised enough to quote from. You ought never to have treated the Small Urban Holdings Bill in the way you did; and just you mark my words, the papers 'll all be down upon you to-morrow morning, as sure as daylight. You've given the Bystander such an opening against you as you'll never forget till your dying day, I can tell you." And as the Duke drove back again after his arduous legislative efforts that evening, he said to himself between the puffs at his Havana, "This comes, now, of allowing oneself to be made a fool of by a handsome woman. How the dooce I could ever have gone and taken Hilda Tregellis's advice on a political question is really more than I can fathom :- and at my time of life too! And yet, all the same, there's no denying that she's a devilish fine woman, by Jove, if ever there was one."

Of course, everybody asked themselves next day what this book "London's Shame" was like, and who on earth its author could be; so much so, indeed, that a large edition was completely exhausted within a fortnight. It was the great sensational success of that London season. Everybody read it, discussed it, dissected it, corroborated it, refuted it, fought over it, and wrote lengthy letters to all the daily papers about its faults and its merits. Imitators added their sincerest flattery; rivals proclaimed themselves the original discoverers of "London's Shame": one enterprising author even thought of going to law about it as a question of copyright. Owners of noisome lanes in the East End trembled in their shoes, and sent their agents to enquire into the precise degree of squalor to be found in the filthy courts and alleys where they didn't care to trust their own sensitive aristocratic noses. It even seemed as if a little real good was going to come at last out of Ernest Le Breton's impassioned pleading-as if the sensation were going to fall not quite flat at the end of its short run in the clubs and drawing-rooms of London as a nine days' wonder.

And Ernest Le Breton? and Edie? In the little lodgings at Holloway, they sat first trembling for the result, and ready to burst with excitement when Lady Hilda, up at the unwonted hour of six in the morning, tore into their rooms with an early copy of the *Times* to show them the Duke's speech, and Sir Edward's quotations, and the editorial leader in which even that most dignified and reticent of British journals condescended to speak with studiously moderated praise of the immense collection of facts so ably strung together by Mr. Ernest Le Breton (in all the legible glory of small capitals, too,) as to the undoubtedly disgraceful condition of some at least among our London alleys. How Edie clung around Lady Hilda and kissed her! and how Lady Hilda kissed her back and cried over her with tears of happier augury! and how they both kissed and cried over unconscious wondering little Dot! And how Lady Hilda could almost have fallen upon Ernest, too, as he sat gazing in blank astonishment and delight at his own name in the magnificent small capitals of a *Times* leader. Between crying and laughing, with much efficient aid in both from good Mrs. Halliss, they hardly knew how they ever got through the long delightful hours of that memorable epoch-making morning.

And then, there came the gradual awakening to the fact that this was really fame-fame, and perhaps also competence. First in the field, of course, was the editor of the Cosmopolitan Review, with a polite request that Ernest would give the readers of that intensely hot-and-hot and thoughtful periodical the opportunity of reading his valuable views on the East-End outcast question, before they had had time to be worth nothing for journalistic purposes, through the natural and inevitable cooling of the public interest in this new sensation. Then his old friends of the Morning Intelligence once more begged that he would be good enough to contribute a series of signed and headed articles to their columns, on the slums and feverdens of poverty-stricken London. Next, an illustrated weekly asked him to join with his artist friend in getting up another pilgrimage into yet undiscovered metropolitan plague-spots. And so, before the end of a month, Ernest Le Breton, for the first time in his life, had really got more work to do than he could easily manage, and work, too, that he felt he could throw his whole life and soul into with perfect honesty.

When the first edition of "London's Shame" was exhausted, there was already a handsome balance to go to Ernest and his artist coadjutor, who, by the terms of the agreement, were to divide between them half the profits. The other half, for appearance's Lady Hilda and Arthur had been naturally compelled.

themselves: for of course it would not have been publisher would have undertaken the work

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in any way. Arthur called upon Hilda at Lord Exmoor's house in Wilton Place to show her the first balance-sheet and accompanying cheque. "What on earth can we do with it?" he asked seriously. "We can't divide it between us: and yet we can't give it to the poor Le Bretons. I don't see how we're to manage."

"Why, of course," Hilda answered promptly. "Put it into the Consols or whatever you call it, for the benefit of little Dot."

"The very thing!" Arthur answered in a tone of obvious admiration. "What a wonderfully practical person you really are, Lady Hilda!"

As to Ernest and Edie, when they got their own cheque for their quarter of the proceeds, they gazed in awe and astonishment at the bigness of the figure; and then they sat down and cried together like two children, with their hands locked in one another's.

"And you'll get well, now, Ernest dear," Edie whispered gently. "Why, you're ever so much fatter, darling, already. I'm sure you'll get well in no time, now, Ernest."

"Upon my word, Edie," Ernest answered, kissing her white forehead tenderly, "I really and truly believe I shall. It's my opinion that Sir Antony Wraxall's an unmitigated ignorant humbug."

A few weeks later, when Ernest's remarkable article on "How to Improve the Homes of the Poor" appeared in one of the leading magazines, Mr. Herbert Le Breton of the Education Office looked up from his cup of post-prandial coffee in his comfortable dining-room at South Kensington, and said musingly to his young wife, "Do you know, Ethel, it seems to me that my brother Ernest's going to score a success at last with this slum-hunting business that he's lately invented. There's an awful lot about it now in all the papers and reviews. Perhaps it might be as well, after all, to scrape an acquaint-ance with him again, especially as he's my own brother. There's no knowing, really, when a man of his peculiar ill-regulated mercurial temperament may be going to turn out famous. Don't you think you'd better find out where they're living now—they've left Holloway, no doubt, since this turn of the tide—and go and call upon Mrs. Ernest?"

Whereto Mrs. Herbert Le Breton, raising her eyes for a moment from the pages of her last new novel, answered languidly: "Don't you think, Herbert, it'd be better to wait a little while and see how things turn out with them in the long run, you know, before we commit ourselves by going to call upon them? One swallow, you see, doesn't make a summer, does it, dear, ever?" Whence the acute and intelligent reader will doubtless conclude that Mrs.

Herbert Le Breton was a very prudent sensible young woman, and that perhaps even Herbert himself had met at last with his fitting Nemesis. For what worse purgatory could his bitterest foe wish for a selfishly prudent and cold-hearted man, than that he should pass his whole lifetime in congenial intercourse with a selfishly prudent and cold-hearted wife, exactly after his own pattern?

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### OUT OF THE HAND OF THE PHILISTINES.

ERNEST'S unexpected success with "London's Shame" was not, as Arthur Berkeley at first feared it might be, the mere last dying flicker of a weak and failing life. Arthur was quite right, indeed, when he said one day to Lady Hilda that its very brilliancy and fervour had the hectic glow about it, as of a man who was burning himself out too fiercely and rapidly; you could read the feverish eagerness of the writer in every line; but still, Lady Hilda answered with her ordinary calm assurance that it was all going well, and that Ernest only needed the sense of security to pull him round again; and as usual, Lady Hilda's practical sagacity was not at fault. big pamphlet-for it was hardly more than that-soon proved an opening for further work, in procuring which Hilda and Arthur were again partially instrumental. An advanced Radical member of Parliament, famous for his declamations against the capitalist faction, and his enormous holding of English railway stock, was induced to come forward as the founder of a new weekly paper, "in the interest of social reform." Of course the thing was got up solely with an idea to utilising Ernest as editor, for, said the great anticapitalist with his usual charming frankness, "the young fellow has a positive money-value, now, if he's taken in hand at once before the sensation's over, and there can be no harm in turning an honest penny by exploiting him, you know, and starting a popular paper." When Ernest was offered the post of editor to the new periodical, at a salary which almost alarmed him by its plutocratic magnificence (for it was positively no less than six hundred a year), he felt for a moment some conscientious scruples about accepting so splendid a post. And when Lady Hilda in her emphatic fashion promptly overruled these nascent scruples by the application of the very simple solvent formula, "Bosh!" he felt bound at least to stipulate the should be at perfect liberty to say whatever he liked in #

paper, without interference or supervision from the capitalist proprietor. To which the Radical member, in his business capacity, immediately responded, "Why, certainly. What we want to pay you for is just your power of startling people, which, in its proper place, is a very useful marketable commodity. Every pig has its value—if

only you sell it in the best market."

'The Social Reformer, a Weekly Advocate of the New Economy," achieved at once an immense success among the working classes, and grew before long to be one of the most popular journals of the second rank in all London. The interest that Ernest had aroused by his big pamphlet was carried on to his new venture, which soon managed to gain many readers by its own intrinsic merits. "Seen your brother's revolutionary broadsheet, Le Breton?" asked a friend at the Club of Herbert not many weeks later-he was the same person who had found it "so very embarrassing" to recognise Ernest in his shabby days when walking with a Q.C .- "It's a dreadful tissue of the reddest French communism, I believe, but still, it's scored the biggest success of its sort in journalism, I'm told, since the days of Kenealy's Englishman. Bradbury, who's found the money to start it-deuced clever fellow in his way, Bradbury !- is making an awful lot out of the speculation, they say. What do you think of the paper, eh?"

Herbert drew himself up grimly. "To tell you the truth," he said in his stiffest style, "I haven't yet had time to look at a copy. Ernest Le Breton's not a man in whose affairs I feel called upon to take any special interest; and I haven't put myself to the trouble of reading his second-hand political lucubrations. Faint echoes of Max Schurz, all of it, no doubt; and having read and disposed of Schurz himself long ago, I don't feel inclined now to go in for a second

supplementary course of Schurz and water."

"Well, well, that may be so," the friend answered, turning over the pages of the peccant periodical carelessly; "but all the same I'm afraid your brother's really going to do an awful lot of mischief in the way of setting class against class, and stirring up the dangerous orders to recognise their own power. You see, Le Breton, the real danger of this sort of thing lies in the fact that your brother Ernest's a more or less educated and cultivated person. I don't say he's really got any genuine depth of culture—would you believe it, he told me once he'd never read Rabelais, and didn't want to?—and of course a man of true culture in the grain, like you and me now, my dear fellow, would never dream of going and mistaking these will-o'-the-wisps of socialism for the real guiding light of regenerated

humanity—of course not. But the dangerous symptom at the present day lies just in the fact that while the papers written for the mob used to be written by vulgar, noisy, self-made, half-educated demagogues, they're sent out now with all the authority and specious respectability of decently instructed and comparatively literary English gentlemen. Now, nobody can deny that that's a thing very seriously to be regretted; and for my part I'm extremely sorry your brother has been ill-advised enough to join the mob that's trying to pull down our comfortably built and after all eminently respectable, even if somewhat patched-up, old British constitution."

"The subject's one," Herbert answered curtly, "in which I for my part cannot pretend to feel the remotest personal interest."

Ernest and Edie, however, in the little lodgings up at Holloway, which they couldn't bear to desert even now in this sudden burst of incredible prosperity, went their own way as self-containedly as usual, wholly unconcerned by the non-arrival of Mrs. Herbert on a visit of ceremony, or the failure of the Social Reformer to pierce the lofty ethereal regions of abstract contemplation where Herbert himself sat throned like an Epicurean god in the pure halo of cultivated pococurantism. Every day, as that eminent medical authority, Hilda Tregellis, had truly prophesied, Ernest's cheeks grew less and less sunken, and a little colour returned slowly to their midst; while Edie's face was less pale than of old, and her smile began to recover something of its old-fashioned girlish joyousness. She danced about once more as of old, and Arthur Berkeley, when he dropped in of a Sunday afternoon for a chat with Ernest, noticed with pleasure that little Miss Butterfly was beginning to flit round again almost as naturally as in the old days when he first saw her light little form among the grey old pillars of Magdalen Cloisters. Yet he couldn't help observing, too, that his feeling towards her was more one of mere benevolence now, and less of tender regret, than it used to be even a few short months before, in the darkest days of Edie's troubles. Could it be, he asked himself more than once, that the tall stately picture of Hilda Tregellis was overshadowing in his heart the natural photograph of that unwedded Edie Oswald that he once imagined was so firmly imprinted there? Ah well, ah well, it may be true that a man can love really but once in his whole lifetime; and yet, the second spurious imitation is positively sometimes a very good facsimile of the genuine first impression, for all that.

As the months went slowly round, too, the time came in the end for good Herr Max to be released at last from his long imprisonmen On the day that he came out, there was a public banquet at t Marylebone dancing saloon; and all the socialists and communards were there, and all the Russian nihilists, and all the other wicked revolutionary plotters in all London : and in the chair sat Ernest Le Breton, now the editor of an important social paper, while at his left hand, to balance the guest of the evening, sat Arthur Berkeley, the well-known dramatic author, who was himself more than suspected of being the timid Nicodemus of the new faith. And when Ernest announced that Herr Schurz had consented to aid him on the Social Reformer, and to add the wisdom of age to the impetuosity of youth in conducting its future, the simple enthusiasm of the wicked revolutionists knew no bounds. And they cried "Hoch!" and "Viva!" and "Hooray!" and many other like inarticulate shouts in many varieties of interjectional dialect all the evening; and everybody agreed that after all Herr Max was very little grayer than before the trial, in spite of his long and terrible term of imprisonment.

He was a little embittered by his troubles, no doubt;—what can you expect if you clap men in prison for the expression of their honest political convictions?—but Ernest tried to keep his eye steadily rather on the future than on the past; and with greater ease and unwonted comforts the old man's cheerfulness as well as his enthusiasm gradually returned. "I'm too old now to do anything more worth doing myself before I die," he used to say, holding Ernest's arm tightly in his vice-like grip: "but I have great hopes in spite of everything for friend Ernest; I have very great hopes indeed for friend Ernest here. There's no knowing yet what he may accomplish."

Ernest only smiled a trifle sadly, and murmured half to himself that this was a hard world, and he began himself to fear there was no fitting feeling for a social reformer except one of a brave despair. "We can do little or nothing, after all," he said slowly; "and our only consolation must be that even that little is perhaps just worth doing."

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

LAND AT LAST: BUT WHAT LAND?

Long before the Social Reformer had fully made its mark in the world, another event had happened of no less importance to some of the chief actors in the little drama whose natural termination it seemed to form. While the pamphlet and the paper were in course of maturation, Arthur Berkeley had been running daily in and out of the house in Wilton Place in what Lady Exmoor several times described as a positively disgraceful and unseemly manner. ("What Hilda can mean," her ladyship observed to her husband more than once, "by encouraging that odd young man's extraordinary advances in the way she does is really more than I can understand even in her.") But when the Le Bretons were fairly launched at last on the favourable flood of full prosperity, both Hilda and Arthur began to feel as though they had suddenly been deprived of a very pleasant After all, benevolent counsel on behalf of other common interest. people is not so entirely innocent and impersonal in certain cases as it seems to be at first sight. "Do you know, Lady Hilda," Berkeley said one afternoon, when he had come to pay, as it were, a sort of farewell visit, on the final completion of their joint schemes for restoring happiness to the home of the Le Bretons, "our intercourse together has been very delightful, and I'm quite sorry to think that in future we must see so much less of one another than we've been in the habit of doing for the last month or so."

Hilda looked at him straight, and said in her own frank unaffected fashion, "So am I, Mr. Berkeley, very sorry, very sorry indeed.'

Arthur looked back at her once more, and their eyes met. His look was full of admiration, and Hilda saw it. She moved a little uneasily upon the ottoman, waiting apparently as though she expected Arthur to say something else. But Arthur looked at her long and steadfastly, and said nothing.

At last he seemed to wake from his reverie, and make up his mind for a desperate venture. Could he be mistaken? Could he have read either record wrong—his own heart, or Hilda's eyes? No, no, both of them spoke to him too plainly and evidently. His heart was fluttering like a wind-shaken aspen-leaf; and Hilda's eyes were dimming visibly with a tender moisture. Yes, yes, yes, there was no misreading possible. He knew he loved her! he knew she loved him!

Bending over towards where Hilda sat, he took her hand in his dreamily: and Hilda let him take it without a movement. Then he looked deeply into her eyes, and felt a curious speechlessness coming over him, deep down in the ball of his throat.

"Lady Hilda," he began at last with an effort, in a voice, not wholly untinged with natural timidity, "Lady Hilds working man's son——"

Hilda looked back at him with a sudden look of

deprecation. "Not that way, Mr. Berkeley," she said quietly: "not that way, please: you'll hurt me if you do: you know that's not the way I look at the matter. Why not simply 'Hilda'?"

Berkeley clasped her hand eagerly and raised it to his lips. "Hilda, then," he said, kissing it twice over. "It shall be Hilda."

Hilda rose and stood before him erect in all her queenlike beauty. "So now that's settled," she said, with a vain endeavour to control her tears of joy. "Don't let's talk about it any more, now; I can't bear to talk about it: there's nothing to arrange, Arthur. Whenever you like will suit me. But, oh, I'm so happy, so happy, so happy—I never thought I could be so happy."

"Nor I," Arthur answered, holding her hand a moment in his

tenderly.

"How strange," Hilda said again, after a minute's delicious silence: "it's the poor Le Bretons who have brought us two thus together. And yet, they were both once our dearest rivals. You were in love with Edie Oswald: I was half in love with Ernest Le Breton: and now—why, now, Arthur, I do believe we're both utterly in love with one another. What a curious little comedy of errors!"

"And yet only a few months ago it came very near being a

tragedy, rather," Arthur put in softly.

"Never mind!" Hilda answered in her brightest and most joyous tone, as she wiped the joyful tears from her eyes. "It isn't a tragedy, now, after all, Arthur, and all's well that ends well!"

When the Countess heard of Hilda's determination-Hilda didn't pretend to go through the domestic farce of asking her mother's consent to her approaching marriage-she said that so far as she was concerned a more shocking or un-Christian piece of conduct on the part of a well-brought-up girl had never yet been brought to her knowledge. To refuse Lord Connemara, and then go and marry the son of a common cobbler! But the Earl only puffed away vigorously at his cheroot, and observed philosophically that for his part he just considered himself jolly well out of it. This young fellow Berkeley mightn't be a man of the sort of family Hilda would naturally expect to marry into, but he was decently educated and in good society, and above all, a gentleman, you know, don't you know: and, hang it all, in these days that's really everything. Besides, Berkeley was making a pot of money out of these operas of his, the Earl understood, and as he had always expected that Hilda'd marry some penniless painter or somebody of that sort, and be a perpetual drag upon the family exchequer, he really didn't see that they need trouble their heads very much about it. By George, if it came to that, he rather congratulated himself that the girl hadn't taken it into her nonsensical head to run away with the groom or the stable-boy! As to Lynmouth, he merely remarked succinctly in his own dialect, "Go it, Hilda, go it, my beauty! You always were a one-er, you know, and it's my belief you always will be."

It was somewhere about the same time that Ronald Le Breton, coming back gladdened in soul from a cheerful talk with Ernest, called round of an evening in somewhat unwonted exultation at Selah's lodgings. "Selah," he said to her calmly, as she met him at the door to let him in herself, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"What is it about, Ronald?" Selah asked, with a perfect consciousness in her own mind of what the subject he wished to discourse about was likely to be.

"Why, Selah," Ronald went on in his quiet, matter-of-fact, unobtrusive manner, "do you know, I think we may fairly consider Ernest and Edie out of danger now."

"I hope so, Ronald," Selah answered imperturbably. "I've no doubt your brother'll get along all right in future, and I'm sure at least that he's getting stronger, for he looks ten per cent. better than he did three months ago."

"Well, Selah!"

"Well, Ronald!"

"Why, in that case, you see, your objection falls to the ground. There can be no possible reason on either side why you should any longer put off marrying me. We needn't consider Edie now; and you can't have any reasonable doubt that I want to marry you for your own sake this time."

. "What a nuisance the man is!" Selah cried impetuously. "Always bothering a body out of her nine senses to go and marry him. Have you never read what Paul says, that it's good for the unmarried and widows to abide? He was always dead against the advisability of marriage, Paul was."

"Brother Paul was an able and earnest preacher," Ronald murmured gravely, "from whose authority I should be sorry to dissent except for sufficient and weighty reason; but you must admit that on this particular question he was prejudiced, Selah, decide prejudiced, and that the balance of the best opinion goes can be the other way."

Selah laughed lightly. "Oh, does it," she said, in !

mocking manner. "Then you propose to marry me, I suppose, on the balance of the best Scriptural opinion?"

"Not at all, Selah," Ronald replied without a touch of anything but grave earnestness in his tone—it must be admitted Ronald was distinctly lacking in the sense of humour. "Not at all, I assure you. I propose to marry you because I love you, and I believe in your heart of hearts you love me, too, you provoking girl, though you're too proud or too incomprehensible ever to acknowledge it."

"And even if I do?" Selah asked. "What then?"

"Why then, Selah," Ronald answered confidently, taking her hand boldly in his own and actually kissing her—yes, kissing her; "why then, Selah, suppose we say Monday fortnight?"

"It's awfully soon," Selah replied, half grumbling. "You don't give a body time to think it over."

"Certainly not," Ronald responded, quickly, taking the handsome face firmly between his two spare hands, and kissing her lips half a dozen times over in rapid succession.

"Let me go, Ronald," Selah cried, struggling to be free, and trying in vain to tear down his thin wiry arms with her own strong shapely hands. "Let me go at once, there's a good boy, and I'll marry you on Monday fortnight, or do anything else you like, just to keep you quiet. After all, you're a kind-hearted fellow enough, and you want looking after and taking care of, and if you insist upon it, I don't mind giving way to you in this small matter."

Ronald stepped back a pace or two, and stood looking at her a little sadly with his hands folded. "Oh, Selah," he cried in a tone of bitter disappointment, "don't speak like that to me, don't, please. Don't, don't tell me that you don't really love me—that you're going to marry me for nothing else but out of mere compassion for my weakness and helplessness!"

Selah burst at once into a wild flood of uncontrollable tears: "Oh, Ronald," she cried in her old almost fiercely passionate manner, flinging her arms around his neck and covering him with kisses; "Oh, Ronald, how can you ever ask me whether I really really love you! You know I love you! You know I love you! You've given me back life and everything that's dear in it, and I never want to live for anything any longer except to love you, and wait upon you, and make you happy. I'm stronger than you, Ronald, and I shall be able to do a little to make you happy, I do believe. My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts,

my darling; but I love you all the better for that, Ronald, I love you all the better for that; and if you were to kick me, beat me, trample on me now, Ronald, I should love you, love you, love you for ever still."

So they two were quietly married, with no audience save Ernest and Edie, on that very Monday fortnight.

When Herbert Le Breton heard of it from his mother a few days later, he went home at once to his own eminently cultured home and told Mrs. Le Breton the news, of course without much detailed allusion to Selah's earlier antecedents. "And do you know, Ethel," he added significantly, "I think it was an excellent thing that you decided not to call after all upon Ernest's wife, for I'm sure it will be a great deal safer for you and me to have nothing to say in any way to the whole faction of them. A greengrocer's daughter, you know—quite unpresentable. They'll be all mixed up together in future, which'll make it quite impossible to know the one without at the same time knowing the other. Now, it'd be just practicable for you to call upon Mrs. Ernest, I must admit, but to call upon Mrs. Ronald would be really and truly too inconceivable."

At the end of the first year of the Social Reformer, the annual balance was duly audited, and it showed a very considerable and solid surplus to go into the pocket of the enterprising Radical Ernest and Herr Max scanned it closely together, and proprietor. even Ernest could not refrain from a smile of pleasure when he saw how thoroughly successful the doubtful venture had finally turned "And yet," he said regretfully, as he looked at the heavy balance sheet, "what a strange occupation after all for the author of 'Gold and the Proletariate,' to be looking carefully over the sum total of a capitalist's final balance! To think, too, that all that money has come out of the hard-earned scraped-up pennies of the toiling poor! I often wish, Herr Max, that even so I had been brought up an honest shoemaker! But whether I'm really earning my salt at the hands of humanity now or not is a deep problem I often have many an uncomfortable internal sigh over to this day."

"There is work and work, friend Ernest," Herr Max answered as gently as had been his wont in older years; "and for my part it seems to me you are better here writing your Social Reformers than making shoes for a single generation. One man builds for to-day, another man builds for to-morrow; and he that plants a fruit tree for his children to eat of is doing as much good work in the was he that sows the corn in spring to be reaped and eaten a autumn's harvest."

"Perhaps so," Ernest answered softly. "I wish I could think so. But after all I'm not quite sure whether, if we had all starved eighteen months ago together, as seemed so likely then, it wouldn't have been the most right thing in the end that could possibly have happened to all of us. As things are constituted now, there seems only one life that's really worth living for an honest man, and that's a martyr's. A martyr's or else a worker's. And I, I greatly fear, have managed somehow to miss being either. The wind carries us this way and that, and when we would do that which is right, it drifts us away incontinently into that which is only profitable."

"Dear Ernest," Edie cried in her bright old-fashioned manner from the office door, "Dot has come in her new frock to bring Daddy home for her birthday dinner as she was promised. Come quick, or your little daughter'll be very angry with you. And Lady Hilda Berkeley has come, too, to drive us back in her own brougham. Now don't be a silly, there's a dear, or say that you can't drive away from the office of the Social Reformer in Lady Hilda's brougham."

(The End.)

## THE RYE HOUSE PLOT.

OWARDS the close of the autumn of 1682, the discontent which the domestic and foreign policy of the "Merry Monarch" had excited among his subjects at last began to assume a tangible and aggressive form. The aim of our second Charles was nothing less than to overthrow the English constitution, to render himself free of parliamentary control, to bias English justice, to make his lieges slaves, and to attain his disloyal ends, if need be, by the aid of France, whose pensioner he was. Nor had he been at this time unsuccessful in his object. In spite of the hostility of the country party—as the opponents of the court were styled—the Duke of York was not debarred from succession to the throne; for, thanks to the eloquence of the brilliant Halifax, the Exclusion Bill had been rejected. The law had also been turned into a most potent engine of oppression by causing it to interpret, not justice, but the wishes of the King; only such judges were appointed as would prove obedient to the royal will, and only such juries were summoned as might be trusted to carry out the royal behests. The Anglican clergy rallied round the throne, and everywhere taught the doctrine of passive obedience and the heinousness of resistance to the divine right of kings. A secret treaty with Louis of France had rendered Charles, by its pecuniary clauses, entirely independent of his subjects. The disaffection of London had been crushed by its Lord Mayor being converted to the policy of the court, and by the nomination of the sheriffs, not at Guildhall, but at Whitehall—an interference which made every corporation in the kingdom tremble for its stability. For the last ten years the leaders of the country party had waged war to the knife against this organised despotism on the part of the monarch, yet all opposition had proved unavailing. The unscrupulous and vindictive Shaftesbury,-

In friendship false, implacable in hate, Resolved to ruin or to rule the State,

had led the attack, and endeavoured in vain to stir 1 against its sovereign; then, mortified at the failure of

withdrawn to the Continent, and there perished a victim to disappointed revenge and dissatisfied ambition. The amiable Lord William Russell had, in his place in Parliament, openly opposed the court, and warned the country of the dangers that would ensue should the arbitrary government of Charles be longer tolerated. Algernon Sydney, Essex, and Hampden had followed suit; but their teaching and invective had been delivered to no purpose; the power and the bribes of the throne, acting upon the natural servility of man, had been too puissant and convincing not to be effectual in crushing all resistance. Victory, therefore, at present rested with the King, not with his opponents.

And now it was that this disaffection, which had so long been futile in its efforts at revolt, began to trouble the minds of men of a far different character from the recognised chiefs of the country party. At that time there were certain desperadoes haunting the taverns of the east of London, who, after much secret council and drinking together, had come to the conclusion that the simplest solution of the national difficulty was to murder the King and his brother, the Duke of York, and then-but not till then-the throne being vacant, to consider what form of constitution should be adopted. The leader of the band was one whose name will live as long as the great satire of Dryden is remembered. Anglican priest, Dissenting divine, political agitator, spy, informer, as mischievous as he was treacherous, Robert Ferguson belonged to that class which every conspiracy seems to enrol; foremost in advice, last in action, brave when there is no danger, but the first to fly and purchase safety by a base and compromising confession. On this occasion he was the treasurer of the conspirators,-

Judas that keeps the rebels' pension-purse; Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee; Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree.

The rest of the crew call for no special mention. Among the more prominent we find Josiah Keeling, a citizen and salter of London, who was deep in the counsels of the plotters, and who repaid their confidence by informing the Government, at the first sign of peril, of what had been discussed and planned; Colonel Walcot, an old officer of Cromwell; Colonel Romsey, a soldier of fortune who had fought with distinction in Portugal; Sir Thomas Armstrong, "a debauched atheistical bravo; "Robert West, a barrister in good practice; Thomas Shepherd, a wine merchant; Richard Rumbald, an old officer in Cromwell's army, but at this time a maltster; Richard Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London; John Ayloffe, a lawyer, the very man who, on one occasion, to show how complete

was the vassalage of England to France, had placed a wooden shoe in the chair of the Speaker of the House of Commons; and Ford, Lord Grey of Wark, who had brought himself conspicuously before the public by debauching his wife's sister. Added to this list were barristers, soldiers of fortune, bankrupt traders, and the men who, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, look upon agitation and conspiracy as a form of industry likely to lead to solid advantages. Such was the reckless band which met to "amend the constitution," and "restore our Protestantism," during the quiet hours of many an autumn evening, in the parlours of the Sun Tavern "behind the Royal Exchange," the Horseshoe Tavern "on Tower Hill," the Mitre Tavern "within Aldgate," the Salutation "in Lombard Street," the Dolphin "behind Bartholomew Lane," and in other well-known hostels. The only two toasts permitted at the gatherings were "To the man who first draws his sword in defence of the Protestant religion against Popery and slavery," and "To the confusion of the two brothers at Whitehall." In order to prevent their conversation being overheard by any inquisitive stranger, the conspirators adopted a peculiar language which they alone could understand. A blunderbuss was a "swan's quill," a musket "a goose-quill," pistols "crow-quills," powder and bullets, "ink and sand;" Charles was either "the churchwarden at Whitehall," or "a blackbird;" whilst James, Duke of York, was "a goldfinch." The object of these meetings was at last decided upon; it was resolved that the King and his brother should be assassinated, or, in the slang employed by the plotters, "a deed of bargain and sale should be executed to bar both him in possession and him in remainder." 1

This resolution carried, the next question which came up for settlement was how the design should be accomplished. Much discussion ensued, but after frequent deliberations a scheme of action was drawn up. It was known that the King, on his return from racing at Newmarket, would have to pass the farm of Richard Rumbald, called the Rye House. This farm was situated in a prettily timbered part of Hertfordshire, about eighteen miles from London, and derived its name from the Rye, a large meadow adjoining the holding. Close to this paddock ran the by-road from Bishop's Stortford to Hoddesdon, which was constantly used by Charles and his brother when they drove to or from Newmarket. Thus the royal couple, on such occasions, would fall within easy pistol-shot of any assailant secreted within the farm. The Rye House, from the nature of its situs

A True Account of the Rye House Plot, by Thomas Spe Rochester, 1685.

also seemed to favour conspiracy. It was an old strong building, standing alone, and encompassed with a moat; towards the garden it was surrounded by high walls, "so that twenty men might easily defend it for some time against five hundred." From a lofty tower in the house an extensive view was commanded; " hence all who go or come may be seen both ways for more than a mile's distance. In approaching the farm, when driving from Newmarket to London, it was necessary to cross a narrow causeway, at the end of which was a toll-gate; "which having entered, you go through a yard and a little field, and at the end of that, through another gate, you pass into a narrow lane, where two coaches could not go abreast." On the left hand of this lane was a thick hedge, whilst on the right stood a low, long building used for corn chambers and stables, with several doors and windows looking into the road. "When you are past the long building you go by the moat and the garden wall : that is very strong, and has divers holes in it, through which a great many men might shoot." Along by the moat and wall the road continued to the river Ware, which had to be crossed by a bridge; a little lower down another bridge, spanning the New River, had to be traversed; "in both which passes a few men may oppose great numbers." Behind the long building was an outer courtyard, into which a considerable body of horse and foot could be drawn up unperceived from the road, "whence they might easily issue out at the same time into each end of the narrow lane." 1

The Rye House, affording such excellent opportunities, was accordingly fixed upon as the rendezvous for "those who were to be actors in the fact." Arms and ammunition, covered with oysters, were to be taken up the river Ware by watermen in the secret of the conspiracy, and landed at the farm; men were to ride down from London at night in small detachments, so as to escape observation, and then hide themselves in the outbuildings around the holding; the servants of the farm, on the day appointed for the "taking off" of the King and his brother, were to be sent out of the way and despatched to market; whilst the anything but hen-pecked maltster promised, when the critical moment came, "to lock Mrs. Rumbald upstairs." So far all was satisfactorily arranged as to the assembling

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> State Papers, Charles II., June 1683-"A Particular Account of the Situation of the Rye House."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Robert West of the Middle Temple. A special collection among the State Papers. It may be remembered that when this collection was examined an original treatise of Milton was discovered among the documents—a find which led to Macaulay's essay on Milton.

of the conspirators. The next question that had to be determined was as to the execution of the infamous design. This was soon arranged. The plotters had ascertained the exact hour the King and the Duke of York were to quit Newmarket; a brief calculation was sufficient for them therefore to arrive at the hour when the royal coach would be driven past the road running under the windows of the Rye House; still, to make matters more sure, a couple of watchers were to be stationed in the tower of the farm, and give the signal when the quarry was in view. Upon the approach of the coach with its attendant equerries, the men especially selected for the immediate work of assassination were to steal out of their cover and hide themselves behind the wall which ran along the road; the wall was to be provided with convenient loopholes, and the conspirators were to stand with their muskets ready. "When his Majesty's coach should come over against the wall, three or four of those behind it were to shoot at the postillion and the horses; if the horses should not drop then, there were to be two men with an empty cart in the lane near the place, who in the habit of labourers should run the cart athwart the lane and so stop the horses. Besides those that were to shoot the postillion and the horses, there were several appointed to shoot into the coach where his Majesty was to be, and others to shoot at the guards that should be attending the coach." The fell work accomplished, the farm with its outbuildings was to be at once vacated, the conspirators were to jump into their saddles, and make their way to London by the Hackney Marshes as fast as their horses could lay legs to the ground. If this plan was adopted, it was hoped "they might get to London as soon as the news could." 1

Still the murder of Charles and his brother was only the beginning of the end. The death of the King was to be the signal for a general rising. The city and suburbs were to be divided into twenty districts, with a captain and eight lieutenants at the head of each district; the men to be armed and ready at an hour's notice for any raid that might be commanded. The sum of twenty thousand pounds, which had been subscribed by the disaffected, was to be distributed among the captains to expend as they thought best. The night before the return of the King from Newmarket, a body composed of two thousand men, drawn from these several districts, were to be secreted in empty houses, "as near the several gates of the city at other convenient posts as could be; the men were to be got those houses and acquainted with the plot to take off the Kin

<sup>1</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West Vol. CCLVII. NO. 1848.

Rye House; such as refused should be clapt into the celiars, and the rest sally out at the most convenient hour, and seize and shut up the gates." 1

The moment the revolt had broken out the different captains were to muster their men and march them to the several places of rendezvous fixed upon; some were to be stationed in St. James's Square, others in Covent Garden, others again in Southwark, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Royal Exchange, whilst those named at Moorfields were to take possession of the arms in the Artillery Ground. A large body of cavalry was, at the same time, to be on the alert and scour the streets, so as to prevent the King's party from embodying or the Horse Guards from doing their duty. The bridges over the Thames were to be secured, and fagots taken into the narrow streets around Eastcheap for purposes of conflagration, if necessary.2 All these measures appeared comparatively easy of execution to the conspirators; one detail in the enterprise, however, seems greatly to have perplexed them. As long as the Tower was in the hands of the King's guards, any rise in the city might prove a failure. To obtain possession of the Tower was therefore one of the most prominent features in the discussions held at the various hostels which the conspirators frequented. Some suggested that fagots should be heaped about the gates of the building at dead of night, and then set on fire; others that it should be bombarded from the Thames; whilst a third proposed that men should be lodged in Thames Street, and secretly fall upon the guard. "Several ways," witnesses Robert West,3 "were proposed to surprise and take the Tower of London. One was to send ten or twelve men armed with pistols, pocket daggers and pocket blunderbusses into the Tower under the pretence of seeing the armoury; another number should go to see the lions, who, by reason of their not going into the inner gate, were not to have their swords taken from them, that the persons who went to see the armoury should return into the tavern just within the gate, and there eat and drink till the time for the attempt was come, that some persons should come in a mourning coach, or some gentleman's coach to be borrowed for this occasion under pretence of making a visit to some of the lords in the Tower; and just within the gate some of the persons issuing out of the tavern should kill one of the horses and overturn the coach, so as the gate could not be shut; and the rest of the persons within and those who went to see the lions should set upon the guards, that upon a signal of the coach

<sup>1</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West,

<sup>\*</sup> Ibido \* Ibido \* Ibido

driving down a party of men (lodged in empty houses near the Tower) should be ready to rush out, and upon the noise of the first shot immediately run down to the gate and break in; this way, if at all put in execution, was to be in the daytime about two o'clock, because after dinner the officers are usually dispersed or engaged in drinking, and the soldiers loitering from their arms."

Another suggestion was "that several men should enter actions against one another in St. Catherine's Court, held for the Tower liberty within the Tower, and that at the court day, at which time great liberty is allowed to all persons to come in, a party of men should go as plaintiffs and defendants, and witnesses who should come in under pretence of curiosity, and being seconded by certain stout fellows working as labourers in the Tower, should attempt the surprise."1 It would, however, appear that all these proposals, after full consideration, were deemed impracticable, for we learn that no definite decision was arrived at, but the capture of the Tower was left to the chapter of accidents. The first step, said the plotters, was to begin the revolt; then events, at present unforeseen, would spring up and favour the development of the insurrection. "Only let the football be dropped," said one, "and there would be plenty to give it a kick." 2

The King and his brother shot down, and the city in the hands of the conspirators, punishment was then swiftly to overtake those who had favoured the past policy of Charles. The late Lord Mayor of London, who had specially shown himself the creature of the court in willing to yield the charter of the corporation, was to be killed. A similar fate was to befall the existing Lord Mayor, also guilty of the same subservience; with this addition, that after death "his skin should be flayed off and stuffed and hung up in Guildhall, as one who had betrayed the rights and privileges of the city." The office of chief magistrate of the city thus vacant, it was to be filled by one Alderman Cornish; should he refuse to accept the dignity, he was to be "knocked on the head." Certain members of the corporation, who "had behaved themselves like trimmers, and neglected to repeal several by-laws," were to be forced to appear publicly and admit the fact: in the event of their declining to be thus humiliated, they also were to be "knocked on the head." civic authorities chastened by this process or correction applied to the cranium, the bench was next to fall under the ire of the plotte All such judges as had been guilty of passing arbitrary judgui-

<sup>1</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert W. 2 Bye House Papers. Examination of Thomas Shephers.

and of identifying the law with the royal will, were to be brought to trial, "and their skins stuffed and hung up in Westminster Hall." Then came the turn of the ecclesiastics; in the vicious hour of mob rule the Church is always one of the first and greatest sufferers. On this occasion "bishops, deans, and chapters were to be wholly laid aside," their lands confiscated, and such sums as it was the custom to apply to educational purposes were to be appropriated " to public uses in ease of the people from taxes." Men who had made themselves unpopular during the late Parliament as greedy pensioners of the Crown were to be "brought to trial and death, and their skins stuffed and then hung up in the Parliament House as betrayers of the people and of the trust." It was also thought "convenient" that certain Ministers of State, such as my Lord Halifax and my Lord Hyde, should be "taken off." To complete the programme, should funds be lacking, a raid was to be made upon the city magnates, for, said these advocates of communism, "there was money and plate enough among the bankers and goldsmiths." This scheme of revenge and spoliation was to be rigidly carried out; and those to whom it was entrusted were to fulfil it as they would "obey the commandments." 1

The insurrection once an accomplished fact, and the prerogative of the Crown, with all its attendant evils, overthrown, the reforms which had inspired the movement were immediately to be put in force. The House of Commons was no longer to be the creature of the throne, but of the nation. The people were to meet annually at a certain time to choose members of Parliament "without any will or particular direction to do so." The Parliament thus chosen was to assemble for a stated time; nor was it to be dissolved, prorogued, or adjourned except by its own consent. Parliament was to consist of an upper and lower House; but "only such nobility should be hereditary as were assisting in this design; the rest should only be for life, and upon their death the House of Lords should be supplied from time to time with new ones out of the House of Commons." To Parliament should be entrusted "the nomination, if not the election, of all judges, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other greater or lesser offices, civil or military." Acts passed by both Houses of Parliament should be a perpetual law, without any necessity for the sanction of the Crown. A council selected from the Lords and Commons were to act as the advisers of the sovereign. The militia were to be in the hands of the people. Every county was to choose its own sheriffs. Parliament was to be held once a year, and to sit as long as it had anything to do.

<sup>1</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Robert West and Josiah Keeling.

who had acted contrary to the interest of the people were to be degraded. In matters of religion complete toleration was to be accorded to everyone. England was to be a free port, and all foreigners who willed it should be naturalised. Finally, the only imports to be levied were the excise and land taxes.1

The example set by London in rising against the despotism of the Crown was to be followed by the rest of the country. The Earl of Argyll agreed first for thirty thousand, then for ten thousand pounds, "to stir the Scots," who were hotly in favour of revolt, "though they had nothing but their claws to fight with rather than endure what they did." In the west of England, Bristol, Taunton, and Exeter were full of agents of the disaffected; whilst in the north, Chester, York, and Newcastle were ready at a moment's notice to act in union with London. In the south, Portsmouth was the only town as yet which had voted in favour of the plot. The east of England was quiet. It was agreed that upon the death of Charles his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, should be crowned king, but owing to the jealousy of the council appointed to curb the prerogative, and to the measures of the reformers, it was said that the royal bastard would be more a "Duke of Venice" than an English monarch.2

Whilst these schemes were being fashioned within the parlours of the "Dolphin," the "Rising Sun," and the rest of the City taverns, a very different order of men were at the same time deliberating how to pull the nation out of the slough of despotism into which it had been plunged. Upon the death of Shaftesbury, who had been during the last years of his life the most prominent of the foes of the court, especially of the Duke of York, and the most potent among the disaffected in the city of London, the leaders of the Whig party, aware of the danger which menaced them from "froward sheriffs, willing juries, mercenary judges, and bold witnesses," determined not to let the cause which Shaftesbury had advocated fall to the ground. They held frequent meetings at different places of rendezvous, and formed themselves into a select committee, which was known by the name of the "Council of Six." The members of this council were the Duke of Monmouth, who was intriguing for the crown, Lord Essex, Algernon Sydney, Lord William Russell, Lord Howard, and young Hampden, the grandson of the opponent of ship-money. What the deliberations of this council were it is now difficult to ascertain, owing to the prejudiced sources from which information had to be derived;

<sup>1</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Robert West and Zachary Bourn. 2 Rye House Papers. Examination of Lord Howard, Alexander Gordon, 5

Robert West.

the official accounts of the plot, drawn up at the request of the King by Ford, Lord Grey, and by Sprat, the servile Bishop of Rochester, are not to be implicitly believed in; nor is the evidence of the witnesses produced by the Crown at the trials of Sydney and Russell 1 whit more trustworthy. There can be no doubt, however, that consultations were frequently held among the Six as to the best course to pursue for resisting a Government which aimed at nothing less than arbitrary power. If we are to credit the men who sold their testimony to the Crown, and the men who purchased life by turning King's evidence, the aim of the Council was to organise an insurrection all over the country, and with the help of the discontented Presbyterians in Scotland to put an end to the tyranny of Charles and his Popish brother. What was the exact extent of their designs we know not, but in all probability the statement by Lady William Russell is not far from the truth. "There was," said her ladyship, "much talk about a general rising, but it only amounted to loose discourse, or at most embryos that never came to anything."

Nor have we, though the testimony is partial, much reason to doubt the assertion. Considering the condition of England at that time, and the conflicting views of the Six who constituted the council, it would have been difficult for any decided and unanimous scheme of action to have been prepared. Though the conduct of Charles had caused much discontent and distress, yet the nation at large felt itself powerless to oppose the evil. The Whigs were in a minority, whilst the Royalists were a most formidable party, in whose hands were all the military and naval resources of the kingdom. To levy war upon the Merry Monarch, as had forty years before been levied upon his father, was a scheme which bore failure on its very face, and could not have been seriously entertained by keen and cautious men like Russell or Sydney. The Six in all probability contented themselves with merely forming estimates of the strength of their followers, and with knitting together a confederacy which absolute necessity might call into action. We must also remember that the members of the Council were not in such harmony with each other as to render it probable that they had fixed upon any distinct plan of rebellion. Monmouth was in favour of a monarchy with himself as monarch. Algernon Sydney had no other object before him but the realisation of his cherished idea of a republic, and frankly declared that it was indifferent to him whether James Duke of York or James Duke of Monmouth was on the throne. Essex was very much the same way of thinking as Sydney. Russell and Hampden wished for the exclusion of the Duke of York, as a Papist, from the throne, the redress of certain grievances, and the return of the Constitution within its ancient lines; whilst Howard, the falsest and most mercenary of men, was ready to vote for any change of government which could be harmlessly effected, and by which his own interests would not be forgotten. Many years after the execution of her husband, Lady William Russell said, with reference to these men and the measures they proposed, that she was convinced it was but talk, "and 'tis possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to suppress evils might be sought, how it could be found."

To return to the Rye House plotters. We are told by those given to speculation and organisation that in all calculations a large allowance should be made for that which upsets most plans-the unforeseen. On this occasion the conspirators were so sanguine of their scheme as never to imagine it might be put to nought by pure accident. The farm had been engaged, the men instructed, the necessary hiding-places prepared, and all things were ready for the murderous deed. Suddenly the unforeseen occurred, and all the careful measures of the would-be regicides were rendered abortive. Owing to his house having caught fire, Charles was obliged to leave Newmarket eight days earlier than he had intended, and thus, thanks to this happy conflagration, passed unscathed by the Rye House, then completely deserted; his Majesty was comfortably ensconced at Whitehall, toying with his mistresses and sorting their bonbons, whilst his enemies, unconscious of his escape, were congratulating themselves that in another week their work would be done, and their victim fall an easy prey to their designs.

And now the result ensued which invariably attends upon treason which has failed and which fears detection. It was an age when plots were freely concocted against the Crown and those in supreme authority, yet, often as conspiracies were entered into, there were always witnesses ready to come forward and swear away the lives of their former accomplices, to divulge what they had pledged themselves to keep secret, and if need be to follow in every detail the example of the biggest scoundrel of the seventeenth century, Doctor Titus Oates of Salamanca. Among the minor persons engaged in the Rye House plot was, as we have said, Josiah Keeling; he was now fearful of the fate which might befall him should the authorities at Whitehall get wind of the past deliberations, and accordingly with that prudence which characterised him he was determined to be first in the field to make a clean breast of all that had been planned and suggested. First he went to Lord Dartmouth, of the Privy Council

and told his tale, and then was referred by that statesman to his colleague, Mr. Secretary Jenkins. Jenkins took down the deposition of the man, but said that unless the evidence was supported by another witness, no investigation of the matter could be proceeded with Keeling was, however, equal to the occasion, and induced his brother John, a turner in Blackfriars, to corroborate his statements. The plot now authenticated by the two requisite witnesses, the Secretary of State thought it his duty to communicate the affair to the rest of the advisers of the Crown. It appears, however, that a few days after his confession the conscience of the younger brother, John Keeling, pricked him, and he secretly availed himself of the first opportunity to inform Richard Goodenough that the plot had been discovered by the Government, and advised all who had been engaged in it to fig beyond sea.

This news coming to the ears of Colonel Romsey and Robert West, who were bosom friends, the two, unconscious of the revelations of the Keelings, thought it now prudent to save their own skins by informing ministers of all that had occurred, and, indeed, to make their story the more palatable to the Government, of a little more than had occurred. Accordingly they wended their way to Whitehall, and there told how the house at Rye had been offered them by Rumbold, the maltster; how at this house forty men well armed and mounted, commanded in two divisions by Romsey and Walcot, were to assemble; and how on the return of the King from Newmarket, Romsey with his division was to stop the coach, and murder Charles and his brother, whilst Walcot was to busy himself in engaging with the guards. So far the narrative of the informers tallied with the confessions of the Keelings. But Romsey and West, aware how hateful Lord William Russell, Algernon Sydney, and the rest of the cabal were to the Government, by their open opposition to the home and foreign policy of the court, essayed to give the impression that the Council of Six were also implicated in the detestable designs of the Rye House plotters,1 When unscrupulous men in supreme power are anxious to gratify their animosity, any evidence calculated to bring foes within reach is acceptable. The hints of Romsey and West were sufficient for the purpose, and orders were instantly issued by the Secretaries of State for the arrest of the Six. The first victim was Lord William, who was at once taken before the council for examination; but as he denied all the charges brought against him, he was forthwith sent to the Tower. Algernon Sydney next followed. He had been seized whilst at his lodgings, and all his papers sealed and

<sup>1</sup> Rye House Papers. Examination of Col. Romsey and Robert West.

secured by a messenger. Once before the council, he answered a few questions, "respectfully and without deceit," but his examination was brief, for on his refusal to reply to certain queries put to him, he also was despatched to the Tower. Monmouth, having received timely warning, had placed the North Sea between him and the Ford, Lord Grey, had been brought before the council, had been examined and sent to the Tower, but managing to bribe his guards, had escaped. Lord Essex and Hampden were imprisoned: shortly after his confinement, Essex, who was subject to constitutional melancholy, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Howard was still at large, protesting that there was no plot, and that he had never heard of any. Orders were, however, issued for his arrest, and when the officers came to his house, they found him secreted up the chimney in one of his rooms. As Keeling had informed against the Rye House plotters, so Lord Howard now informed against the Six. Weeping at the fact that he was a prisoner, he promised to reveal all; his revelations were considered so satisfactory that within a few days after their being taken down by the council, both Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney were put upon their trial for high treason.

Russell was the first to stand at the bar. It appears that one evening he had been present at the house of Thomas Shepherd in Abchurch Lane, where the Rye House conspirators were occasionally in the habit of meeting and discussing their plans. He had gone thither to taste some wine. "It was the greatest accident in the world I was there," said Russell at his trial, "and when I saw that company was there I would have been gone again. I came there to speak with Mr. Shepherd, for I was just come to town." His excuse was raised Romsey, Shepherd, and Howard were playing into the hands of the Crown, and each did his best by hard swearing and false testimony to make the prisoner's conviction certain. The gallant colonel asserted that he had seen his lordship at the house of Shepherd, where discourse was being held by the cabal of conspirators as to surprising the King's guards and creating an insurrection throughout the country. Thomas Shepherd next followed, and gave very much the same evidence as Romsey-that his house in Abchurch Lane was let as a place of rendezvous for the disaffected; that the substance of the discourse of those who met there was how to surprise the guards and organise a rising; that two meetings were held at his house, and that he believed the prisoner attended both, but th was certainly at the meeting when they talked of scizing ' Then Lord Howard was called as a witness. He is

one of the Six, and had attended the meetings at the house of Shepherd; at such meetings it had been agreed to begin the insurrection in the country before raising the city, and there had also been some talk of dealing with the discontented Scotch; at these deliberations no question was put or vote collected, and he of course concluded by the presence of Lord William that the prisoner gave his consent like the rest to the designs of the cabal.

In his defence Russell denied that he ever had any intention against the life of the King; he was ignorant of the proceedings of the Rye House plotters, and his mixing with the conspirators on the sole occasion he had visited Shepherd at Abchurch Lane was purely due to accident. He had gone thither about some wine. He did not admit that he had listened to any talk as to the possibility of creating an insurrection; but even had he made such an admission, talk of that nature could not be construed into treason, for by a special statute (the old statute of treasons) passed in the reign of Edward III., "a design to levy war is not treason;" besides, such talk had not been acted upon; they had met to consult, but they acted nothing in pursuance of that consulting. The attorney-general held a different view, and asserted it had often been determined that to prepare forces to fight against the King was a design within the statute of Edward III. to kill the King. The presiding judge, as a creature of the court, was, of course, of the same opinion; he summed up the evidence, deeming it unfavourable to the prisoner; and the jury, basing their verdict upon the tone of the bench, brought in a sentence of guilty of high treason. In spite of every effort that affection could inspire and interest advocate, Lord William Russell ended his days on the scaffold. "That which is most certain in the affair is," writes Charles James Fox in his history of James II., "that Russell had committed no overt act indicating the imagining the King's death even according to the most strained construction of the statute of Edward III.; much less was any such act legally proved against him; and the conspiring to levy war was not treason, except by a recent statute of Charles II., the prosecutions upon which were expressly limited to a certain time which in these cases had elapsed; so that it is impossible not to assent to the opinion of those who have ever stigmatised the condemnation and execution of Russell as a most flagrant violation of law and justice."

The same measure was now meted out to Algernon Sydney as had been dealt to Russell. In the eyes of the bench, conspiring to levy war and conspiring against the King's life were considered one and the same thing. It was in vain that Sydney asserted that he had

not conspired to the death of the King, that he had not levied war, and that he had not written anything to stir up the people against the King. It was in vain that even the Rye House plotters had to confess they knew nothing of him, and had never seen him at the different meetings. Canting Nadab, however-as Dryden, in his immortal satire, calls Lord Howard-was there, ready to swear away a colleague's life or do any other dirty trick provided his own skin and estate were not forfeited for past misdeeds; his evidence was the chief trump card on which the court relied to score the game. Accordingly his lordship began his testimony by relating what had passed at the meetings of the Six, as to the best means for defending the public interest from invasion, and the advisability of the rising breaking out first in the country instead of in the city. He also stated that it was the special province of Algernon Sydney to deal with the malcontent Scots, and had carried out this task through the agency of one Aaron Smith, who had gone north and been provided with funds for the purpose. This assertion, though Howard candidly said he only spoke from hearsay, was deemed sufficient by the advisers of the Crown to place Sydney's head in jeopardy. As the law, however, demanded that in all trials for high treason there should be two witnesses against the prisoner before sentence could be passed, and as no other witness had the baseness to act the part so well played by Lord Howard, it was necessary for the court to resort to some expedient which would sufficiently answer its purpose of convicting Sydney. The Court was equal to the emergency. Search was made among Sydney's papers, and it was discovered that he had written a treatise-his famous discourse on Government-which particularly discussed the paramount authority of the people and the legality of resisting an oppressive Government, A few isolated passages of the work were read here and there, the extracts given were garbled, and, thanks to the colouring of the prosecution, the case against the prisoner looked black indeed. Entering upon his defence, Sydney, like Russell, denied that he had ever conspired to the death of Charles; nor was he a friend of Monmouth, with whom he had spoken but three times in his life: he objected to the evidence of Howard, which was based upon hearsay, but if such testimony were true, he was but one witness, and the law required two. As for regarding a mangled portion of his treatise as a second witness, it was iniquitous. "Should a man," he cried, "be indicted for treason for scraps of papers, innocent in themselves, but when pieced and patched with Lord Howard's story, made a contrivance to the King? Let them not pick out extracts, but read the a whole. If they took Scripture to pieces, they could n

penmen of the Scripture blasphemous. They might accuse David of saying there is no God; the evangelists of saying that Christ was a blasphemer and seducer, and of the apostles that they were drunk." Then he ended by denying that he had any connection with the malcontents in Scotland. "I have not sent myself," he said, "nor written a letter into Scotland ever since 1659; nor do I know one man in Scotland to whom I can write, or from whom I ever received one." He refuted the charges brought against him in vain. The notorious Jeffries was now the presiding judge, and never was summing up from the bench more culpably partial or more flagrantly at variance with the clauses of the judicial oath. "I look upon the meetings of the Six," said Jeffries to the jury, "and the meetings of the Rye House plotters as having one and the same end in view; I place implicit faith in the evidence of Howard; I deny that it is necessary that there shall be two witnesses to convict a prisoner of high treason; and as for the treatise of Sydney, I declare it is sufficient to condemn the author as being guilty of compassing and imagining the death of the King." Upon the jury retiring to consider their verdict, Jeffries sternly informed them that he had explained the law, and that they were bound to accept his interpretation of it. Thus left without any option in the matter, the jury returned at the end of half an hour into court, and brought in a verdict of guilty. After a brief confinement, Algernon Sydney was beheaded on Tower Hill, Dec. 7, 1683.

Thus ended one of the most iniquitous and unjust trials that the annals of justice ever had to record. "The proceedings in the case of Algernon Sydney," writes Fox, "were most detestable. The production of papers containing speculative opinions upon government and liberty, written long before, and perhaps never intended to be published, together with the use made of those papers in considering them as a substitute for the second witness to the overt act, exhibited such a compound of wickedness and nonsense as is hardly to be paralleled in the history of judicial tyranny. But the validity of pretences was little attended to at that time in the case of a person whom the court had devoted to destruction; and upon evidence such as has been stated was this great and excellent man condemned to die." Upon the accession of "the Deliverer" to the throne, an Act was passed annulling and making void the attainder of Algernon Sydney on account of its having been obtained "without sufficient legal evidence of any treason committed by him," and "by a partial and unjust construction of the statute declaring what was his treason." The fate of the Rye House conspirators was very various. Some fled never to return, and were outlawed like Ferguson and Goodenough; others confessed, and were pardoned like Romsey; whilst a third offered in vain to purchase life by turning informers, as was the case with Walcot and Armstrong. Two years later those who had been outlawed, and were living in exile, again tried their hand at insurrection by aiding Monmouth in his revolt.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

### A VISIT TO LA VERNIA.

REZZO is one of those Tuscan cities which is the most easy of access, and the most seldom visited by ordinary travellers. The very fact that it is only three hours by train from Florence, and lies on the main line to Rome, rather tends to produce this result. Yet Arezzo offers many attractions both to the student of art and history, and those who can devote a few days to the study of its antiquities will find the time well spent.

In the first place, Arezzo is a bright and pleasant town, prettily situated on a sloping hill, which rises gently from the Val Chiana, and surrounded by loftier mountains. It is famous for the lightness and salubrity of its air, which, as long ago as Giovanni Villani's days, was popularly supposed to impart a certain delicacy and refinement of intellect—in the words of Michael Angelo, "sottilità"—to its "Dear Giorgio," the great man would say to Vasari, himself an Aretine by birth, "if my mind is worth anything, I owe it to the fine air of your Arezzo country." And, indeed, the roll of illustrious Aretines of all ages is a long one. In those ancient days when Arretium formed one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan confederation, it was the home of the powerful Cilnii family, from which Mâecenas descended. In medieval times the poet Petrarch, Guittone, the inventor of the sonnet; the artists, Margaritone and Spinello; Guido, the improver of the musical system; Pietro Aretino, the satirist, and many others, equally well known, first saw the light within the walls of Arezzo.

The Aretines have shown a praiseworthy reverence for their great men from the time when they invited Petrarch to visit the house where he was born, during his father's exile from Florence, and which had been preserved with religious care by the public magistrates. The notes of the musical scale with which the name of the Benedictine monk, Guido, is for ever linked, are still to be seen painted outside the house, which was once his home; and the number of commemorative tablets on the walls has given rise to the common saying, that the stones still speak in Areszo.

From Etruscan days the coral-red jars manufactured at Ametican

were held in high esteem, and have been celebrated both by Martial and Pliny. Specimens of this pottery may still be seen at the Museum, and since the bronzes discovered here have been moved to Florence, these, with a few ancient inscriptions, are the only traces left of Etruscan and Roman remains. But in treasures of 13th and 14th century art Arezzo is rich. It has a noble duomo, one of the earliest and most interesting examples of Italian Gothic architecture, bearing a close resemblance to S. Maria Novella of Florence, and containing, among other choice sculpture, the famous tomb on which the battles and sieges of the warrior bishop Tarlati are represented. In another quarter of the town, looking on the picturesque old market-place, is the ancient shrine of S. Maria Pieve, whose fantastic front of twisted columns and arcaded apse have won a new claim on the interest of this generation as the "pillared church," of Pompilia's soldier-saint Giuseppe Caponsacchi, Canon of the Pieve. Lastly, we have in S. Francesco a storehouse of the noblest medieval art from the chapel where Spinello's archangel flashes down upon us with his drawn sword, to the choir where we find the wonderful series of frescoes by the hand of a painter who amazes us by his mastery of form and effect, while he fascinates us by the deep poetry and spiritual force of his conceptions. If Arezzo contained nothing but these scenes from the legend of the True Cross by Piero della Francesca, it would be well worthy of a visit. When we have seen all this we can go beyond the walls and explore the tract of country known as the Casentino or valley of the Upper Arno. A fiercely contested battle-ground it was in Dante's time, when Arezzo was the great stronghold of the Ghibelline party, who from its walls waged war on the Guelfs of Florence, and this fair Aretine territory was laid waste by repeated invasions of the foe.

It is hard to recall that warlike age in our own days when the Casentino was a rich and smiling district, fair at all times, but most of all in the early autumn when purple figs and scarlet pomegranates—

pomi d oro—hang in clusters from the trees, and acacias and vines are touched with their first tints of gold. The vintage had already begun on the warm September day when we left the gates of Arezzo and drove up Val d'Arno to visit the renowned mountain sanctuary of La Vernia. The vineyards on either side of the road were alive with bright groups of peasants gathering the first ripe grapes. and piling up the large wicker baskets into wagons harped oven who stood lazily by, shaking their head away the flies with the crimson taset!

For three hours we followed the course of the Arno, which, "not content with its hundred miles race," here begins those interminable windings through the midst of this fair Tuscan land which Dante, in his bitter invective against the dwellers on its banks, describes as peopled alternately with curs, wolves, and foxes; in other words, Aretines, Florentines, and Pisans.

In the Casentino it is still a clear mountain stream, flowing quietly along its rocky bed, spanned here and there by bridges with raised arches telling of winter seasons when the now slumbering waters reach a perilous height.

As we proceed onward up the hill towards Bibbiena in the Casentino, we are reminded at every step of Dante's minute description of these scenes which he knew so well. From the green slopes on either side descend those glittering rills, the cool waters for which the forger Adam of Brescia thirsted in the flames of hell. left is the mountain of the Pratomagno dividing the Casentino from the lower valley of Arno; to the right that "great yoke of Apennine," which forms the water-shed of Tuscany and Umbria, and separates the streams which flow into the Arno from those which join the Before we began the last steep ascent into Bibbiena our vetturino, pointing with his whip to a lofty fir-clad crest towering high above a desolate ridge of bare cliffs, cried out "Ecco La Vernia!" There, before our eyes, was the mountain where the strange monk of old sought out a solitude far removed from the haunts of men. La Vernia, whose barren rocks and pine forests have been painted by Giotto and Angelico, and a hundred other artists, for the sake of Francis, La Vernia of which Dante sang in the highest spheres of Paradise.

> Nel crudo sasso intra Tevere ed Arno Da Cristo prese l'ultimo sigillo Che le sue membra du' anni portarno.

Bibbiena itself, where we spent the night before undertaking the steep ascent of Monte Alvernia, is a flourishing little town in the heart of the Casentino, standing in the midst of cornfields and chestnut woods. Brown-faced children and dark-eyed maidens, with smooth, long tresses and broad straw hats, looked curiously at us from the door-steps as we passed, and every roof and window of the quaint old wooden houses was gay with heaps of orange-coloured maize spread out to dry in the sun.

The walls of Bibbiena were razed by the Florentines in their anger with the inhabitants who received the exiled Medici on their expulsion in 1509, but its chief claim on public notice rests on the

celebrity attained by one of its natives, Bernardo Dovizi, better known as Cardinal Bibbiena, the tutor of Leo X., and the friend and patron of Raphael. It is to the credit of the worldly prelate and author of the "Calandra" that in his busy Roman life, amidst all the honours which the Pope showered upon him, he did not forget his birthplace, but erected the church of S. Lorenzo there, and decorated its altars with some fine terra-cottas from the atelier of the Della Robbias. One of these is a Pietà surrounded with lovely angels and saints, the other a Nativity. Both are encircled in a wreath of cherub heads, vine-leaves, and clusters of fruit, all exquisitely carved, and delicately coloured. The heartrending expression of grief on the Virgin's face in the former, and the startled expression of the shepherds as the heavenly vision breaks upon their eyes, have much in common with the masterpieces of Andrea della Robbia at La Vernia, and were probably the work of the same master.

It was in the plains below the old ramparts of Bibbiena that the great fight of Campaldino took place on the 11th of June, 1289, between the Ghibellines of Arezzo and the Florentine Guelfs. Dante himself, then a young man of four-and-twenty, fought in the thick of the battle in the ranks of the cavalry, and in a letter quoted by Leonardo Aretino, he describes how, after narrowly escaping defeat, his own side won the day, and completely routed the Aretines, whose warlike Bishop, Ubertini, was slain in the engagement. In the fifth canto of the Purgatory, he puts the tale of that fatal evening into the mouth of one of the unhappy fugitives who died of his wounds in the flight, and whose corpse was whirled along the waters of the Archiano, a stream which falls into the Arno just below Bibbiena. The description of the clouds gathering over the mountains towards dusk and falling in torrents of rain on the battlefield heaped with dead and dying, is given with all the vividness of To-day all is still in those fair regions. an eye-witness. of Guelf and Ghibelline warriors have fed the golden corn that waves on the fertile plain, and the peaceful music of the "Angelus" rings along the green hill-side which once echoed to the noise of clashing steel and the confused shouts of struggling horsemen. We looked across the valley at the towers of Poppi rising on the opposite hill in the calm glow of the evening sunlight, and listened to the bells of the Bibbiena churches behind us until the tale of that hard-wor which Dante has made real to us seemed to fade away a dimness of past ages, and we forgot that the woode had ever been the scene of strife and blood

Early the next morning we started for vol. cclvil, No. 1848.

tall maize and woods laden with those chestnuts for which Bibbiena was famous as long ago as Burchiello's days. Skirting the banks of the Corsalone torrent we passed through a forest where ilex and holly and here and there fig-trees and laurels mingled with the shady chestnut-trees until we crossed the stream, and the more arduous part of the ascent began. These remote scenes were not unknown to English travellers of past generations, and if on the further side of Arno

Vallombrosa remotely remembers
The foot which she knew when her leaves were September's,
these forest shades recall the home-sick lay of the exiled Jacobite
who—

Heard on La Vernia's Scargill's whispering trees, And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees.

But as we climb the rugged mountain-side and seek out a path among rocks overgrown with moss and brambles, we leave other memories behind for those of Francis. Every step is hallowed by the remembrance of his presence in these parts, and our peasant guides could point out the oaks which mark the place where he rested and the spring from which he drank, as well as the monks themselves. The very birds clapped their wings with joy at his coming, they told us, quoting almost the words of the "Fioretti"—" our brothers and sisters sang out to bid him welcome." As we ascended higher, the road became steeper and the rocks more barren, until we reached the grass meadows at the base of the perpendicular cliffs at the top of which the convent stands. A little further on at a spot known as La Becia, or the Fountain of St. Francis, is a small hostelry built by the municipality of Florence for the reception of women-pilgrims, and from this point a rough path cut in the rock leads to the convent gates.

 The story of the foundation of the sanctuary in this secluded and inaccessible region can only be briefly told here, but is given in all its picturesque details by the Saint's biographers.

When Francis was passing by the castle of Montefeltro on one of journeys his attention was attracted by the sound of music and festivities proceeding from its walls. Hearing that these rejoicings were kept to celebrate the investiture of a member of the family with knighthood, he entered the court of the castle, and preached to the assembled guests with such fervour, that the whole company listened entranced at his eloquence. Among the guests was a certain Orlando, Count of Chiusi-Clusentinum, a citadel in the neighbourhood of Monte Alvernia, whence the name Casentino is derived. This wealthy Tuscan noble desired to converse with Francis, and deeply moved by his zeal and devotion, offered him a wild and barren mountain which

he owned in Tuscany as especially fitted by its seclusion for a place of retreat and contemplation.

Francis accepted the gift gratefully, and finding the lonely heights of La Vernia "devout and apt for prayer," spent many weeks in a rude hut, which Orlando, who had climbed the hill to welcome him with a train of armed servants, made for him out of the branches of trees, which they cut down with their swords. When the fame of the Stigmata had made La Vernia sacred, and the three monks who had originally accompanied Francis were daily joined by new brethren who came in ever increasing numbers, it was found necessary to erect a more substantial building, and twenty-six years after the death of the Patriarch, the convent itself a solid structure of stone capable of receiving ninety monks, was raised by the alms of the faithful.

The massive walls which, with their narrow loop-holes look like some medieval fortress crowning the precipitous heights and seem to form part of the rock itself, are said to belong to the original building, but the greater portion of the first convent was destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century, and rebuilt on the same ground by the Florentine Guild of Cloth Merchants. This august company took the convent under its especial protection, and the municipality of Florence have continued to exercise the same beneficent influence on behalf of the present Franciscan community.

Each year the Gonfaloniere or a specially elected deputy visits La Vernia on the 17th of September when the festival of the Stigmata is held, and plants the standard of Florence at the convent gates. It is partly owing to this protection and partly to the reverence in which the memory of Francis is held that La Vernia has been one of the few convents spared by the Italian Government. The present community numbers about a hundred Franciscan monks, all usefully and actively engaged. Many are sent out to preach in the neighbouring villages and travel about Umbria and Tuscany teaching the poor peasantry and ministering to their wants in health and sickness. Some are sent to preach Lent and Advent sermons in Florence and other large towns, while of those who remain at home some are engaged in theological studies, and others—the lay portion of the community we may suppose—are employed in the Farmacia and go out as doctors among the poor, or else work as woodcutters, carpenters, blacksmiths and shoemakers, besides performing the necessary labour of the large establishment and attending to the duties of hospitality, no light task at those seasons when pilgrims from all parts flock to La Vernia the week of the festival of the Stigmata, which had taken pl

a fortnight before our visit, our peasant guides informed us that the number of pilgrims had been as many as two thousand.

A day rarely passes without some pilgrimage of Tuscan or Umbrian peasants visiting the shrine, and the day we arrived we found a party of *contadini*, who had climbed the hill before us, attending mass in the great convent church. As we entered, two monks were officiating at the high altar, while another played the organ, and from the choir at the easternmost end of the church came the rich, full voices of the Brothers Minor chanting the office.

Immediately service was over, a courteous and intelligent friar advanced to greet us, and finding we could not accept his offer to spend the night at La Vernia, conducted us at once over the convent in company with the peasants who had arrived that morning.

The chief conventual buildings are grouped round a paved courtyard which we enter by a narrow gateway. Near this spot is the chapel of S. Maria degli Angeli, the first church raised on the mountain, and begun in the days of Francis from whom it received the name of his own beloved Porziuncula at Assisi. The ancient wooden desks at which the monks recited their offices are still to be seen here, and a Della Robbia relief representing the Virgin when she appeared to St. Bonaventura and gave him the measure of the chapel which was built in exact accordance with her directions, and has to this day remained unaltered.

When the community became too numerous to worship in this small chapel, another Count of Chiusi began the great church, which was completed in 1455 by the Florentine merchants of the Arte della Lana, and is united to S. Maria degli Angeli by a tall bell-tower containing the actual bell from Orlando's Castle of Chiusi. This relic of the original lord of La Vernia was moved here by the special permission of Lorenzo de' Medici, and has been twice re-cast since it has occupied its present position. Orlando himself became a member of the third order of Francis in the Saint's lifetime, and lies buried in the little church of S. Maria degli Angeli. Many are the noble benefactors who gave their gold to build or adorn a chapel at La Vernia, and whose bones rest in the precincts of the convent.

Among the decorations, which were the gift of Florentine citizens, are several altar-pieces of the Della Robbia school, which is largely represented at La Vernia. Of these, three masterpieces by the hand of Andrea della Robbia are to be seen in the Chiesa Maggiore, the Annunciation, Nativity and Ascension. The two former, in their delicate blue and white tints, are exquisite specimens of this

master who carried the art of Luca's invention to the highest degree of perfection of which it is capable.

Never was the spirit of the words *Ecce ancilla Domini* rendered more perfectly than in the lowly maiden kneeling before the angelic messenger who, swift and strong in his youthful beauty, bends on one knee to utter his Ave. And surely not even Raphael himself ever painted a sweeter and more life-like image of childhood than that of the radiant Child-Christ, who holds up his fingers to his lips and laughs for joy in his mother's face.

As in the well-known Annunciation on the Hospital of the Innocents in Florence, by Andrea, a tall white lily growing in a pot stands between Gabriel and the Virgin, and a frieze of classic moulding takes the place of the usual wreath of flowers and fruit that frames in the subject.

The monk who was our guide seemed to catch a gleam of inspiration from these terra-cotta pictures, which were so familiar to him, and his bronzed face was lighted up with genuine pleasure as he pointed to the Nativity, and exclaimed: "But see that Child, how natural, how expressive!—the breath alone is wanting." And as we stood before the Ascension, he turned to the heretic Inglesi with a kindly smile; "Ecco!" he said; "these are the same for you as for us. They are written for us all in the Bible; there is nothing to separate us here."

He led us out on the broad piazza in front of the church, and after showing us many smaller chapels raised to commemorate different events in the life of Francis, he conducted us through a long covered cloister to the chapel erected on the site of the great beech-tree, where the great Saint knelt rapt in prayer when he received the Stigmata. This gallery, which runs along the edge of the cliff looking down on Bibbiena and the valley below, was built two hundred years ago to shelter the monks from the piercing cold of the winter nights during their long vigils. Twice in the twenty-four hours, at midnight and after vespers, they pass in procession through this cloister to the chapel, chanting litanies in honour of the Stigmata. The cloister itself is decorated with curious terra-cotta representations of the Via Crucis, and over the door of the chapel is a beautiful figure of Francis holding the cross in his hand, by one of the Della Robbias.

The chapel, which was begun thirty-seven years after the death of Francis, when the wondrous tale of the Stigmata was fresh in the hearts of his followers, still retains its original features, and a bronze grating in front of the altar marks the exact spot which the reverence

of ages has consecrated. Above the altar is another great relief by Andrea della Robbia representing the Crucifixion, and remarkable for the beauty of the weeping angels, who hover in mid-air, clasping their hands together or covering their faces in agonised grief, as well as for the power of expression shown in the different saints assembled at the foot of the Cross. The figure of Francis, who stands opposite the Virgin, bears a striking resemblance to the well-known head of S. Giovanni Gualberto in the Vallombrosa altarpiece by Perugino, and shows how near this artist in terra-cotta came to the highest achievements of the best Umbrian masters. In refinement of type and sincerity of devotional emotion, Andrea della Robbia's sorrowing saints yield to none of his contemporaries' creations, while the twenty-three cherub-heads, each different and each instinct with life, set in the frame of the altar-piece, have all the charm and innocent grace which belong to Luca's children.

After showing its many other smaller chapels, our guide led us down rudely cut steps to different caves hidden in the rock, each hallowed by the presence of Francis, or by the memory of some heavenly vision which appeared to him. The peasants and children who accompanied us listened intently to the glowing language in which the monk described each separate incident of the story, and falling on their knees repeated a Pater Noster and Gloria Patri devoutly after him.

Our courteous guide was now summoned away to attend to other duties, but before taking leave of us, he led us across the piazza to the guest chamber, where we were hospitably entertained by a laybrother. We had a companion at dinner in the person of the Bibbiena doctor, who had ridden up that morning to see a sick monk, and had brought his little girl with him on her first visit to La Vernia. It was touching to see the delight and amusement with which the monks gathered round the child, asking her name, patting her curly head, and feeding and petting her in the fondest manner. Naturally enough, they seemed to hail gladly any communication with the outer world, and a venerable looking old brother who had weathered the snows and frosts of more than eighty winters in this desolate abode, amused us by the eagerness with which he asked our friend the doctor, "What news in Bibbiena?" Although so remote a place to us, the little mountain town was evidently to him the centre of life and business.

Later in the day we ascended the highest point of the mountain, a rock called La Penna. Passing under an arched gateway behind the church, and leaving the long low building which contains the

friars' cells on our left, we crossed a wood-yard, where two brothers were sawing planks of timber, and came out into the bosco of fine beech-trees and tall pines, where the birds of old sang to Francis, while Orlando's men-at-arms cut down logs to build his first rude huts. The view from the chapel on the summit is magnificent. On the one side we looked down upon Tuscany, on the other on Umbria and the March of Ancona. Far to the east were the lofty mountains of San Marino, and the pale blue hills which surround the Lake of Thrasymene, and stretch from Perugia to Siena, and Radicofani. Looking westward, at our feet lay the rich Casentino vineyards and cornfields, with Poppi and Bibbiena each standing out on their separate hills. On our right we could see the gorge of the Zucca, where the Tiber rises to flow down by Borgo San Sepolcro into the Umbrian plains. To the left, on the other side of the Casentino, was the mountain of the Falterona, and the sources of the Arno. Immediately below, on the southern slope of the mountain stood of old the Castello di Chiusi, renowned not only as the home of Count Orlando, but as the citadel, where, on a Sunday in March, 1474, during the governorship of his father Lodovico Buonarroti, Michael Angelo was born. Here, "in the close vicinity of the rock of La Vernia, where S. Francis received the sacred wounds of the Stigmata," writes Giorgio Vasari, " under the influence of some fortunate star, the child drew his first breath in our pure Aretine air." Thus these lonely mountain heights won a new glory, and the name of Michael Angelo comes to blend with the memories of Dante and Francis, which throng upon us at La Vernia.

A well-favoured spot this shady grove of Francis seemed to us as we stood there that bright autumn evening, and looked down on the bare crags and huge masses of dibris that lay upheaved about us on every side in wild confusion. For this was the one corner of the desolate rock where the beech-trees spread their leaves of tender green against the sky, and violets and cyclamen peeped out among the moss-grown trunks, paying silent tribute to the memory of him who prayed best, because he loved best all things both great and small, who thanked his Lord for the bright blossoms, and the green grass, and called the swallows his brothers and sisters.

And so, with the sun touching the highest Apennine tops with gold, and the sweet mountain air blowing in our faces across the slopes of Michael Angelo's native hills, we looked our last on La Vernia, and turned our faces southwards, wondering once more over the story of Francis, this great and tender heart which overflowed with such untold love to God and man.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

### BYGONE CELEBRITIES AND LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

## III. NAPOLEON III.—LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

T was during the unsettled times that preceded the great French Revolution of 1848-I think it was in January of that year-that one of Mr. Rogers's breakfasts was attended by Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, afterwards Napoleon III.; Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; Lord William Pitt Lennox, the son of the Duke of Richmond (who distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo, and died many years afterwards as Governor-General of Canada); and myself. I was previously acquainted with all these gentlemen, and had met the Prince a few days previously at the house of Mr. John MacGregor, formerly secretary of the Board of Trade, and member of Parliament for Glasgow. The Prince, who was then forty years of age, had long been a resident in London as an exile, spoke English exceedingly well, had thoroughly studied the working of the British constitution, and had learned to respect and apparently to love the English people. He was very taciturn and undemonstrative; his dull grey eyes seemed to have little speculation in them, and to have been given to him, if such an expression may be used, to look inwards upon himself rather than outwards upon the world. They brightened up at rare intervals when anything was said that particularly interested him. On this occasion the talk of the breakfast table turned a good deal upon French politics and the probability, more or less imminent, of a revolutionary outbreak in Paris, consequent upon the unwise opposition of Louis Philippe and his too obsequious minister, M. Guizot, to the question of the extension of the franchise and the reform of the French Parliament. As I had within a fortnight or three weeks returned from Paris, where I had associated with some leading liberal politicians, among others with Béranger the poet and the Abbé de Lamennais, my opinion upon the situation was asked, I think, by Mr. Rogers, and whether I thought the agitation would subside. "Not," I said, "unless the King yields." "He won't yield, I think," said the Prince; "he does not understand the seriousness of the case." I told the Prince that Béranger, who knew the temper and sympathised with the opinions of the people, had predicted the establishment of a Republic, consequent upon the downfall of the monarchy, within less than a Lamennais did not give the King so long a lease of twelvemonth. power, but foresaw revolution within six months. The Prince remarked that "if there were barricades in the streets of Paris, such as those by which his way to the throne was won in 1830, the King would not give orders to disperse the mob by force of arms." "Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Rogers. "The King is a weak man, a merciful man. He does not like bloodshed. I often think he was a fool not to have had me shot after the affair of Strasburg. our cases been reversed, I know that I would have had him shot without mercy." I thought little of this remark at the time, but in after years, when the exiled Prince became the powerful emperor, my mind often reverted to this conversation, and I thought that if King Louis Philippe had done what the Prince considered he ought to have done—and as he would have been fully justified by law, civil and military, as well as by state policy, in doing—the whole course of European history would have been changed. Personally, the Prince was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Stern as a politician, and in pursuit of the great object of his ambition, as in the famous coup d état of 1851 by which he raised himself at a bound from the comparatively humble and uncertain chair of a President to the most conspicuous imperial throne in the world—he was, in private life, of a singularly amiable temper. He never forgot in his prosperity the friends or even the acquaintances of his adversity; never ceased to remember any benefit that had been conferred upon him, and not only to be grateful for it, but to show his gratitude by acts of kindness and generosity, if the kindness or generosity could be of benefit to the fortunes of the persons on whom it was bestowed. When he sought the hand in marriage of a Princess of the House of Austria, and the honour was declined for the occult and unwhispered reason that he was a parvenu and an upstart, and that his throne was at the mercy of a revolution (and what throne is not?), he married for pure love and affection a noble lady of inferior rank, and raised her to a throne which she filled for many years with more grace and splendour than any contemporary sovereign born in the purple of royalty had ever exhibited, Queen Victoria alone excepted.

The Prince thoroughly understood the character of the people. Napoleou I. had called the English a nation of si

Napoleon III. knew that the French were entitled in a far greater degree than the English to that depreciatory epithet. He knew that in their hearts they did not care so much for liberty and fraternity as they did for "equality,"—that what they wanted in the first place was peace, so that trade and industry might have a chance to prosper; and secondly, that France as a nation might be the predominant power in Europe. For the first reason, they required a master who would maintain order; for the second reason, they idolised the name of the first Napoleon. These two things were patent to the mind of Napoleon III., and formed the keystone of his domestic and foreign policy.

When London, about three months after the breakfast at Mr. Rogers', was threatened, on April 10, 1848, by an insurrectionary mob of Chartists, under the guidance of a half-crazy Irishman, named Feargus O'Connor, who afterwards died in a lunatic asylum, the Prince volunteered to act as a special constable, for the preservation of the peace, in common with many thousands of respectable professional men, merchants, and tradesmen. I met him in Trafalgar Square, armed with the truncheon of a policeman. On this occasion, the Duke of Wellington, then commander-in-chief of the British Army, had taken the precaution to station the military in sufficient numbers at all the chief strategical points of the metropolis, ready, though concealed from the notice of the multitude, to act on an emergency. Happily their services were not required. The sovereign was popular; the upper and middle classes were unanimous; a large section of the labouring classes had no sympathy with Chartism, and the display of the civic force, with bludgeons and staves only, without firearms of any kind, was quite sufficient to overawe the rioters. I stopped for a minute to exchange greetings with the Prince, and said I did not think from all that I had heard that the Chartists would resort to violence, and that their march through the streets would be orderly. The Prince was of the same opinion, and passed upon his beat among other police special constables in front of the National Gallery.

As Lord William Lennox was of the breakfast party, I took the opportunity to ask him a question with regard to a disputed point. I had lately visited Brussels, the city in which I had passed my school-boy days, and which was consequently endeared to my mind by many youthful associations. The mother of Lord William, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, had given a great ball on the night perceding the battle of Waterloo, in June, 1815, at which Lord William, then in his sixteenth year, was present. Every lover of poetry will remember the splendid description of this ball and of the

subsequent battle which occurs in the third canto of Byron's "Childe Harold." The passage is unsurpassed in any language for the vigour, the picturesqueness, and the magnificence of its thought and diction, and in its relation to one of the most stupendous events in modern history.

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

It has been generally asserted and believed that the ball was given by the duchess in the grand hall of the stately Hôtel de Ville in the Grande Place, and when in Brussels I heard the assertion repeated by many people, though denied by others. old citizen, who remembered the battle well, affirmed it to have been at the Hôtel de Ville, which he saw brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and passed among the crowd of equipages that filled the Grande Place, when setting down and taking up the ladies who graced the assembly with their presence. Another equally old and trustworthy inhabitant declared that to his personal knowledge the ball was given in the "Palais d'Aes," a large building that adjoins the palace of the King of the Belgians, and is now used as a barrack; while a third affirmed it to have been held in the handsome hotel, adjoining the Chamber of Deputies, which was formerly occupied by Sir Charles Bagot, the British Ambassador to Brussels and the Hague in 1830. Thinking there could be no better authority than one who was present on the occasion, one, moreover, who was so nearly allied to the giver of the entertainment, I asked Lord William to decide the point. He replied at once that all these assertions were unfounded. His father, the duke, took a large house in a back street, called the "Rue de la Blanchisserie" (street of the laundry), abutting on the boulevard opposite the present Botanic Garden, and that the ball took place in the not extraordinarily spacious drawing-room of that mansion. He said, moreover, that the lines-

Within the window'd niche of that high hall Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain,

conveyed an idea of magnitude which the so-called "high hall" did not in reality possess.

Archbishop Whately here said: "If we may be permitted with

breach of good manners to speak of Waterloo in the presence of Prince Napoleon, I may remark that the correction of the very minor error just made by Lord William, though exceedingly interesting is not of great importance. Though contradicted again and again, the report still circulates, and is still believed, that the Duke of Wellington was surprised on the eve of the battle of Waterloo by the rapid march of the emperor, and was thus taken at a disadvantage."

"I never believed the report," said the Prince, "though I have my own views about the battle. I visited Waterloo in the winter of 1832, with what feelings you may imagine."

"The truth as regards the alleged surprise," said the Archbishop, "appears to be, as Lord Byron explained in a note to the passage in 'Childe Harold,' that the duke had received intelligence of Napoleon's march, and at first had the idea of requesting the Duchess of Richmond to countermand the ball; but, on reflection, considered it desirable that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance of the course of events. He, therefore, desired the duchess to let the ball proceed, and gave commands to all the general officers who had been invited to appear at it, each taking care to quit the room at ten o'clock quietly, and without giving any notification, except to each of the under officers, to join their respective divisions en route. There is no doubt that many of the subalterns who were not in the secret were surprised at the suddenness of the order."

"I heard, when I visited the field of Waterloo less than a month ago," I said, "that many of the officers joined the march in their dancing shoes, so little time was left for them to obey orders."

"It has been proved to the satisfaction of every real inquirer into the facts," said Mr. Rogers, "that as far as the duke himself and his superior officers were concerned, there was no surprise in the matter. You know the daring young lady, who presumed on her beauty to be forgiven for her impertinence, who asked the duke point blank at an evening party, whether he had not been surprised at Waterloo. 'Certainly not!' he replied, 'but I am now.'"

"A proper rebuke," said Lord William. "I hope the lady felt it."

Byron, in the beautiful stanzas to which allusion has been made, describes the wood of Soignes, erroneously called Soignies, in the environs of Brussels, a portion of the great Forest of Ardennes:

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave.

In a note to this passage he speaks of Ardennes as famous in Boiardo's "Orlando," as immortal in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Whatever may have been the case with Boiardo, it is all but certain that Shakespeare's "Arden" was not the Ardennes near Brussels, but the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire, near his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. He frequented this "Arden" in his youth, perhaps in chasing the wild deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, perhaps in love-rambles with Anne Hathaway. Portions of this English forest still remain, containing in a now enclosed park—the property of a private gentleman-some venerable oak trees, one of which as I roughly measured it with my walking-stick is upwards of thirty feet in circumference within a yard of the ground. This tree, with several others still standing, must have been old in the days of Shakespeare; and in the shadow of which he himself may have reclined in the happy days ere he went to London in search of fame and fortune. "Arden," spelled Ardennes in French, is a purely Celtic word, meaning the high forest, from Ard, high, and Airdean, heights. The English district is still called "Arden," and the small town of Henley, within its boundaries, is described as Henley-in-Arden to distinguish it from the many other Henleys that exist in England.

Lord William Lennox married the once celebrated cantatrice, Miss Wood, from whom he was divorced. He was a somewhat voluminous author of third-rate novels, and a frequent contributor to the periodical press. He died in 1880, in his eighty-first year.

Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was the author of a very able treatise on Logic and Rhetoric, long the text-book of the schools; and also of a once famous jeu d'esprit entitled "Historic Doubts concerning Napoleon Buonaparte," in which he proved irrefragably by false logic likely to convince idle and unthinking readers, that no such person as Napoleon Buonaparte ever did exist or could have existed. In this clever little work he ridiculed, under the guise of seeming impartiality and critical acumen, the many attempts that had been made, especially by French writers of the school of Voltaire, to prove that Jesus Christ was a purely imaginary character, as much a myth as the gods of Grecian and Roman mythology. Mr. Greville, in his "Memoirs of the Courts of George III., George IV., and William IV.," records that he met Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, at a dinner party, and describes him "as a very ordinary man in appearance and conversation, with something pretentious in his talk, and as telling stories without point," Nevertheless he admitted him to be "a very able man." My opinion of the Archbishop was far more favourable. The first thing t me with regard to him was the clear precision of his

befitted a man who had written with such undoubted authority on Logic and Rhetoric, and the second his rare tolerance for all conscientious differences of opinion on religious matters. Two years previously I had sat next to him on the platform of the inaugural meeting held by the members of The Athenæum at Manchester in support of that institution. Several bishops had been invited, and had signified their intention to be present, but all of them except Dr. Whately had withdrawn as soon as it was publicly announced that Mr. George Dawson, a popular lecturer and Unitarian preacher of advanced opinions, was to address the audience. Mr. Dawson, who was at the time a very young man, spoke with considerable eloquence and power, and impressed the audience favourably, the Archbishop "I think," said Dr. Whately, turning to me at the conincluded. clusion of the speech, "that my reverend brethren would have taken no harm from being present to-night, and more than one of them. whom I could name, would be all the better if they could preach with as much power and spirit, as this boy has displayed in his speech." On another occasion, when I was in Dublin in 1849, I heard that several ultra-orthodox Protestant clergymen in the city had been heard to express regret that Dr. Whately was so lax in his religious belief, and set so bad an example to his clergy. I asked in what manner, and was told in reply that he had publicly spoken of Dr. Daniel Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, then in his 81st year, as "a good man, a very good man," adding the hope that he himself should be found worthy to meet Murray in Heaven.

This large-minded prelate died in 1863 in his seventy-seventh year.

## IV. THE REV. HENRY HART MILMAN—THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE—THOMAS MILLER.

It was in the summer of 1844, a few days after the interment in Westminster Abbey of Thomas Campbell, the poet, author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and many other celebrated poems, that I received an invitation to breakfast with Samuel Rogers, to meet the Rev. Dr. Milman, the officiating clergyman on that solemn occasion. There were two other guests besides myself; the Rev. Alexander Dyce, well known as a commentator on Shakespeare, and Mr. Thomas Miller—originally a basket-maker—who had acquired considerable reputation as a poet and novelist and a hard-working man of letters.

Dr. Milman was at the time rector of St. Margaret's—the little church that stands close to Westminster Abbey and interferes greatly with the view of that noble cathedral. He was afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, and was known to fame as the author of the successful tragedy of "Fazio," of many poetical volumes of no great merit, and of a "History of the Jews" and a "History of Christianity," both of which still retain their reputation.

The conversation turned principally on the funeral of the poet, at which both Mr. Dyce and myself had been present. The pall-bearers were among the most distinguished men of the time, for their rank, their talent, and their high literary and political positions. They included Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Strangford, and the Duke of Buccleuch, the last named the generous nobleman—noble in nature as well as in rankwho had offered, when a lad in his teens, to pay the debts of his illustrious namesake, Sir Walter Scott, when the great novelist had fallen upon evil days in the full flush of his fame and popularity. A long procession of authors, sculptors, artists, and other distinguished men followed the coffin to the grave. Many Polish exiles were conspicuous among them. As Dr. Milman pronounced the affecting words of the burial service, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," a Polish gentleman made his way through the ranks of mourners, and drawing a handful of earth from a little basket which he carried, exclaimed in a clear voice, "This is Polish earth for the tomb of the friend of Poland," and sprinkled it upon the coffin. This dramatic incident recalled to my mind, as it no doubt did to that of other spectators, Campbell's unwearied exertions in the cause of Poland, and of the indignant lines in the "Pleasures of Hope,"

> Hope for a season bade the world farewell, And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell.

Mr. Rogers, reminded, perhaps, of a grievance by the presence at the breakfast table of Dr. Milman, seemed to brood over an injustice that he thought had been done him with reference to the late poet. When Campbell, under the pressure of some pecuniary difficulty, complained of the scanty rewards of literature, and especially of poetry, Mr. Rogers was reported to have recommended him to endeavour to procure employment as a clerk. This was thought to be very unfeeling; but on this occasion Mr. Rogers explained to the whole company that he had been misunderstood, and that he not meant any unkindness. "I myself," he said, "was early days, and never had to depend upon up I only suggested that in Mr. Campbell's."

other literary man, it would be much better if the writing of poetry were an amusement only and not a business."

"No doubt," said Mr. Dyce, "but men of genius are not always the masters of their own youth, and cannot invariably choose their careers or make choice of a profession which requires means and time to qualify for it. You, for instance, Mr. Rogers, when a clerk, were clerk to your father, and qualified yourself under his auspices for partnership in, or succession to the management of, his prosperous bank. Mr. Campbell had no such chances."

"It is a large question," said Dr. Milman. "The love of literature in a man of genius, rich or poor—especially if poor—is an all-absorbing passion; and shapes his life, regret it as we may. Literature has rewards more pleasant than those of money, pleasant though money undoubtedly is. If money were to be the 'be-all' and 'end-all' of life, it would be better to be a rich cheesemonger or butcher than a poor author. But no high-spirited, intelligent, and ambitious youth could be of this opinion and shape his life by it. Sensitive youths drift into poetry, as prosaic and adventurous youths drift into the army or the navy."

"The more's the pity," replied Mr. Rogers, "as by drifting into poetry they too often drift into poverty and misery. I trust, however, you will all understand that the idle and the malevolent gossips did, and do me, gross injustice when they say that I recommended Campbell to accept a clerkship rather than continue to rely upon poetry. I never thought of doing so. I merely expressed a general wish that every man of genius, not born to wealth, should have a profession to rely upon for his daily bread."

"A wish that all men would agree in," said Mr. Dyce, "and that after all had no particular or exclusive reference to Mr. Campbell. He did not find the literature which he adorned utterly unprofitable. He made money by his poetry and by his literary labour generally, besides gaining a pension of three hundred pounds per annum on the Civil List, and the society of all the most eminent men of his time, which he could not have done as a cheesemonger or a butcher, however successful he might have become in these pursuits."

"These are all truisms," said Mr. Rogers, somewhat sharply as if annoyed. "What I complain of is that the world, the very ill-natured world, should have spread abroad the ridiculous story that I recommended Mr. Campbell, in his declining years, to apply for a clerk-ship."

"I think no one believes that you did so," said Dr. Milman, " or that you could have done so. Your sympathy with men of letters is well known and has been proved too often, not by mere words only,

but by generous deeds, for such a story to obtain credence."
"Falsehoods," replied Mr. Rogers, still with a tone of bitterness, "are not cripples. They run fast, and have more legs than a centipede. I saw it stated in print the other day that I depreciate Shakespeare and think him to have been over-rated. I know of no other foundation for the libel than that I once quoted the opinion expressed of him by Ben Jonson, his dearest friend and greatest admirer. Though Ben Jonson called Shakespeare 'the swan of Avon,"

Soul of the age,

The applause, delight, and wonder of the stage,

and affirmed that :

He was not for an age, but for all Time,

he did not hesitate to express the wish, in answer to one who boasted that Shakespeare had never blotted a line, 'Would to Heaven he had blotted a thousand.' Ben Jonson saw the spots on the glorious face of the sun of Shakespeare's genius, and was not accused of desecrating his memory because he did so; but because I quoted that very saying and approved of it, I have been accused of an act of treason against the majesty of the great poet. Surely my offence was no greater than that of Ben Jonson! If there were treason in the thought, it was treason that I shared with him who had said he loved Shakespeare with as much love as was possible to feel on this side of idolatry."

"I think," remarked Dr. Milman, "that such apparently malevolent repetitions of a person's remarks are the results of careless ignorance or easy-going stupidity, rather than of positive ill-nature

or a wilful perversion of the truth."

"It is very curious," said Mr. Dyce, "how very few people can repeat correctly what they hear, and that nine people out of ten cannot repeat a joke without missing the point or the spirit of it."

"And what a widely prevalent tendency there is to exaggerate, especially in numbers. If some people see a hundred of anything, they commonly represent the hundred as a thousand and the thousand as ten thousand."

"Not alone in numbers," interposed Mr. Rogers, "but in anything. If I quoted Ben Jonson's remark in relation to Shakespeare once only, the rumour spreads that I quoted it frequently; and so the gossip passes from mouth to mouth with continual accretion, Perhaps I shall go down to posterity as an habitual reviler and depreciator of Shakespeare,"

"Perhaps you won't go down to posterity at all," said Mr. Dyce,

good-naturedly.

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"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Rogers, "but if my name should happen to reach that uncertain destination I trust I may be remembered, as Ben Jonson is, as a true lover of Shakespeare. But great as Shakespeare is, I don't think that our admiration should ever be allowed to degenerate into slavish adoration. We ought neither to make a God of him nor a fetish. And I ask you, Mr. Dyce, as a diligent student of his works and an industrious commentator upon them, whether you do not think that very many passages in them are unworthy of his genius. If Homer nods, why not Shakespeare?"

unworthy of his genius. If Homer nods, why not Shakespeare?"

"I grant all that," replied Mr. Dyce, "nay more! I assert that many of the plays attributed to him were not written by him at all. And more even than that. Several of his plays were published surreptitiously, and without his consent, and never received his final corrections or any revision whatever. The faults and obscurities that are discoverable even in the masterpieces of his genius, were not due to him at all, but to ignorant and piratical booksellers, who gave them to the world without his authority, and traded upon his name. Some also must be attributed to the shorthand writers who took down the dialogue as repeated by the actors on the stage. It is curious to reflect how indifferent Shakespeare was to his dramatic fame. He never seems to have cared for his plays at all, and to have looked at them, to use the slang of the artists of our days, as mere 'pot-boilers,' compositions that brought him in money and enabled him to pay his way, but in which he took no personal pride whatever."

"His heart was in his two early poems—'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Rape of Lucrece,'" said Dr. Milman, "the only compositions, it should be observed, that were ever published by his authority, and to which he appended his name. His sonnets, which some people admire so much—an admiration in which I do not share—were published surreptitiously, without his consent, and probably more than one-half of them were not written by him. Some of them are undoubtedly by Marlowe, and some by authors of far inferior ability. Shakespeare's name was popular at the time; there was no law of copyright, and booksellers did almost what they pleased with the names and works of celebrated men; and what seems extraordinary in our day, the celebrated men made no complaint—most probably because there was no redress to be obtained for them if they had done so. The real law of copyright only dates from the eighth year of the reign of Queen Anne, 1710, or nearly a century after Shakespeare's death."

"But authors in those early days, even in the absence of a welldefined law of copyright," said Mr. Miller, "received payment for their works; witness the receipt of John Milton for five pounds on account of 'Paradise Lost'—now in the possession of our host—and which we have all seen."

"But that was long after the death of Shakespeare," said Mr. Dyce, "and it does not appear that Shakespeare ever received a shilling for the copyright of any of his works. Perhaps he received gratuities from the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, and the other rich young men about town, for whom it is supposed that he wrote many of the sonnets. That he also must have received considerable sums from his representation of his plays at the Globe Theatre is evident from the well ascertained fact that he retired from theatrical business with a competent fortune, and lived the life for some years of a prosperous country gentleman."

As it has been asserted in my presence by an eminent literary man, within a month of the present writing, that Samuel Rogers systematically depreciated Shakespeare, and that he was above all things a cynic, I think it right, in justice to his memory, to repeat the conversation above recorded. Though it took place nearly forty years ago, I wrote down the heads of it in my note-book on the very day when it occurred; and by reperusal of it I have refreshed my memory so as to be certain of its accuracy. Mr. Rogers doubtless said very pungent and apparently ill-natured things in his time; no professed wit, such as he was, can always, or indeed very often, refrain from shooting a barbed dart either to raise a laugh and to strengthen an argument, or to dispense with one; but there was no malevolence in the heart, though there might appear to be some on the tongue, of Samuel Rogers. To love literature, and to excel in poetical composition, were unfailing passports to his regard, his esteem, and if necessary, his purse. One of the guests of the morning on which these conversations took place, and who bore his part in them, was a grateful recipient and witness of his beneficence. Thomas Miller, who began life as a journeyman basket-maker, working for small daily wages in the fens of Lincolnshire, excited the notice of his neighbours by his poetical genius, or it may have been only talent, and by their praises of his compositions, filled his mind with the desire to try his literary fortune in the larger sphere of London. listened to the promptings of his ambition, came to the metropolis, launched his little skiff on the wide ocean of literary life, and by dint of hard work, indomitable perseverance, unfailing hope, and incessant struggles, managed to earn a modest subsistence. speedily found that poetry failed to put money in his purs prudently resorted to prose. When prose in the shape work-principally fiction-just enabled him to live from

took refuge in the daily drudgery of reviewing in the Literary Gazette, then edited by Mr. Jerdan, a very bad paymaster. He had not been long in London before he made the acquaintance of Mr. Rogers, and after a period of more or less intimacy, received from that gentleman the good, though old, and as it often happens, the unwelcome advice that he should cease to rely wholly upon literature for his daily bread. As poor Miller could not return to basket-making-except as an employer of other basket-makers, for which he had not sufficient, or indeed any, capital-and as moreover, he had no love for any pursuits but those of literature, he resolved, if he could manage it, to establish himself as a bookseller and publisher. Mr. Rogers, to whom he confided his wish, approved of it, and generously aided him to accomplish it, by the advance without security of the money required for the purpose. The basket-maker carried on the business for a few years with but slight success, and once informed me that he had made more money by the sale of note paper, of sealing-wax, of ink, and of red-tape, than he had made by the sale of his own works, or those of anybody else.

Mr Rogers established another poet in the bookselling and publishing business, but with far greater success than attended his efforts in the case of the basket-maker. Mr. Edward Moxon, clerk or shopman in the employ of Messrs. Longman, who wrote in his early manhood a little book of sonnets that attracted the notice of Mr. Rogers, to whom they had been sent by the author with a modest letter, became by the pecuniary aid and constant patronage of the "Bard of Memory," one of the most eminent publishers of the time. He was known to fame as "the Poets' publisher," and issued the works not only of Mr. Rogers himself, but of Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Savage Landor, Coleridge, and many other poetical celebrities. He also published the works of Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, and other noted dramatists of the Elizabethan era.

The friendly assistance, delicately and liberally administered in the hour of need, by Samuel Rogers to the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan is fully recorded in the life of the latter by Thomas Moore; that which was administered, though under less pressing circumstances, to Thomas Campbell, has found a sympathetic historian in Dr. William Beattie. Rogers, in spite of the baseless libel concerning Shakespeare, had not a particle of literary envy in his composition. His dislike to Lord Byron was not literary but personal, and is adequately explained—and almost justified—by the gross and unprovoked attacks which Byron directed against him.

CHARLES MACKAY.

# LEUWENHOEK AND THE FIRST MICROSCOPES.

THERE is perhaps no more delightful branch of natural history than that which deals with the invisible world revealed to us by the microscope, and it need scarcely be added that the history of the first attempts made in this direction are replete with interest.

Recently there has appeared in Holland a little work that will prove of considerable attraction to English naturalists who happen to be familiar with the Dutch language. It is entitled, "Antony van Leuwenhoek, de Ontdekker der Infusorien," and is written by P. J. Haaxman, of Leyden. The work was produced on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the discovery of infusoria, those minute organisms which abound in stagnant water, and are now tolerably familiar to all who are accustomed to use the microscope. This discovery was made in the small town of Delft, and the book appeared at a moment when the little-known birthplace of Leuwenhoek was celebrating the said 200th anniversary in a manner worthy of the occasion.

It was an exceedingly appropriate time to bring out a carefully written biography of "the father of microscopic science," whose reputation, great as it is, does not appear to be quite equal to his merits,

Though the microscope cannot be said to have been invented by Leuwenhoek, it was scarely known in his day in its most rudimentary form, consisting of a single lens of very small dimensions, and it appears certain that he made all his own instruments. When we reflect upon the truly prodigious number of these tiny instruments thus manufactured in his own house, the perfection he attained in the then totally new art of preparing objects for them, and sagacity with which he studied those infinitely me we can hardly help admiring a man where perseverance and the natural resources such eminence as an observer of new The catalogue of Leuwephe

At the time of his death there were no less than 527 of these tiny microscopes; three mounted in gold, 144 in silver, and 380 in copper. They were sold by public auction, realising considerable sums of money, and thus got dispersed over the world. The well-known microscope-Gaudin, which sells in Paris at the present day for the sum of about 3s. 6d. to 5s., according to the quality, and which magnifies the diameter of an object from 80 to 120 times, will give some idea of the simple instruments used by the old Dutch microscopist. Many of Leuwenhoek's little microscopes were presented by him to the Royal Society of London, of which he was a member, and a constant correspondent.

In order to account for this extraordinary number of instruments, it must be stated that when he made a new discovery, Leuwenhoek fixed the object to a microscope and shut it up in his collection; so that every object of interest possessed its own microscope, from which it was never afterwards separated. The marvellous dexterity which he acquired in the manufacture of his lenses could alone enable him to do this.

One of the said instruments sold by auction bears in the catalogue the number 126, and the inscription states that "the lens is made of a grain of sand and the object seen is also a grain of sand."

It is especially the histological preparations—that is, the specimens illustrating the structure of animal and vegetable tissues—that give us some notion of the wonderful perfection which the original discoverer of these structures had attained in microscopic analysis. Thus, in the catalogue just alluded to we find the following curious and interesting objects:—"Blood corpuscles of man," "muscular fibres of fish," "muscular fibres of the whale," "the fibres of the heart of a bird," "transversal section of the bladder in man and in the bullock," "structure of the liver in the hog," "crystalline lens of the ox," "papillæ of the tongue," &c.

All these preparations, as we know well enough at the present day, require great delicacy of manipulation, and can only be studied by means of considerable magnifying power. Nevertheless, the most powerful microscope which Leuwenhoek has left behind him is that now to be seen in the Museum of Utrecht: it is mounted in silver, and increases the diameter of an object exactly 270 times. This is about the power of a good "student's microscope" of our own time. But it must be remembered that the ordinary compound microscope, consisting of a set of lenses for the eyepiece, and another set for the bject glass, such as is now in general use, was not invented till after Leuwenhoek's day. He worked with what is termed a simple

microscope—that is, a single lens of very short focus. In later times these simple microscopes were perfected by Raspail and Gaudin in France, and still more recently our medical students have been provided with inexpensive simple microscopes of a superior kind, having a moderate amplifying power, but embracing a wide field, and commonly used for dissecting tissues.

Whatever may have been Antony van Leuwenhoek's qualities as an acute observer of microscopic nature, his character as a man does not appear to have been quite so estimable. In spite of the profound philosophic appearance handed down to us by several portraits, the large curled wig, severe countenance, and general stiff demeanour of a great man of science, our Dutch microscopist was not one of those learned individuals who rejoiced in the Latin termination us to his name. Many Dutch celebrities suffer the same deprivation, but it has not prevented their names from coming down to posterity with all due honour. Leuwenhoek was neither a doctor nor a professor; and if we put aside his microscopic acquirements—which were truly astonishing—we must consider him as a man of little or no education. He was descended from a family of successful brewers at Delft, a place now, as then, whose inhabitants possess a decided fondness for beer. He enjoyed some little inheritance, besides which he held the modest position of door-keeper or usher at the hall of the Council of Sheriffs. He was acquainted with no language but Dutch, and in order to correspond with the learned members of the Royal Society of London, who made so much of him, he was obliged to avail himself of the services of some friend who could translate his ordinary Dutch into tolerably good Latin. Perhaps the accounts of his microscopic discoveries may have suffered thereby to some extent, but those who, like ourselves, have read nearly all his works, will scarcely be of that opinion.

As Leuwenhoek could read no foreign language, it was almost impossible for him in those days to acquire much knowledge of what was going on in the world outside Delft—the little town in which he was born, and where he resided all his life—nearly 91 years. This may account for the egotistic manner in which he shut himself up, as it were, in his own discoveries, and recognised those of no other observer. In this respect he appears to have been particularly envious of the well-known professor Hartsoeker; and when alluding to some discoveries of his own townsman, Bontekoe, with regard to the ovaric functions, Leuwenhoek speaks with derision of "pre-ovaries," and of "those machines which some call ovul!

It appears that Hartsoeker paid him a visit i

he has left an account in his writings. . . "I saw him [Leuwenhoek] for the second time at the end of the year 1679, on my return from Paris. This visit which I paid to him was made partly in the street and partly in the hall of his house; it drew down his wrath upon me and made me ever after his mortal enemy, because I happened to object to some of his ridiculous dissections, and he could not reply." At this interview it was the subject of the discovery of spermatozoids which gave rise to the dispute—a discovery claimed by both of them. The truth is they were discovered in August, 1677, by Louis Hamm, a young German student, who showed them to Leuwenhoek, and the latter made a study of them; at the same time they were described independently by Hartsoeker in the Fournal des Savants—a French scientific periodical still in existence.

It was about this time that Leibnitz, the great German philosopher, in corresponding with Leuwenhoek, inquired whether he was making any good pupils; to which the latter characteristically replied that he was "properly convinced not one person in a thousand could be found capable of undertaking such studies," adding, a little further on, that "most men do not care to learn, and others ask what is the good of it," &c.

In fact, the indifference with which Leuwenhoek was treated by his contemporaries, with the exception of a handful of distinguished men, seems to have increased the misanthropic spirit which crops up in many of his letters. Fontenelle, the secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, openly declaimed against certain microscopic discoveries, saying: "in the microscope one sees everything one wishes to see." This was in 1711. Leuwenhoek replied "in my microscopes one is forced to see even that which one does not wish to see."

In a quiet secluded little place like Delft during the latter half of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, it was not very difficult to take note of all the persons of distinction who either came to visit the Dutch microscopist, or corresponded with him. Among the former were several eminent scientific men from England, Robert Hooke, Francis Aston, Christopher Wren, Hans Sloane, and Nehemiah Grew.

Nor did royalty and nobility disdain to take a peep through the wonderful microscopes. It is duly on record that Charles II. and George I. both honoured Leuwenhoek with a visit, and to these august names we may add those of the Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse, Augustus, king of Poland, Frederick I. of Prussia, the Elector Palatine, the Prince of Lichtenstein, Queen Anne of England, and, finally, the Czar of Russia, Peter I.

Among the scientific men of the day, Leuwenhoek was in correspondence principally with the English botanist, Nehemiah Grew, the Dutch naturalist, Swammerdam, the two Huyghens, the anatomists De Graaf, Heynsius, and Ruysch; Boerhaave, Rega, Leibnitz, and a few others.

Leuwenhoek was born at Delft on the 24th October, 1632, and died there on the 26th August, 1723. Several works of his appeared at Delft and Leyden in Dutch. They were translated into Latin under the title "Arcana Naturæ Detecta" (1695–1719), four volumes in quarto, which were reprinted at Leyden in 1722. It is asserted that when he received the visit of Peter the Great, he showed him, among other curiosities, the circulation of the blood in the tail of an eel.

The little work of Mr. Haaxman will clear up a number of crroneous statements which have appeared from time to time with regard to the celebrated Dutch microscopist, and we trust that it will soon find a translator.

T. L. PHIPSON

#### SOME FAMOUS FULIETS.

THE first of the Romeos was the famous Richard Burbadge, the original representative of most of Shakespeare's heroes; but the name of the youth who first attempted the character of Juliet has not come down to posterity; probably it was one of Burbadge's apprentices, as the boys who studied under the great masters of the art were then called. How strange, how incomprehensible, it sounds to us that Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona—those most exquisite ideals of all that is gentle and lovable in woman—should have been written for boys to personate; but so it was.

"Romeo and Juliet" was not among the Shakespearian revivals of the Restoration; but somewhere about 1678, Otway produced a tragedy, called "Caius Marius," the plot and a considerable part of the language of which were taken from Shakespeare's play. In this extraordinary piece of patchwork, the scene is transferred to ancient Rome; Romeo is rechristened Marius Junior, and Juliet becomes Lavinia, daughter of Metellus, a Roman senator; Mercutio is called Sulpitius, he speaks the Queen Mab speech-sadly mutilatedand when he ceases to speak the language of Shakespeare, becomes a very stilted and bloodthirsty personage; Sylla stands for Paris, and Lavinia's nurse, adhering to the words of the original, calls that very terrible personage of Roman history "a man of wax"! The civil wars between Marius and Sylla form the background of the scene and rule the destinies of the hapless hero and heroine. Betterton was the Marius, the great Mrs. Barry the Lavinia; and therefore, mangled and distorted as was this version of the part, she must be regarded as the first of the famous Juliets. It was said of this actress that she was mistress of every passion of the mind; love, joy, grief, rage, tenderness, and jealousy, were all represented with equal skill and effect. It was for her that Otway wrote Belvidera and Monimia, which, with the daughter of the Capulets, are probably the most pathetic creations of all tragedy. She might have been an ideal Juliet, as far as the fragments of the part, among which is the potion scene, almost intact, permitted her. It was not until 1744, for the first time for one hundred years,

as the playbill stated, that Shakespeare's tragedy was revived by Theophilus Cibber during a brief and unlicensed tenancy of the Haymarket Theatre; but it was with interpolations, excisions, alterations, with some of Otway's rubbish still clinging to it, and with speeches introduced from other works of the author, notably the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Miss Jenny Cibber was the Juliet, and that is all we know. The revival proving a success, probably suggested a similar experiment to Garrick, who six years later produced his version of the tragedy, which was the textbook of the play for another hundred years in London, and is still accepted, or was until very recently, in country theatres. It was a much nearer approach to the original than any previous attempts of the Shakespearian tinkers; some of the scenes were rearranged, portions of the dialogue transferred, and the catastrophe altered by the awaking of Juliet before Romeo's death. This necessitated the introduction of some blank verse by Mr. Garrick, who, although an incomparable delineator of Shakespeare's characters, was by no means an adequate collaborateur, consequently the sublime simplicity of the original was marred by the introduction of such puerilities as:

Parents have flinty hearts, tears will not move 'em, &c.

The audiences of that time, however, had to be grateful for small mercies, as far as Shakespeare was concerned. Here begins the true history of the play, and of the famous Romeos and Juliets. On the night of September 28, 1750, in a spirit of rivalry between the two managements, the tragedy was produced both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Garrick and George Anne Bellamy were the lovers at the first, "silver-tongued" Barry and Mrs. Cibber at the second. The version played at Covent Garden was probably Theophilus Cibber's, and Rich, the manager, who was great at the arrangement of spectacles, introduced a funeral procession, a piece of lugubrious bad taste which survived until within the last fifty years, and with a revival of which we were threatened at the Lyceum. The play at both theatres was so successful that it had a run of twelve nights at one and thirteen at the other; a run so unprecedented that it was the sensation of the year.

As far as the Romeos were concerned, Barry carried off the honours; he was one of the handsomest men of his day, with a fine presence and a most melodious voice; in the balcony scene he was said to be unapproachable that with the friar. "Had alady critic of the time, "said a lady critic of the time,"

expected he would have come up to me; but had Barry been my lover, so seductive was he that I should certainly have jumped down to him." Of the Juliets, judged by the standard of that day, Covent Garden was also considered to have the best; perhaps had the audience been a modern one, it might have pronounced a more doubtful opinion. Miss Bellamy, whose sad, romantic story has been frequently told, was then only nineteen, and in the perfection of her beauty. Most rapturous are the descriptions given of her soft blue eyes, her exquisite fairness that rendered her a very goddess of love. In the expression of all-absorbing passion she had no equal, and her style was natural and impulsive. Here was the ideal Juliet for the softer scenes. Mrs. Cibber formed a remarkable contrast to this picture. She was universally considered to be the first tragic actress of her time, and though at this period verging on her fortieth year, her figure was said to have been still so symmetrical and perfectly proportioned that "it was impossible to view it and not think her young, or to look in her face and not think her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in power for the expression of resentment, and with the most equal command of features for the representation of pity, rage, complaisance, or disdain." Her tenderness was so natural that in pathetic parts she could not restrain her tears, and her face would grow pale even through her rouge. The critics of the time dwelt with enthusiastic delight upon her Ophelia and Constance, and an actress who could have been equally great in such totally opposite characters must have been truly remarkable. "Other actresses," writes Dibdin, "may have had more fire, but I believe that all tragic characters, truly feminine, greatly conceived, and highly written, had a superior representative in Mrs. Cibber than in any other actress." But where she would have dissatisfied the moderns whom we suppose to be sitting in judgment upon her, would have been in her peculiar style of delivery, which was formed upon the French model and in the old school of the English stage, before Garrick made art give place to nature; it was a kind of recitative in a key pitched rather high; yet when the ear had grown accustomed to this manner, it must have had a certain charm in scenes of love and tenderness, especially when the voice was a silvery one. Tom Davies, the actor-bookseller, Johnson's old friend, has given in his "Dramatic Miscellanies" several analyses of her acting, but Juliet is not among the characters he notices; yet, I think, we may form from the foregoing descriptions a very fair idea of her method, and may conclude that while Bellamy's style, youth, and beauty favoured her in the earlier scenes of the play, the great

powers of Mrs. Cibber must have been supreme in the more passionate.

After Garrick's revival of "Romeo and Juliet" it became a stock piece, and was frequently performed; but we do not hear, during the remainder of the century, of any actress being particularly distinguished in the leading part. Only once, it was for her benefit in 1789, Mrs. Siddons played Juliet in London; although Perdita Robinson, Mrs. Hartley, and many others attempted the part. So there is a lapse of sixty-four years before we come to another famous representative.

While starring in Dublin during the year 1814, John Kemble was greatly struck by the performances of a young Irish actress named O'Neill. She was the daughter of a strolling manager; she had been upon the stage from childhood, wandering about from town to town, enduring all the privations of a stroller's life, but learning her profession with a thoroughness that is impossible to the novice of the present day. It so happened that chance or destiny brought her and her father to the city of Dublin, at the time when the leading lady of that theatre, one Miss Walstein, presuming upon her popularity, had, for some real or imaginary offence, absented herself, and placed the manager in such a fix that he had either to close the theatre or find a substitute. Leading ladies were not so easy to be got on the other side of St. George's Channel in those days, and there was no wiring to London for one, nor railroad to convey her, like a new dress or a new bonnet between breakfast and dinner time, from one capital to the other; so Mr. Manager had to take, with many misgivings, the young strolling actress, whom somebody had suggested to him as a pis aller. Probably the recalcitrant Walstein gloated over the anticipated failure, and the picture of the submissive manager imploring her on bended knees to remount her throne on any conditions she chose to name. If she entertained such hopes they were doomed to be sadly disappointed. Miss O'Neill made a decided hit, and the fickle public soon forgot their old favourite in their new one, who had attained a high position in the city, both as a lady and an artiste, when John Kemble offered her a three years' engagement at Covent Garden at £15, £16, and £17 a week. She closed with his offer, and her first appearance was fixed for the 6th of October, 1814, and in the character of Juliet.

Siddons had retired, and not before her waning powers had begun to make the rising generation somewhat scereit the eulogies of their predecessors; in tras actress much above mediocrity at either o

more propitious time could have been selected for a dibut. Yet neither Kemble nor any of the company seem to have been at all sanguine as to the young lady's success. But it was very quickly assured; even at the end of the first act the audience had warmed to enthusiasm, and this rose with every succeeding scene until the great one in the fourth, when, as one of the newspapers of the day informs us, she received six distinct "peals" of applause, which culminated at the fall of the curtain in a rapturous ovation. Even those who had witnessed Siddons' dibut pronounced it to be one of the most successful first appearances ever known. Indeed there was a repetition of the Siddons' furore; crowds nightly fought at the doors for admission, and crowds nightly had to go away disappointed, even the huge capacity of Covent Garden being found utterly inadequate for their accommodation.

Whether Miss O'Neill was the greatest of all Juliets, as Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Siddons were the greatest of all Lady Macbeths, is a question impossible to determine, but certainly no other actress ever created so genuine a sensation in the character. For we must take into consideration that she came before the London public without puff or advertisement, to stand or fall upon her own ments. Theatrical management was a much simpler affair in those days, there were no photographs, no picture posters or puff preliminary, no wonderful "get ups," no twenty to fifty pound advertisements to curb the critical pen, no paragraph mongers, no special staff "to work the press"; a simple announcement in small type appeared "under the Clock" in the leading daily papers, to the effect that on October 6th, "Romeo and Juliet" would be performed, and Miss O'Neill, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, would make her first appearance as Juliet. How many of the firework stars of the present day would succeed under such circumstances? Yet her success was as overwhelming as had been that of the poor unknown stroller, Edmund Kean, only a few months previous. The critics burst forth into an almost unanimous pæan of praise, and even those who checked their enthusiasm did so only on the grounds that the young actress could not render them forgetful of Mrs. Siddons in such parts as Belvidera, Monimia, Isabella. From the numerous contemporary criticisms still extant a very distinct idea of her conception of the character may be formed. Let us begin with one of the coldest, written by a Siddons' worshipper-Hazlitt:

"Though not of the first order of fine forms, her figure is of that respectable kind which will not interfere with the characters she represents. Her deportment is not particularly graceful; there is a

heaviness and want of firmness about it. Her features are regular, and the upper part of her face finely expressive of terror or sorrow. It has that mixture of beauty and passion which we admire so much in some of the antique statues. The lower part of her face is not From a want of fulness or flexibility about the mouth, equally good. her laugh is not at any time pleasing, and where it is a laugh of terror, is distorted and painful. Her voice, without being musical, is distinct, powerful, and capable of every necessary exertion. Her action is impressive and simple. She looks the part she has to perform, and fills up the pauses in the words by the varied expression of her countenance or gestures, without anything artificial, pointed, or farfetched. In the silent expression of feeling, we have seldom witnessed anything finer than her acting, where she is told of Romeo's death, her listening to the Friar's story of the poison, and her change of manner towards the Nurse when she advises her to marry Paris. Her delivery of the speeches in the scenes where she laments Romeo's banishment, and anticipates her waking in the tomb, marked the fine play and undulation of natural sensibility, rising and falling with the gusts of passion, and at last worked up into an agony of despair, in which imagination approaches the brink of frenzy. Her actually screaming at the imaginary sight of Tybalt's ghost appeared to us the only instance of extravagance Not only is there a distinction to be kept up or caricature. between physical and intellectual horror (for the latter becomes more general, internal, and absorbed, in proportion as it becomes more intense), but the scream, in the present instance, startled the audience, as it preceded the speech which explained its meaning. Perhaps the emphasis given to the exclamation, 'And Romeo banished,' and to the description of Tybalt, 'festering in his shroud,' was too much in that epigrammatic, pointed style, which we think inconsistent with the severe and simple dignity of tragedy. last scene, at the tomb with Romeo, which, however, is not from Shakespeare, though it tells admirably on the stage, she did not produce the effect we expected. Miss O'Neill seemed least successful in the former part of the character, in the garden scene, &c. The expression of tenderness bordered on hoydening and affectation."

We gather from this criticism that the shriek in the potion scene, since adopted by every actress in the part, was then considered a startling innovation. Leigh Hunt said of her that "Love, tenderness, and sorrow were never represented with more effectual truth." Be he adds in another place that she had little or none of that to cendent power which is called genius. In particularising we

points the critics tell us how, in the first scene, she made a fine distinction between her reverence for her mother and her fascinating condescension to her Nurse, never forgetting in either instance that she was the child of a noble house, a sentiment that would certainly be inborn and unconscious in a Capulet. In the balcony scene we are told that previous representatives had lacked engaging softness; they were too forward—too light in their manner, but O'Neill was all fervour and delicacy. Her elaborate business in coaxing the nurse to deliver her message was new to the audiences of the time. She made a fine picture upon the line;

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

by the determined air with which she drew the dagger, her eyes glaring with despair. Her potion scene was universally admired, though, as we have seen, Hazlitt took exception to her shriek, which she repeated when, in her excited fancy, she sees Tybalt's ghost seeking out her husband. In her first representation it was objected that her business was too long after drinking the potion; "but," adds the critic, "the exquisite portrait was such a feast to the eye, as to make the memory forgetful of the time." This business was afterwards modified. Her last scene was highly praised; the cold, vacant gaze with which she rose from the grave, the wildness of her joy when she found Romeo by her side-for; it must be remembered, she played the Garrick version previously described-and her agony of despair, and her wild embraces as he fell dead in her arms. Most of the critics consider that she was too light and playful in the garden scene; but in the latter part of the play she gave "full glorious vent to the tide of love and sorrow. Her highest effort, perhaps, was in portraying of a tremulous rapture bordering on frenzy, an inspiration of delight portentous of sudden and fearful disaster. She was worthy to express all the best sympathies and noblest triumphs of her sex. In the delineation of confiding love, of generous rapture, of feminine elevation of soul, she has had no equal within our memory, and can never have a superior." But the finest of all the descriptions of her acting is that given by Macready in his "Reminiscences."

"Our seats in the orchestra of Govent Garden gave me the opportunity of noting every slightest flush of emotion or shade of thought that passed over her countenance. The charming picture that she presented was one that time could not efface from the memory. It was not altogether the matchless beauty of form and face, but the spirit of her perfect innocence and purity that seemed to glisten in her speaking eyes and breathe from her chiselled lips.

To her might justly be ascribed the negative praise—in my mind the highest commendation that, as an artist, man or woman can receive—of a total absence of affectation. There was in her look, voice, and manner an artlessness, an apparent unconsciousness (so foreign to the generality of stage performers), that riveted the spectator's gaze; but when with altered tones, and eager glance, she inquired, as he lingeringly left her, the name of Romeo of the Nurse, and bade her go and learn it, the revolution in her whole being was evident, anticipating the worst:

If he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

I have heard objections to the warmth of her passionate confessions in the garden scene; but the love of the maid of sunny Italy is not to be measured and judged by the phlegmatic formalist.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee The more I have: for both are infinite,

is her heart's utterance. Love was to her life; not valued if unsustained by love. Such was the impression Miss O'Neill's conception of the character made, rendering the catastrophe the only natural refuge of a guileless passion so irresistible and absorbing. In the second act the impatience of the love-sick maid to obtain tidings of her lover was delightfully contrasted with the winning playfulness with which she so dexterously lured back to doting fondness the pettish humour of the testy old Nurse, and in rushing to her appointment at the Friar's cell, her whole soul was in the utterance of the words,

Hie to high fortune; honest Nurse, farewell.

The desperate alternative to which the command of Capulet that she should marry Paris reduced her, transformed the gentle girl at once into a heroine, and the distracting contention of her fears and resolution rose to a frantic climax of passion, abruptly closed by her exclamation,

Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.

Through my whole experience hers was the only representation of Juliet I have seen; and as the curtain fell I left my seat in the orchestra with the words of Iachimo in my mind,

All of her that is out of door most rich!...
She is alone the Arabian bird."

When unswayed by prejudice or jealousy, an intellectual actor must be the finest judge of his own art, since no outsider thoroughly understand its difficulties and niceties, or have the same study upon its requirements; therefore Ms should be regarded as the most valuable of any vol. cclvii, No. 1848.

Miss O'Neill's fame soon spread throughout the country, and in her starring engagements she obtained as much as £75 a night, while even Edmund Kean was playing for £50. At the end of five years she had made £30,000, and, after having been engaged to a young nobleman, with whom she broke on account of his dissolute life, was married to Mr. Wrixon Beecher, M.P. for Mallow, and lived long enough to see all the famous Juliets of our time. She died in 1872, being then eighty-one years of age.

It was on the stage of Covent Garden that the next famous Juliet, Fanny Kemble, made her appearance. How her father, Charles Kemble, then manager, had fallen into such difficulties that he was on the point of closing the house when his daughter came to the rescue, is a story that has been too frequently told to require repetition. She says in her "Records" that it was the thought of the seven hundred people employed in the theatres being thrown upon the world almost more than her personal interests that forced upon her the idea of becoming an actress. Her parents had not destined her for the stage, neither had she any penchant for such a career, and it was only the desperate condition of their affairs that induced them to listen to the suggestion. She chose Juliet as her trial part; and after her mother had heard her recite some of the scenes, it was arranged one afternoon that she should go down to the theatre, when all the people were away, and rehearse upon the stage, with her father alone for spectator. "Set down in the midst of the twilight space as it were," she says, "with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted Juliet as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible Romeo, and no visible audience to thwart my imagination, at least I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one." This was a gentleman she calls Major D., a very fine judge of acting, who said, "Bring her out at once, it will be a great success." So it was decided that she should appear in three weeks from that time, that is to say on October 1, 1829. The costume was now the subject of anxious debate; but after a long discussion it was decided that she should wear the traditional stage costume, "which was simply a dress of plain white satin, with a long train, with short sleeves, with a low body; my hair was dressed in the fashion I usually wore it; a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small comb of the same, which held up my hair, were the only theatrical parts of the

dress, which was so perfectly simple and as unlike what Juliet ever wore as possible."

Her remarks upon this choice should be weighed by the ultra realists, who are smothering the poetry of the stage with a pedantic antiquarianism that is rapidly bringing us to a reaction in favour of conventionality.

"I have often admired the consummate good sense with which, confronted by a whole array of authorities, historical, artistic, æsthetic, my mother stoutly maintained, in their despite, that nothing was to be adopted on the stage that was in itself ugly, ungraceful, or even curiously antiquated and singular, however correct it might be with reference to the particular period, or even to authoritative portraits of characters of the play. The passion, sentiment, actions, and sufferings of human beings, she argued, were the main concerns of a fine drama, not the clothes."

Although so nervous in the earlier scenes of the play as to be quite inaudible, the encouraging demonstration she received from the crowded house soon roused her to enthusiasm, and long before the curtain fell her success was triumphant. The play was performed for a hundred and twenty nights, but, with a judiciousness unknown to modern managers, only three times a week, for there is nothing so destructive to histrionic art as these hundreds of consecutive performances that are now the rule; it must render the finest acting mechanical, accentuate every objectionable peculiarity of style, lead up to exaggerations, and destroy much of the delicacy of feeling which is the very aroma of the art; even enthusiasm must in time give way before the weariness of monotony. It must be borne in mind, however, that Miss Fanny Kemble's début was quite another thing to that of Miss O'Neill; the story had spread abroad that a charming young girl, not seventeen years of age, had adopted an arduous profession from no other desire than that of saving her father from ruin, and hundreds of people from being thrown out of employment. What more powerful appeal could be made to public sympathy? And there were youth, and a charming face and figure-and how charming they were we can see for ourselves in portraits still far from rare—to add to a foregone conclusion that she would be greeted with tremendous acclamation, and that whatever her performance might be, it would be applauded to the echo.

Her acting was undoubtedly fresh, with much passion and poetry in it, and a great deal of posing; as, for instance, in the potion scene, where she used to rush from the back of the stage to the proscenium as though driving the apparition of Tybalt before her, and then fall upon one knee in an attitude which some poetic admirers designated her "Canova." But she never felt "the fine frenzy" of her art, she could never divest herself of the consciousness that Juliet's balcony and Juliet's tomb were only wood and canvas; indeed she had a fine-lady disdain of a profession to which no persons were ever more indebted than her own family. She bears witness to the fact that her different performances were so unequal, that sometimes after the curtain fell her mother, who never missed one, would take her in her arms and cry, "Beautiful, my dear!" but quite as often her judgment was, "Your performance was not fit to be seen!"

There was a very famous revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Haymarket, in 1846, with the Cushmans; but as it was the Romeo—and such a Romeo, so fervid, so full of power and passion the stage has never seen, at least since the days of Barry—who carried off the aonours, it does not come within the scope of this article.

During the early part of the summer of 1863 the curiosity of fashionable playgoers was excited by the report that a young actress from the Comédie Française was about to make her first appearance in London in the character of Shakespeare's Juliet; and on June 24th in that year Mdlle. Stella Colas achieved a notable triumph at the Princess's Theatre. A young, petite blonde, with a lovely face charming in repose, yet capable of every tender and passionate expression, she created a highly favourable impression on her first entrance, and spite of her strongly marked accent, this feeling rose to enthusiasm in the balcony scene; her acting was French rather than Italian, it lacked the deep-souled intensity that has scarcely ever been given to the scene; some of the business was too coquettish, as when she peeped at Romeo through the cluster of roses gathered about the window; but she had soul and fire, abandon yet perfect purity, and that natural ardour which can alone infect an audience with a corresponding enthusiasm. In the more tragic parts she was even finer. Full of power and variety was the scene where she was informed of Romeo's banishment, her burst of anguish at the first news, her flush of hatred against her cousin's slayer, with the instantaneous revulsion of feeling upon the Nurse's censure of her husband, carried the spectators by storm. Even finer was the scene with the Friar; the agony of excitement in which she rushed to him with her terrible news, her frenzied recapitulation of the horrors she would go through rather than marry Paris, pausing between each as though searching in her mind for some image more dreadful than the last. The potion scene was splendidly played. And the next day all London was talking about the new Juliet. Mdlle. Colas,

however, proved but a shooting star upon the theatrical horizon; she went to St. Petersburg, and we saw her no more.

Two years later, in July 1865, a young girl, not fifteen years of age, a pupil of John Ryder's, appeared at that most un-Shakespearian of dramatic temples, the Royalty, in this same ambitious rôle, and impressed every critic present with the conviction that there was a distinguished future before her. Need it be said that the name of the young aspirant was Adelaide Neilson? Her performance of the part must be too well remembered by playgoers to need any lengthened description here. From her father, who was a Spaniard, she inherited that essentially southern type which stamped her beauty; and of all the Juliets of whom we have any record no one could ever have been in person so ideal a representative; it was an almost faultless face, with its full ripe lips, its large lustrous eyes, and exquisite harmony of feature. Neilson's was essentially the Juliet of passion, perhaps a little violent, a little lacking in refinement, and a little hard at times; but its real power and fervour carried the spectator away, and made him forget such shortcomings. What a fine point she made in the ball-room scene, where the shy girl flashed from timid curiosity to passion when she bade the Nurse follow Romeo and learn his name! Again when the Friar gave her the potion, the change from blank horror and despair to hopeful joy at the thought of waking in Romeo's arms, and her snatching the vial and smothering it with kisses as she rushed from the stage. Many other excellences would we fain dwell upon did space permit. Poor Neilson! hers was a sad fate, cut off in the very zenith of her powers, her life lost by pure neglect.

We must pass over Mr. Irving's notable production of the tragedy with the briefest notice: it is too fresh in the memory of the public, and its beauties and shortcomings have been too frequently discussed and worn threadbare, to need revival here. Juliet cannot be numbered among Miss Ellen Terrry's successes; as Ophelia, Desdemona, Portia, she is incomparable, but neither her style nor physique is suitable to Juliet. Yet one or two scenes, notably that with the Nurse in the second act, was exquisitely beautiful. Pass we now to the latest representative of Shakespeare's hapless heroine, Miss Mary Anderson.

It is a saying among actors that a woman can never play Julies until she is too old to look it, and it is, except in rare instance unfortunate truism. A perfect realisation of Shakespeare's her almost a physical and mental impossibility; wanted, a beaut Italian type, a girlish figure, all the freshness, poetry, and enti

of an ideal youth, and all the fervour, passion, and self-devotion of the noblest womanhood: such a combination, under the given circumstances of the play, is quite probable in nature, but hardly realisable, in all its perfections, in art, unless by a genius almost as rare as the creator's; and no actress who has ever attempted the part of late has been farther from such a standard of excellence than Miss Mary Anderson. That she is a beautiful woman is unquestionable, but it is a very charming young English or American lady who steps from behind a curtain-somewhat à la Galatea-on to the stage, and speaks with such pretty artificiality, such measured cadence, such an air of innocence as a French girl, fresh from a convent, might assume, and about as real. The same remarks apply to the ball-room scene; the little bit of preliminary love-making is graceful and pleasing, but one longs for one breath of spontaneity. The act closes with a very stagey piece of business: instead of Romeo passing off, as usual, with one lingering look, he goes to her, takes her hand and holds it for some seconds, and then walks slowly backwards off the stage. Before touching upon the balcony scene, let us hear what that fine Shakespearian critic, Hazlitt, has to say about it: "The character of Juliet is a pure effusion of nature. It is as serious and as much in earnest as it is frank and susceptible. It has all the exquisite voluptuousness of youthful innocence. There is not the slightest appearance of coquetry in it, no sentimental languor, no meretricious assumption of fondness to take her lover by surprise She ought not to laugh when she says, 'I have forgot why I did call thee back,' as if conscious of the artifice, nor hang in a fondling posture over the balcony. Shakespeare has given a fine idea of the composure of the character when he describes her, leaning her cheek upon her arm."

Every line of this passage is condemnatory of Miss Anderson's conception and execution. Were she representing the heroine of a modern novel—one of those languid, flaccid young ladies, filled with vague, unsatisfied desires, and bored with life at its very sunrise—her acting in this scene would be a very charming and natural performance, tender and graceful, and sufficiently fervent for a passionless age; but that soft, cooing figure, that lolled and flopped—pardon the words, but no others are equally expressive—now upon the balustrade, now against the wall or window, bore not the faintest resemblance to that soul of fire which Shakespeare has drawn. Would this girl have braved the horrors of the tomb for love, and immolated herself on the body of her husband? For there should be no surprises in true art, as there are really none in human

nature for those who have the power of reading character, and the actor should always indicate by subtle suggestion those phases of his part which have yet to be unfolded; thus there should be a fervour and intensity, a depth of soul in this scene, to prepare the spectator for what is to follow. The new Juliet, had she been in the place of Capulet's fair daughter, would have wept, sobbed, remonstrated, and sulked, but in the end submitted to papa, married "the man of wax," and in a twelvemonth Romeo would have been but a sentimental memory. In the first scene with the Nurse some pretty acting might have been expected, but with Ellen Terry's exquisite rendering fresh in the memory, it is a terrible disappointment, for even its coaxing is spiritless and inanimate. Far worse is that crucial test upon which so many actresses break down, the scene in which the Nurse tells of Tybalt's death; the Italian girl so "light of foot," intoxicated with the rapture of passion, fretting at the slow movement of the hours that divide her from her husband's arms, walks with a languid gait upon the stage; drops upon a seat at an open window in a photographic attitude, and drawls out in almost inaudible tones:

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds.

There is no reality in this, it is not the poetry of Shakespeare, it is the exaggerated maudlin sentiment of a novel-crammed school-girl, who will by-and-by develope into the most matter-of-fact of baby-worshipping mammas. What follows, in the same scene, from an artistic point of view, is crude and formless, half conceived, and what is conceived lacking the power of expression, sobs, moans, whines, hand-wringings, broken now and again by lines not without power, but unfelt and forced out of chaos in a mere desperate attempt to grasp the sympathies of the audience which she can feel are not with her. parting scene is photographically pretty, dramatically unreal. after Capulet has laid his command upon her to marry Paris, and the Nurse counsels her to obey, that the ardent girl is suddenly transformed into the heroic woman; and here Miss Anderson rises to a certain dignity and power; but the transition is unnatural, she has leaped in an instant from a sentimental drawing-room young lady to a trag queen, deep-voiced, statuesque, a something that the girl of preceding acts could never by any possibility have develor and least of all the Juliet of Shakespeare, who in what would have been fiery and impetuous; and whe husband's arms, to the tomb, or to the stake, with swift foot, glowing eyes, trembling lips, enthusiasm, not with melodramatic stalk, sto

determination; such might have been the mien of a northern woman under the circumstances, but not of this daughter of the sun. The lack of subtle insight in the actress is glaringly shown in the scene that follows, where she meets Paris in Friar Laurence's cell. Fresh from the foul suggestion of the Nurse, which has so stricken her as to change her whole nature, the sight of this man would be loathsome, the touch of his fingers and more of his lips would be poison to her; but Miss Anderson has forgotten all this, and stands pretty and submissive, allowing him to hold her hand; she receives his kiss without a shudder, and maintains such a placid demeanour that a person not conversant with the play might think there was hope for him yet. The potion scene is by far the best of the performance; the varying phases of the wonderful speech are only faintly marked, but it gives indication of a power that in characters of a less impulsive nature will yet, when she has learned those rudiments of her art which the modern actor chooses to despise, secure her, it may be, a high success. The death scene is weak and unimpressive.

From the first scene to the last Miss Anderson is never, to use a theatrical phrase, in the part, never Shakespeare's Juliet; physically and mentally destitute of passion and enthusiasm—at least upon the stage—she has not the dramatic power to simulate them. In those parts of the play where frenzied and conflicting emotions

tread upon one another's heels So fast they follow,

she is lost, helpless, and has to fall back upon the poorest devices of the art, sometimes so commonplace as to be almost ludicrous in their bathos.

Never before has the play received such scenic illustration. Indeed, the fault is on the side of over-elaboration. To witness such marvellous changes as a lady's chamber turning into the pillared aisles of a church, with flights of steps and iron gateways, all built solid as though of veritable stone, is very astonishing, but the constant sound of the prompter's whistle, which we thought had long since vanished with other stage traditions, and a suggestion of pantomime transformations jar upon the taste. So poetical a balcony scene, so perfect a realisation of an ideal Italian garden, has never before been seen upon the stage; but in several others, notably the tomb scene, the spectacle, in fine poetic feeling and that admirable sense of the fitness of things which is the distinguishing trait of all Mr. Irving's productions, is inferior to the previous revival at this theatre.

# SCIENCE NOTES.

#### THE CHOLERA BACILLUS.

THE battle of the bacilli is waxing hot. Dr. Richardson has long since expressed his denial of their operation as the active agents of infectious disease.

The comma-shaped cholera bacillus of Dr. Koch is undergoing some very severe cross-examination. Professor Ray Lankester says, "For my part then, I do not hesitate to say (1) that Koch's comma bacillus is not comma-shaped; (2) that it is not a bacillus, but a spirillum!; (3) that although it does sometimes, but not always, occur abundantly in the intestines of cholera patients, there is not a tittle of evidence to show that it causes cholera, no experimental attempt to produce cholera by its agency having succeeded."

This is tolerably strong, but not all: Professor Lankester further says that "Dr. Timothy Lewis, of the Army Medical School, who for many years studied microscopically the intestines and evacuations of cholera patients in Calcutta, has demonstrated, since the publication of Dr. Koch's report, that the so-called comma-shaped bacillus is identical in form with one commonly occurring in the mouths of healthy persons. This is no rash assertion on Dr. Lewis's part; he has a longer and more minute experience of the different forms of bacteria, bacilli, vibrio, and spirillum than has Dr. Robert Koch."

It appears that Dr. Lewis has placed Koch's "comma bacillus" side by side under the microscope with a common spirillum, found in the mouths of healthy persons, and defies competent observers to distinguish one from the other.

I may add that, although by no means an expert in this line, I was familiar with very minute, moving shiny things which I found by scraping my tongue or teeth with a penknife, spreading the haul thus obtained on a glass slide, and magnifying with the highest power of my microscope. This was long before I had ever heard of

¹ These specific names and distinctions concerning which experts are at such variance will enable my readers to understand why I so frequently use the term "microbia." This is a generic term, or even wider than generic: it: little live things, and thus includes all. I use it for safety when it specific distinctions which may, or possibly may not, exist.

bacilli or bacteria, and if I mistake not, before these names were invented (above 30 years ago). They were curved like a comma, but had no head or dot, such as a printed comma has, and were not sharply pointed at the other extremity.

The above quotations are not the strongest of Professor Lankester's strictures. The sting of his communication is in its tail, where he says, "Dr. Koch was distinctly put forward by the German Imperial Government as a rival of the French investigator, Pasteur. The pressure upon him, urging him to announce a definite result, was irresistible. He has formulated such a result on the most flimsy grounds; his government has rewarded him, and for some time official science in Germany will not dare to expose the worthlessness of his theory. Meanwhile-and this is the most serious and alarming feature of the whole affair-the German Imperial Government has not only sent Koch to Toulon and Marseilles that he may dogmatise to the benighted Frenchmen upon the treatment and prevention of cholera epidemics, as though his comma bacillus were really proved to be the cause of cholera-while no one knew better than he that it was not so proved-but actually the German Government is anxious to dictate to Europe about the quarantine of the Suez Canal, pretending to superior knowledge on the subject, in consequence of being able to claim for its initiative the discovery of the comma bacillus."

The Standard's Calcutta correspondent asserts, that Dr. Klein, director of the Calcutta Cholera Commission, is so well convinced of the fallacy of Dr. Koch's conclusions that he has swallowed a number of Dr. Koch's comma-shaped bacilli, and still remains alive and untroubled.

The most favoured alternative theory is that the seat of cholera is in the blood, in an altered state of the corpuscles, a lengthening out en olive, and a loss of their elasticity. The idea of looking for it in the blood is not new. I was at Edinburgh during the epidemic of 1854, and saw Dr. Marcet at work making analyses of cholera blood in the laboratory of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons. His results were not so definite as those which are now stated to be obtainable by the microscope.

# THE WATERING OF PLANTS.

I HAVE been much puzzled by an assertion made by intelligent, practical gardeners—and the puzzle has not been made the less puzzling by the fact that my own experience has seemed to confirm it. This assertion is that the moderate watering of garden plants

only makes them suffer more from the drought; or, otherwise stated, wetting them makes them drier.

This paradox, however, is now confirmed and explained, and very simply. J. Wiessner has made experiments on the transpiration of plants through their leaves, which obtain liquid water from the soil and diffuse it as vapour in the air. He finds that moistened leaves do more of this work than dry leaves, and, therefore, if you sprinkle any kind of foliage by means of your watering-can, you increase the quantity of water it pumps from the soil, and thereby render the soil more arid, unless you also give the soil as much water as your complicity with the leaf-robbery takes away.

The horticultural moral is that when you supply your flowers or other plants growing in open ground with small quantities of water for the purpose of quenching their thirst, you should take the rose off your watering-pot and pour its contents all on the ground close to their roots, and none on their leaves.

An examination of the structure of the stomata, or breathing valves of leaves, renders this action of moisture intelligible enough. The shrivelling of the dried leaf must close the stomata more or less, while the endosmosis of the externally applied water into the loose chlorophyll cells must tend to open the stomata.

Those who find this explanation too technical should read some elementary treatise on vegetable physiology—a charming subject, very easily understood by anybody, provided it is not polluted by pedantry.

### THE DENSITY OF SOLID AND LIQUID METALS.

In the journal of the Chemical Society of last July is an abstract of a paper by W. C. Roberts and T. Wrightson, in which is stated the results of their determinations of the density of bismuth, copper, lead, tin, zinc, silver and iron, when just in the liquid state, and when solid and near to the point of fusion.

They compare their own method of solving this difficult problem with that of Mallet. The results nearly agree and come out as follows: bismuth in the solid state is 2.30 per cent. lighter than when fused; copper, 7.10 per cent. heavier; lead, 9.93 per cent. heavier; tin, 6.76 per cent. heavier; zinc, 11.10 per cent. heavier; silver, 11.20 per cent. heavier; iron, 1.02 per cent. heavier. Assuming these results to be correct, the floating of the solid pieces of metal in melted metal of the same kind must be due to some such action as I have described in the above note.

There is no mistake about the fact that such flotation does occur; it can be seen in any foundry, most strikingly in the case of iron; thick, clumsy lumps floating freely in the liquid.

### IRON FLOATING UPON IRON.

A T the last meeting of the British Association a paper was read before the Physical Section by W. J. Millar, on the floating of solid pieces of metal upon the surface of the same metal when melted, and consequently at a higher temperature. One of my notes for April 1881 was on the same subject. In this I suggested that the gases occluded in iron produce by their expansion when the iron is heated, that peculiar porosity or sponginess which iron displays when near to its melting point. One of the conclusions of Mr. Millar (the 6th) is "that no perceptible increase of volume occurs at the moment of solidification; at least when free from air or gas within the casting."

This is, so far, in accordance with my view, but the crucial question is not whether expansion occurs when the metal is cooling down from the liquid and the solid state, but whether excessive expansion occurs when iron is being rapidly heated from the cold solid and dense condition to the plastic or malleable condition. If I am right two pieces of iron from the same bar at the same welding heat will vary in density if one has been rapidly raised to that temperature and the other cooled down to it from a state of fusion. My reason for anticipating this difference is that while the metal is being heated the previously occluded (and practically solidified) gases are returning by expansion to their separate gaseous form, while during the act of cooling, absorption and condensation of such gases is taking place.

Mr. Millar says that "From experiments carried on with pieces of lead and copper and type-metal, it was found that if any flotation occurred it was only with small light pieces, heavy pieces sinking and remaining at bottom of ladle. Gun-metal and phosphor bronze behaved like iron." So far as lead and copper are concerned my own observations confirm this, but I have not had opportunities of making any observations on type-metal, gun-metal, or phosphor bronze.

I attribute this floating of such thin pieces to the unequal heating of their opposite sides effecting the repulsive action of heat which I have long since maintained to be molar as well as molecular (see "Philosophy of the Radiometer" in "Science in Short Chapters"). This repulsion operating from the hotter side may be sufficient to overcome the very small difference between the specific gravity of

the melted and melting metal where no expansion of occluded gases occurs, and it would co-operate in aiding the flotation of the metal rendered porous by the outgoing of such gases.

There is another source of gaseous evolution in the case of cast iron. It contains a considerable quantity of carbon which is oxidised to gaseous carbonic oxide when the metal is heated. The same occurs with steel. I have proved this over and over again by determining the percentage of carbon in cast iron and steel before and after heating. Others have done the same.

This oxidation is not merely superficial. It may and does occur at some depth below the surface. Evidence of this is easily obtainable by examination of the composition of what is called "malleable cast iron," i.e. castings that have been softened by heating without fusion. Their original supply of carbon is reduced all the way through their substance, though in a diminishing degree as we descend below the surface. This action is the converse of cementation, whereby carbon is made to penetrate and permeate the substance of solid iron bars, by simply surrounding them with char coal and then keeping them hot. The carbon will penetrate to the middle of bars an inch thick, if the heat is maintained long enough.

#### ARITHMETICAL REFORM.

THE International Congress for the determination of a prime meridian has decided in favour of Greenwich, and with good reason, seeing that most of the existing charts are English, and British shipping so largely preponderates. It was a great French astronomer who said that if every other record of original astronomical work were destroyed, and that done at Greenwich Observatory only remained, astronomy would lose no data of any serious importance.

With all this we are bound to admit that this decision concerning the meridian is a graceful concession, and one which confers on us a substantial advantage. Besides giving a permanent international value to all our maps and charts, it will translate foreign maps of the future into geographical English.

This having been done, it is time that we should be chivalric, and throw up at once and for ever our barbaric complexity of coins, weights and measures. As regards the latter there need be no further squabbling about which we should adopt. French weights and measures have already become international, so far as science is concerned. Nobody can make a beginning in science without

understanding the gramme and the metre, and nobody can be a practical scientific worker without thinking in grammes and metres, and the decimals thereof. Nearly all the civilised nations of Europe have already adopted them. France deserves the honour of the metric conquest, having been the first nation to radically accept and apply the principle of decimal weights and measures, as a principle, and not merely as an accidental inheritance.

As regards money, the only question demanding any further consideration is whether we should start with the franc or the dollar. Our own system is so utterly stupid that it is unworthy of any concession whatever. Attempts have been made to introduce decimal coinage gradually. The florin was started with this intent as the tenth part of a sovereign. It has failed, as a matter of course, simply because it is optional, and the option in its favour will at first give a little trouble.

Other countries have adopted the decimal system, and all successfully, by using the only practicable means of so doing, i.e. declaring that at a certain date henceforth the new decimal coins decided upon shall be introduced, and no others thenceforth shall be issued from the mint; that they shall be exchangeable at certain rates with the old coins; and that after a given time from the date of introduction the new coins shall alone be legal tender.

Norway did this quite lately. I was there before and just after the change. The desperate confusion that was predicted by the Norwegian conservatives all proved to be a farce. The same in Switzerland, I remember well the old confusion of cantonal coinages, and now see the contrast since the adoption of the franc. Italy and Germany the same.

We shall presently stand alone as the only outer barbarians who have to waste the time of children in learning "compound" addition, compound subtraction, compound multiplication, compound division, reduction, practice, &c. More than half of the arithmetical work done in our elementary schools is due to our barbaric weights, measures, and coinage.

All our book-keeping is complicated in like manner.

Simple addition would alone exist, and all the reductions of one denomination of weights, measures, and money to others would cease.

The little labour demanded in making the change would be compensated in a week or two, and thereafter all would be gain.

#### WHAT IS A POUND STERLING?

THIS question was asked of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, and he replied by pitching a sovereign to the querist. No better answer is possible.

Some years ago when teaching political economy at University College School, I presented to my pupils a curious problem as follows:

Our currency is all based on the sovereign, and the sovereign, as defined by Act of Parliament, is the  $\frac{1}{1860}$  of 4olbs. troy, or otherwise stated, anybody taking ingots of standard gold to the Mint may have them coined without charge into sovereigns, at the rate of 1869 for every 4olbs. troy; these 1869 weighing 4olbs., the same as the ingot gold. This being the case, what is the troy weight of each sovereign?

I offer the same problem to my readers. Those who attempt to work it out will find that they have to face a problem something like squaring the circle. I have gone as far as thirteen places of decimals, showing the weight of a sovereign to be *nearly* 123.2744783306537 grains. How much further one might go without arriving at the actual weight I cannot say. The simplest attainable vulgar fraction is  $123 \frac{1}{623}$  grains.

Nothing could be clumsier than this. It has caused volumes to be written by currency paradoxers who have denounced the abomination of fixing the price of gold. Why, say they, should we not have free trade in gold? Why should the Government arbitrarily fix its price at £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce instead of allowing supply and demand to fix the price of this commodity as of other things?

Had the weight of the sovereign been a simple fraction of an ounce, say  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an ounce, this question would have answered itself at once by showing that because four sovereigns weigh one ounce, the value of gold measured by sovereigns (i.e. its price) must be £4, so long as the weight of the coin remains unchanged, and no charge is made for stamping it. It is the present complex fraction that has obscured this very simple subject.

## FEEDING SNAILS ON PAPER.

In the course of a paper read before the Berlin Physiological Society, October 31, Dr. Rawitz stated that garden snails (Helix pomatia and hortensis) kept in captivity, may be fed on paper, and Dr. Kossel confirmed this statement from his own observations, adding that by feeding them on highly calcareous paper abnormal deposits were formed on their monstrously developed shells.

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The Helix pomatia or Roman snail is that large species which the Romans cultivated as one of their great table delicacies; they—the snails—were fattened with a kind of porridge made by boiling meal in new wine.

They are still eaten by continental epicures, and prepared for the market by fattening in an *escargotoire* or snailery: a shed on the floor of which is spread the herbs upon which the animals feed voraciously. In the market at Venice I have seen a much smaller species offered for sale.

The stories told by Pliny, Varro, and others are very marvellous. Varro asserts that some of the shells of some of the highly fed specimens would hold ten quarts. This, however, is Roman history.

#### THE WATER-NEWT'S NURSERY.

THE above described experiment of Dr. Rawitz reminds me of one that I made many years ago. I had in an aquarium during their breeding time some of the larger of our common water-newts (Triton cristatus). The female lays single eggs, each rather larger than a mustard seed, and covered with glutinous adhesive matter. In the ordinary course she selects a leaf of a water plant, lays the egg carefully on the middle of it, then with her hind feet, or rather hands, carefully folds the leaf over it, so that it may be concealed from the many enemies that would gladly swallow it.

Having no suitable plants growing in my aquarium, the poor mothers were very unhappy; I pitied them, and offered for their relief some pieces of paper of various shapes and a quarter to half an inch in diameter. These were accepted at once, and the eggs skilfully rolled up within them, making little parcels which the minnows examined but did not swallow.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

## TABLE TALK.

### EARLY EXPOSURE OF PLAGIARISM.

HERE has never been a time when a dramatist has been compelled to evolve out of his own brain the complications in which his hero or heroine is placed. Legend, theological, historical, or mythical, has supplied the basis of a great portion of the drama, from the period when the Greek tragedians vied with each other as to who should best depict the deeds of their mythical ancestors; through the time of mystery and miracle play to the historical dramas of Marlowe, Heywood, and Shakespeare, the autos of Lope de Vega, and the classical tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and subsequent writers. When we quit tragedy for comedy things are worse. comic writers of France stole from their predecessors in Italy and Spain, and were, in turn, robbed by their English rivals. Not wholly exempt from detection and attack were our dramatists of the Commonwealth. Langbaine, by whom the "Lives of English Dramatick Poets" was written-1691-must have been a thorn in their sides. Three years before the appearance of his biographies he published a tract-entitled "Momus Triumphans, or the Plagiaries of the English Stage expos'd in a Catalogue of Plays." In this he showed how the most successful comedies of the Restoration period were borrowed from the French. An eminently striking and impressive record of indebtedness is that with which this singularly rare little treatise makes us acquainted. Dryden even does not escape the lash. In "A Comparison between Two Stages" (1702), another rarest dramatic opuscule, written in dialogue, Dryden is the subject of a virulent attack and a half-hearted defence. Says Critic: "He had so much of his plays from other authors, that they can hardly be called his: He stole more than he made, and if every bird wou'd take his own feather from him, they'd leave him stript almost naked." To this Ramble replies: "I believe he has not borrow'd a thought from any other author, but he has mended it. I'll grant you he was a notorious plagiary, and what's worse he always contemns those from whom he takes: But you can't name me one of his thefts, but I can show you that very place worse in his author than in him."

# A SELECTION FROM "FESTUS."1

SPECIAL kind of recognition of merit is involved in the publication of a volume of selected beauties. A compliment of this kind, first paid Shakespeare, has now grown common, and beauties of Browning, Tennyson, Byron, Ruskin, &c., are among the popular books of the age. One publisher, indeed, was bold enough to issue a series of selections of this kind. I am glad that this honour is tardily paid Mr. Philip James Bailey. To be an enthusiast concerning "Festus" is almost tantamount to declaring that your education was obtained in the later portion of the first half of the century. The influence that this strange and potent poem exercised upon the youth of the elderly men of to-day will not readily be believed by the youth of the present generation. Still, the fact that ten editions of "Festus" have been published in England, and very much more than that number in the United States, would serve, without the appearance of the volume of Beauties, to testify that the influence is still maintained. Seeing the work issued by a Student, I cannot help repeating an old joke fathered upon Sheridan when shown the Beauties of Shakespeare, and asking, Where are the other eleven volumes? Very far indeed from exhausting the divine passages of "Festus" is the selection now before me. Fortunately "Festus" itself is attainable to remedy the shortcoming. Heartily do I recommend the perusal to any lover of poetry who is not already familiar with it. The only fault I have to find with "Festus," and I find it with regret, is that the enlarged editions, whether as regards omissions or additions, are not the best. Among testimonies to Bailey must not be forgotten Landor's fine poem, commencing: "Philip! I know thee not; thy song I know."

### DRAMATIC ORIGINALITY.

A DRAMA of serious pretensions is rarely presented on a London stage without giving rise to fresh discussion on the question of dramatic originality. Mr. Burnand is the last victim of what dramatists are apt to consider the craze of critics. His new play, "Just in Time," has been denounced as an adaptation of a work of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, a well-known feuilletoniste, who, in the production of sensational incident, disputes the palm of popularity with MM. Ponson du Terrail and Émile Gaboriau. To this, Mr. Burnand responds with the statement that a portion only of his work is derived from the "Mérindole" of M. du Boisgobey, that the treatment, the character, and the dialogue of the two works are

<sup>1</sup> The Beauties of Festus, by a Student. Longmans.

different, and that, consequently, the indebtedness is but partial. He is now, accordingly, in exactly the same position in which Tom Taylor in England and M. Sardou in France have found themselves after the production of almost every important work. That a law stricter than was applied to the older dramatist is brought to bear upon his successor must be conceded. The labours of Shakespeare as dramatist and manager were not interrupted by the necessity of answering impertinent queries as to the early play of "King John," nor was the soul of Molière, after the conclusion of "Le Festin de Pierre" vexed by allusions to "El burlador de Sevilla." M. Sardou, on the contrary, who is, in fact, more original as regards his plots than Molière, is, after every conspicuous success, formally arraigned of plagiarism; while almost the only plan by which an English playwright can escape suspicion is to have a plot too flimsy or inept to have been stolen. Very far from an unfamiliar plan is this. best thing dramatists can do is to recognise that conditions during recent years have changed, and that the law to which they are subject is sterner and more inquisitorial than ever was applied to their predecessors. Armed with this experience, they should acknowledge every obligation for an important incident. By so doing they would save themselves infinite mortification.

### Dr. Johnson's Centenary.

HE preparations for a public celebration of the Johnson Centenary have shrunk into small compass, and the entire proceedings in honour of the great lexicographer are insignificant. The explanation is not far to seek. So full is the roll of England's illustrious dead, that there are few years to which we may not assign some special hero the centenary of whose birth or death it is. Popular enthusiasm is, under such circumstances, not easy to stir. In France, even where the people are more demonstrative, anniversaries are now very perfunctorily observed. I decline to believe that the apathy which has been shown with regard to the proposed festival springs from indifference to one of the most characteristic of Englishmen. In the Gentleman's Magazine, at least, the occasion must not pass without comment. On the thirteenth of this month, one hundred years will have elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson. A week later will complete the centenary since his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. The idea I have seen somewhere ventilated that he is fading from the memory of men is simply preposterous. No part of London is haunted by any figure as Fleet Street is haunted by the shade of Johnson. Men still wander into the labyrinthine courts behind that great thoroughfare in search of the places he frequented, or the house in which he dwelt. No memories more vivid than those of his visits to Goldsmith haunt the Temple; and his phrase "Sir! let us take a walk down Fleet Street," is still given by many a Templar quitting in companionship his chambers. Not so false to old creeds as to let Johnson die are Englishman. In these pages, to which he long contributed, his memory must always be cherished; and the latest bearer, at least, of the name of Sylvanus Urban, which he honoured by wearing, salutes a memory which is already immortal.

### Mr. Swinburne's "A Midsummer Holiday."

A GLANCE, which is all that the date of the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's new poems permits, over the contents shows that lovers of poetry will not be disappointed. Its rather miscellaneous contents may be arbitrarily divided into three portions. First come the experiments in metre, in which Mr. Swinburne does for the ballad what he formerly did for the rondel—assigns it a variety of line such as it has not previously known. In those poems which constitute the "Midsummer Holiday," the passionate adoration of nature and the insight into her mysteries, which are characteristic of Mr. Swinburne, are once more seen at their best. The pictures therein afforded of the Norfolk coast, and the illimitable prospect from it of

The water that grows iron round the Pole,

are as fine as anything in literature. A second portion consists of addresses to M. Victor Hugo, to Louis Blanc, Mazzini, and other objects of Mr. Swinburne's incessant adoration. That the outpouring of praise is as loyal and profuse as of yore needs not to be said. The last portion consists of political poems, chiefly directed against the House of Lords, towards which Mr. Swinburne seems to have formed an uncompromising aversion, and which he lashes with merciless invective. There are also some verses to the latest objects of Mr. Swinburne's cult, "the baby." A poem to a boy of nine years old seems likely to be the most popular of the contents. In the lines "After a Reading," Mr. Swinburne's marvellous command of the English language is shown in its perfection. It is doubtful whether any instrument has been played upon with a mastery so supreme as Mr. Swinburne here exhibits.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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